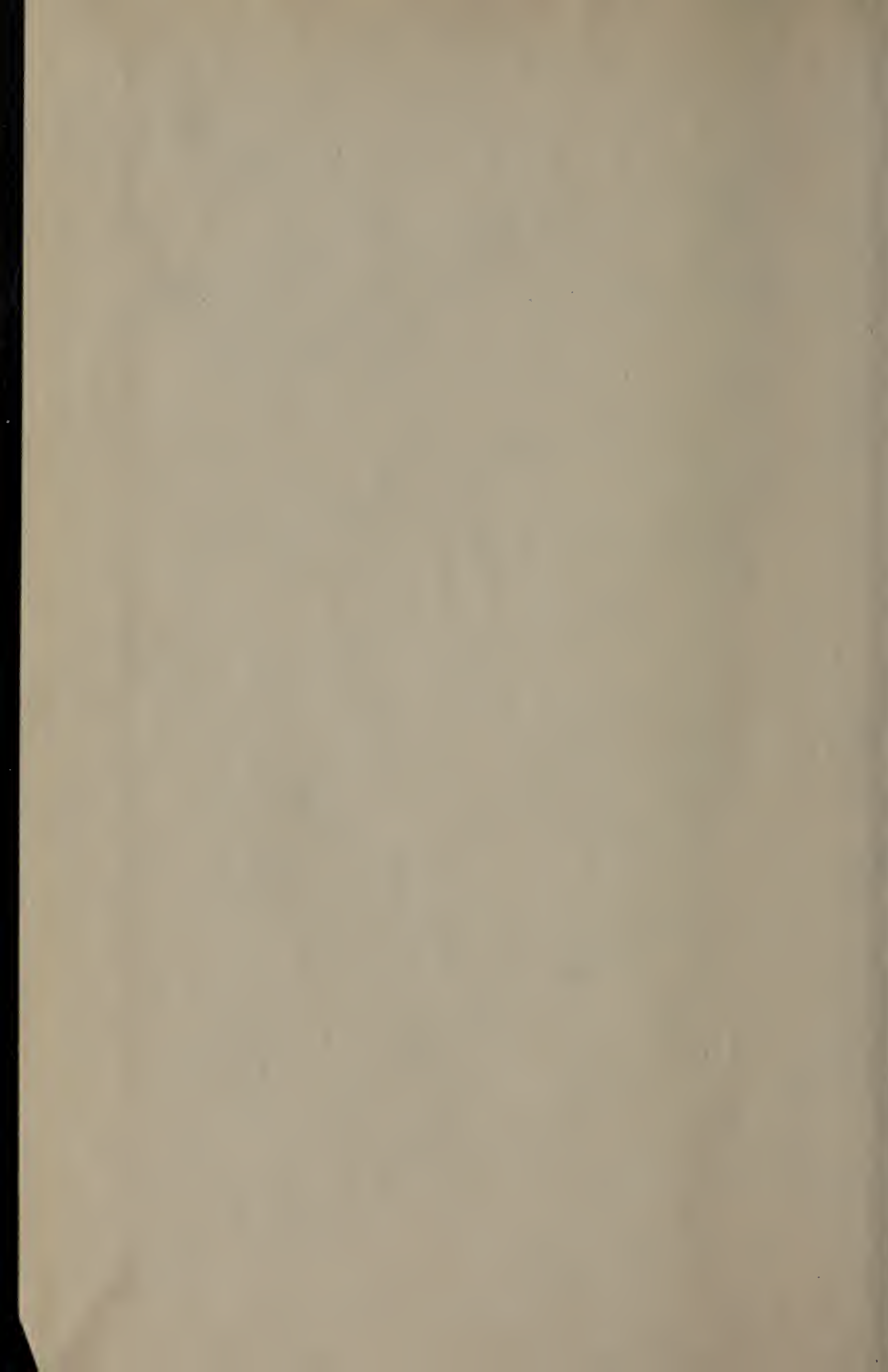
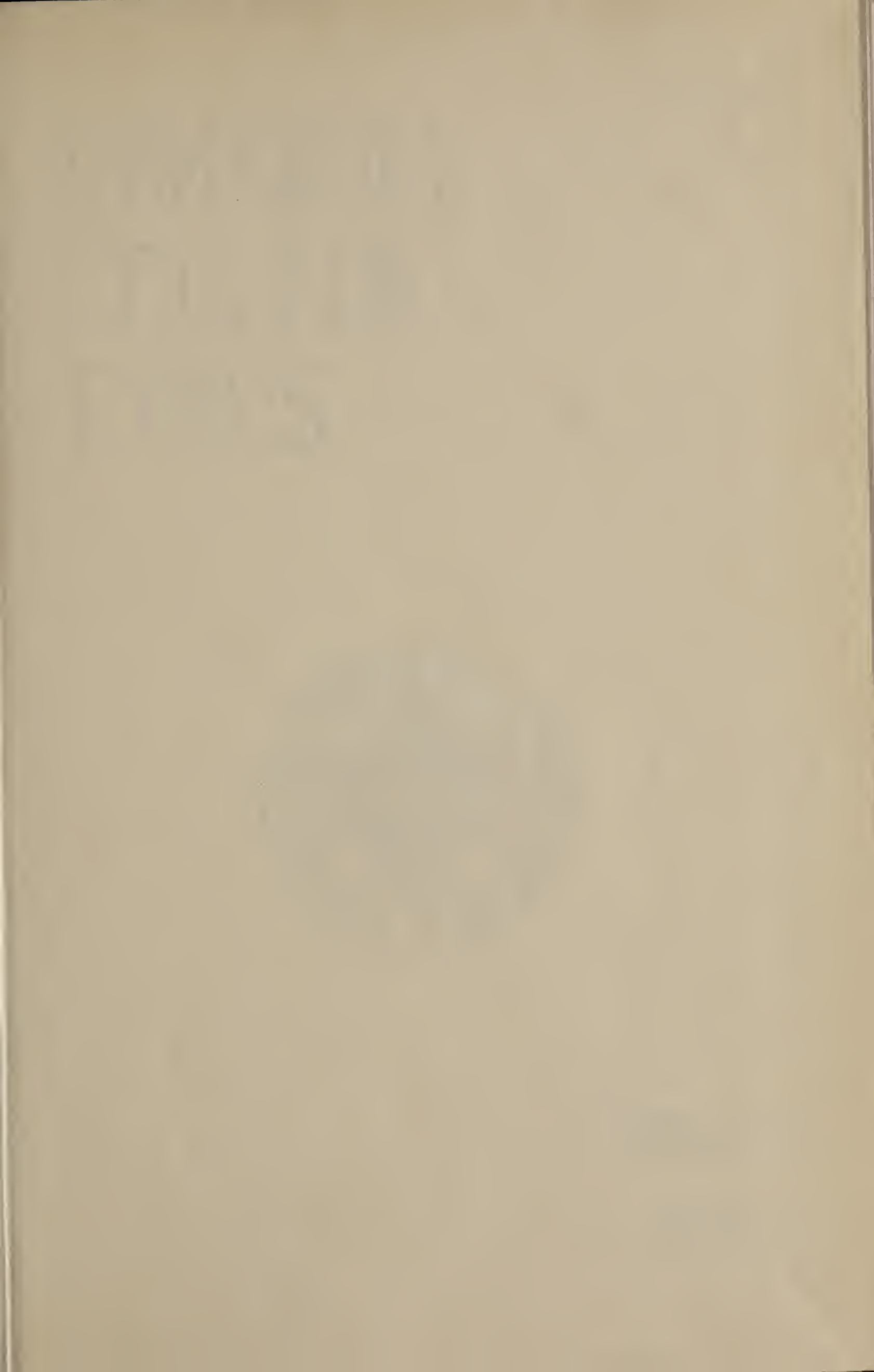
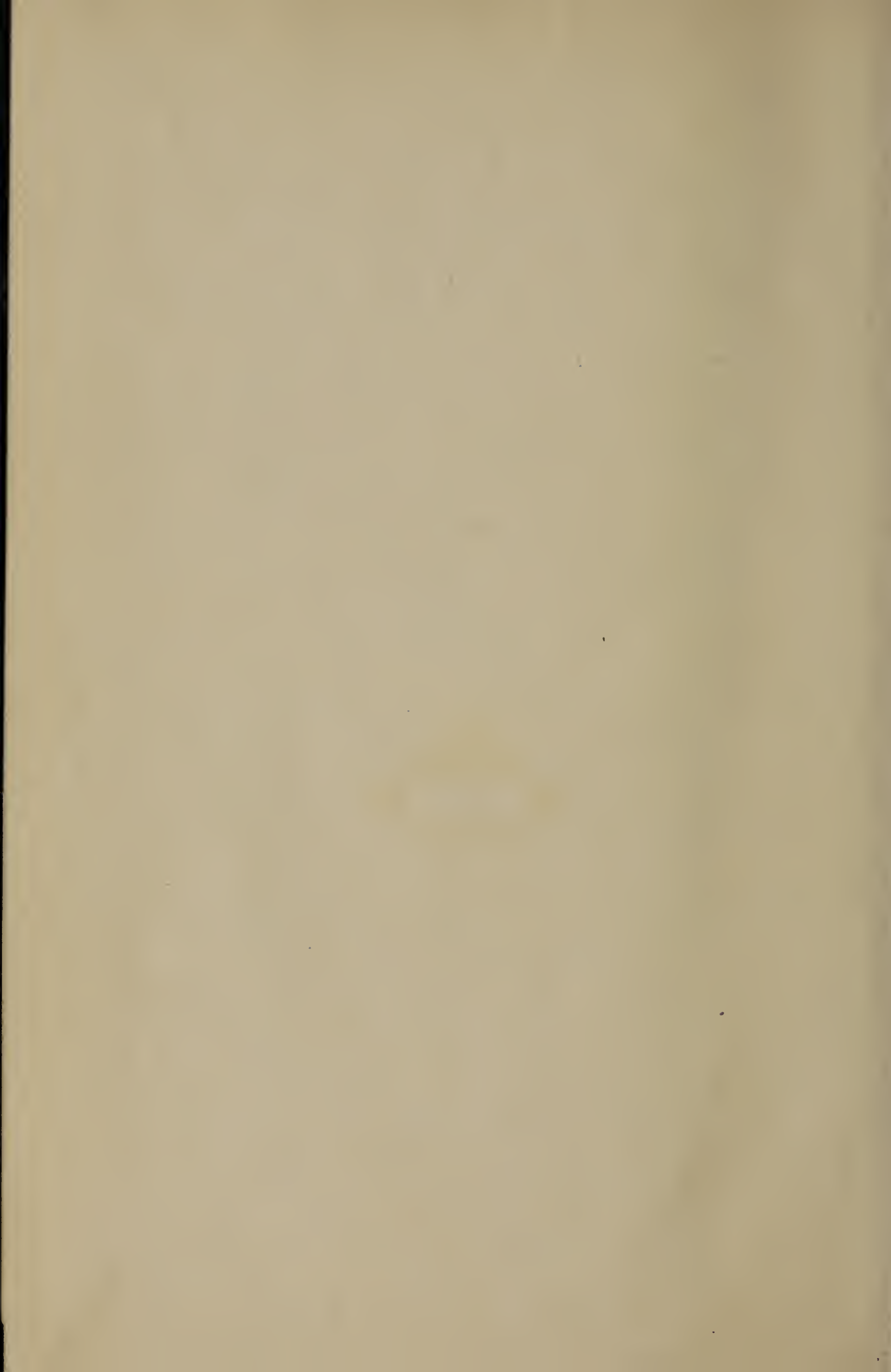


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EMMANUEL COLLEGE ETHOS



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FEBRUARY, 1950

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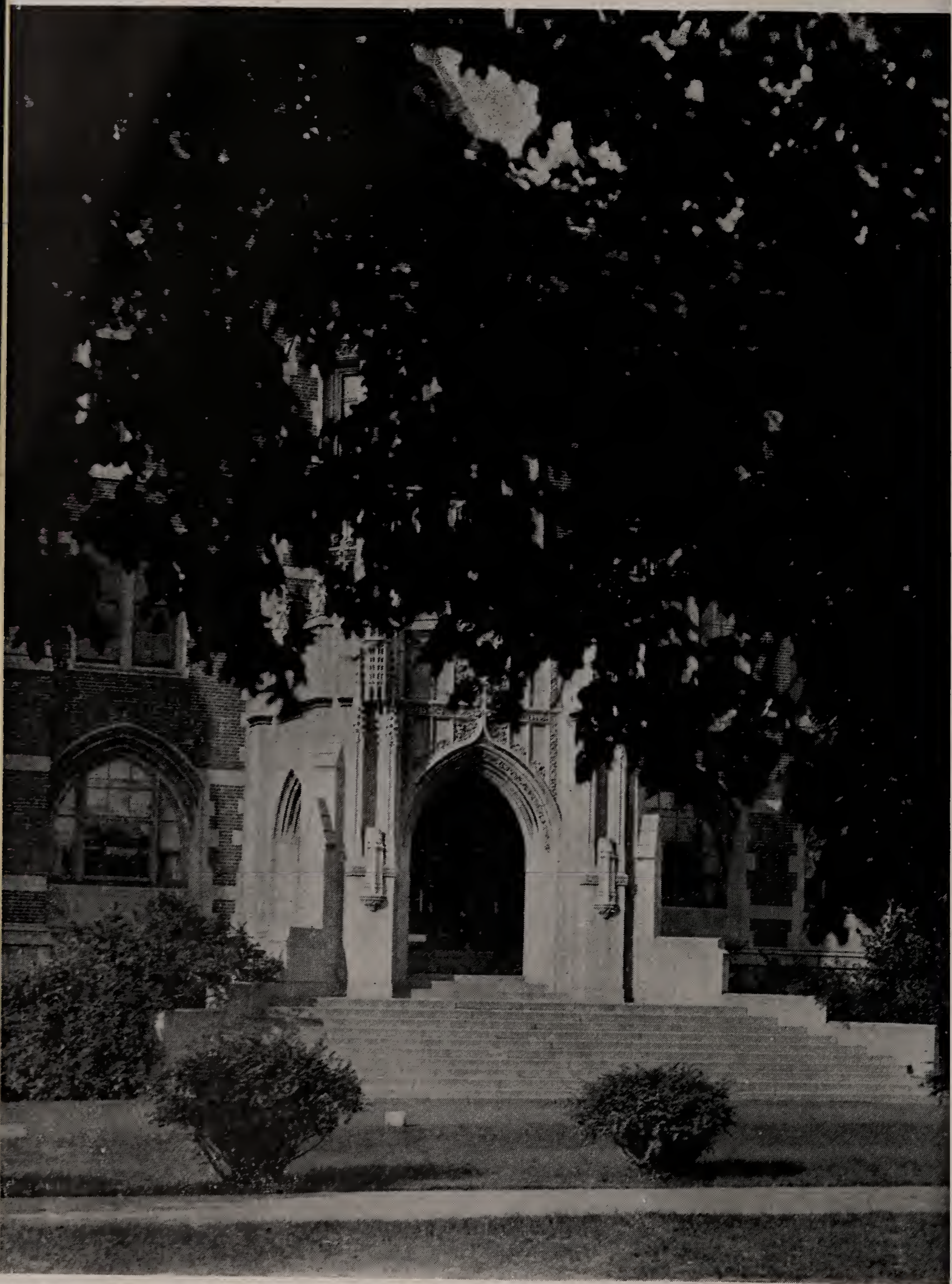
Art

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ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

CONVERSATION IN AFTERNOON

Sally M. Barrett, '51

THE thumping resounded all over the first floor, but Amy disregarded it for the moment. An anthology of Irish poetry lay upon her round little stomach. Her mouth was twisted sideways in an effort to roll the unfamiliar words around on her tongue, but still she could not manage the sounds. With a labored sigh she sent the brown volume spinning across the carpet. She rose up off her stomach without bending her knees, using her arms for support, and loped awkwardly in the direction of the noise.

The commotion was in the bathroom. Groans issued from the open doorway. Amy's interest heightened as she stared inside and discovered that a lady was lying in the tub with all her clothes on. It was Mrs. Higgins, sure enough. There was her bright pink sweater and on her cheek the wart with a long red bristle sticking out of it.

"What's Mrs. Higgins in the tub for? Did she break it?"

Amy pulled at her mother's arm. Her father was lifting Mrs. Higgins out. How red his face was! Amy's mother stared straight ahead and smoothed down her daughter's wiry bangs. Amy ducked swiftly and frowned with impatience.

"The cleaning woman has been washing the walls. She had to step into the bathtub to reach. And when she leaned on the towel rack, it broke under her weight."

Amy cocked her head, tried to bite an end of her hair but found it was too short. Her mother's explanation was not very exciting.

"Then why does Mrs. Higgins shout so? She's not bleeding."

Amy was in her father's path. He carried the cleaning woman, who flopped weakly, like a struggling haddock on a line.

"Get out of the way, Amy! For heaven's sake go out to the yard where you won't be bothering everyone."

His daughter blinked in surprise and wheeled out the kitchen door, banging her hipbone sharply. She jumped the steps, causing her feet to smart, and finally flung herself halfway over the back fence, where she hung, brooding.

Her father might well have hit her if he hadn't had his arms full of Mrs. Higgins. Amy sucked in her lower lip and saw her image reflected in the window of the house opposite. She surveyed herself intently. With dirty index fingers she stretched the corners of her mouth as far as they would go and made her large brown eyes protrude horribly. Her mouth was stretched and sore, so she eased back the corners. She pushed her hands through her short fair hair and wiggled her scalp back and forth with great absorption. Her thick blond bangs shot back and forth with the motion, at one moment almost covering her fierce brown eyebrows, and at the next threatening to disappear off the top of her head. When she recalled her father's shouts she ground imminent tears back into her eyesockets.

Amy stood on top of the fence, muttered "Excelsior" rather sadly, miscalculated her leap and fell headlong onto the cement. Sitting up, she discovered that her knees were bleeding slowly around little islands of dirt. She dipped her finger in her blood and traced it down to her sock.

"You're quite a dirty child."

The voice was deep and a little pompous.

Amy gasped, decided that the stranger had not seen her fall, and picked herself up awkwardly, at the same time rolling down the legs of her overalls.

"Then it's rather rude of you to sneak up on me when I'm so filthy."

The gentleman did have the grace to look sheepish. Amy drew herself up haughtily.

"And people your age never cut through this lot."

"There was someone coming the other way that I didn't especially want to see."

He shrugged out of his gray topcoat, revealing an untidy suit that did nothing to conceal the fact that this young man had never lost his baby plumpness. A pair of horn-rimmed spectacles peeped forth from his pocket.

"Why do you have glasses if you never keep them on?"

He replaced his spectacles and frowned at Amy.

"I don't actually need them anymore; an affectation I picked up at college."

"Then you're not going to college now?"

"No, I teach."

"College?"

"No, in the town high school."

"Oh. I'll be there next year."

"Nonsense, you're much too young for high school."

"I'm ten. I skipped a couple of years."

She said it not with pride but weariness.

"Well, you'll have great times in high school, proms and parties. They do a lot for the youngsters in these small towns." He smiled thinly.

Amy faced him soberly; her brown eyes were large and earnest. "I'm not interested in all that. I don't think I'd like it."

She looked away from him and began to scrape at the drying blood on her knees. He refolded his *New York Times* and whacked it against the fence. He was the first to speak again.

"My name is Hugh Beatty, and you are . . . "

"Amy Perrin."

The young man gave his newspaper a final crease and started to put on his coat. Amy watched guardedly.

"I say then, Amy, I don't imagine two adults could carry on such an intelligent conversation as we've just had without knowing each other's names."

"It would depend on who the adults were, I should think."

Hugh Beatty wondered if the little girl were laughing at him. But her round shiny face was serious enough.

"What on earth do you find to do around here, Amy?"

"I read a lot, and play; and of course I go to school."

"What do you read?"

"Everything I can."

His reply was a supercilious laugh.

"Swinburne, I suppose; Shelley and Keats, Shakespeare, Spenser, Spender, and so on, ad infinitum?"

Amy's eyes glowed and her voice trembled as she interrupted eagerly.

"No. No, not the first, but all the others."

"What, not Swinburne?"

"If you're going to make fun of me, I won't talk to you any more."

Hugh felt as though one of his former professors had snubbed him. Amy reminded him somehow of profs that he admired but never understood.

"Sorry, Amy. What have you read of Shakespeare?"

"The plays and sonnets. Is there anything else?"

"All the plays?"

"I think so. We have a set at home."

"Weren't your parents proud of you?"

"I don't suppose so. Mother said it was silly to read something that I couldn't possibly understand?"

"I don't suppose you ever read any of Ibsen's plays?"

"No, I'm too young."

"Of course."

Hugh spread his coat over the dry grass and gestured toward it gallantly. Amy looked pleased but hung back, holding up her stained hands.

"I can just as easily sit on the lawn."

"Oh, come ahead. I might as well try out your town's cleansers now as later."

"I think they're quite reliable."

"Good. Now, Amy, tell me. . . ."

"No, you tell me what you do."

She had pulled off her sandals and was busily wiping her hands on the grass before she dropped down lightly on his topcoat. He pulled off his glasses and swung them by the tip.

"I'm ashamed to say that my program is not as ambitious as your own. I don't read half enough."

"Where did you come from?"

"Cambridge, Mass."

"Harvard?"

"Just two years. Then came financial difficulties. I could not finish there, and unfortunately I wasn't good enough for a scholarship. I overworked and had a breakdown. Afterwards, I went to a little college in New Hampshire."

Amy decided he had forgotten that she was there. "I don't study much," she ventured.

"Don't brag about it; you'll regret it later."

"No, I mean I don't seem to have to study. I understand things well enough when they're first explained, but our teacher just goes over and over everything. It's terribly dull."

"Well, you must have patience with her. She explains for the benefit of people like myself who have to plug at it."

"But you went through college."

"Then think how much faster you'll do it. At the rate you're going you'll have your degree at eighteen."

"No, I won't go. We don't have enough money."

"But, my dear child, there are all sorts of scholarships. . . ."

"I guess I don't really know what a scholarship is."

Hugh exploded into stammers.

"See here, Amy Perrin; don't dare to tell me that no one has ever encouraged you to go to college."

"Yes, people have; but my father always says there's no reason to send me when I'll only get married afterward."

"But for someone like you there is nothing else except school."

"I can always be a telephone operator."

"No!!!"

He grabbed her thin arms in a rage and shook them until her head bounced around on her shoulders.

"Let me alone. You hurt."

"Then I'm sorry. But if only I could make you use your common sense. A telephone operator, indeed!"

"All right, I won't be one. I'll go to business school or something. Now will you let me go?"

"Amy, Amy, haven't you any ambition?"

She hunched up her shoulders and was rubbing her arms. Her forehead was flushed and her brows drawn together in a fierce dark scowl.

"Well, what did college ever do for you?"

He lowered his eyes and suddenly let his arms go flat against his sides. He looked as though someone had let all the air out of him. In silence she watched him drag his coat off the lawn and dazedly shake out the clinging bits of leaves and grass. But she was ready first. Automatically he waited for her to walk with him.

"I live just over this fence."

Hers was a ragged little voice now. She turned her back on him and pressed herself into the fence. Hugh heard her snuffle. With embarrassed concern he ruffled the hair on her round head. Abruptly she flung herself at his waist and burrowed into his stomach. For several minutes he tried to speak and mechanically stroked her rough hair. She twisted away from him, regarding him with desperation. Her face was as wet and red as though it had just emerged from scalding water.

"You looked so mad—as though you hated me."

Hugh pushed her away very gently, but kept a hard grip on her warm, dirty little hand.

"You need to blow your nose, Amy."

"I don't have my handkerchief."

She blew enthusiastically into his.

"You'll ruin your nose, funny child."

When she grinned back at Hugh the freckles seemed to dance across her nose.

"That's what my mother always says."

They walked home the long way. Amy had decided that Hugh had better not be seen leaping over somebody's back fence.

"I'm quite serious about seeing to it that you get to college. There's nothing else for you but to do it."

"Yes," she said and squeezed his fingers. No use getting him upset all over again.

"When I see you tomorrow we'll work out something."

"Okay."

She banged up her front steps so that he did not notice that her look of excitement faded even as she spoke. She smiled a wise, old, little smile.

"Maybe."

It was rather a breath than a spoken word.

OMNIPOTENCE

Miriam R. Hingston, '50

Life of the long-limbed redwood
Pushing against the sky
With giant inexorable strength
While the lives of men go by;
Life of the long-limbed redwood
Where the powerless centuries pass
Housed in one long, low leaf,
Sweet-scented blade of grass.

Lord of the lithe, leaping universe,
Dealer of day and night,
Prince of beyond-the-stars,
Of the height of the star-latticed night;
King of all heaven and earth,
God—Weaver of air and soil,
Snug in a blanket of blue
And fragrant with baby oil.

THE ARCHANGEL SLIGHTLY DAMAGED

Ellen M. Cavanagh, '51

HE WANDERED through the topsy-turvy nineteenth century, a lonely figure. What man lived who could follow his gaze? Who could dream his dreams? Who could accompany him on his enchanted voyages back into grey, Gothic forests; into hidden "jasmine bowers"; into stately Xanadu? Certainly not Wordsworth, who called him friend! For Samuel Taylor Coleridge, although he campaigned with a hearty good will for all the popular quests and uprisings of his day, and although he held vast audiences spellbound through the magic of his voice, was never quite a part of the cold world of reality. He could never, never shake out of his mind the enchanted bird calls of the forests of romance. Perhaps this conflict between his inner and outer worlds is the explanation for his groping life, in which there was so much to say, with so little said. Coleridge's life story is one of the saddest in the annals of literature. It is the tale of unrealized dreams. But yet his few bright moments of song like "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" are treasures for all time.

It was during one of his bright hours that this tragic figure merited the name of

"The last of the troubadours to whom the
bird has sung,
That once went winging southward when all
the world was young."

We have not heard such ballads as Coleridge's since Raymond of Toulouse and Machaut laid down their quills. The

"Lewti" is like nothing so much as a minnesinger's love call with its youthful theme and passionate intensity. The elfin magic of "Christabel" carries us back to the naive freshness of the medieval world. There are no diffusions or elaborations of style to cloud the crystal clarity of the midnight forest scene. Here we view the image as through a glistening dewdrop. A rich, velvety-grey mist hangs over the woods. The eerie April moon is gleaming in the wan sky, while the old oak is covered with "moss and rarest mistletoe." Under the trees steals the exquisite Christabel, "beautiful as an angel." She is Coleridge's own bright heroine. Every line sings of her loveliness.

Just as surely as "Christabel" is the late bloom of medieval chivalry, so "Kubla Khan" is an echo of the "Arabian Nights." Men may say that it is but the rambling of a drug addict. Perhaps. But it represents Coleridge's inner light. "And a dream is the center of every man's existence." He is surely true to his dream here. He has created one of literature's incomparable melodies out of the fabric of his shimmering dream world.

This is a gossamer green and silver poem. It is composed of the deep beautiful green of tropic forests and the sparkling light of falls and fountains. But who can describe "Kubla Khan"? It is "all things to all men." When I hear it I am reminded of the music of the never-never world. At the same time I picture a slim bark floating down a silver stream on the road to ancient Mandalay.

Coleridge delights in unusual imagery, although he can write as well as any on gaudy day, or picture "the roaring dell . . . speckled by the midday sun." Any mediocre poet can write of blithe spring when the birds sing and the flowers bloom. Coleridge glories in trying his strength on winter

scenes; on cloudy January nights. He joys in the exquisite poignancy of

“The new-moon winter bright

· · · · ·
With swimming phantom light o’erspread.”

The poet in him responds to the poetry in the evening star. With loving care he traces the course of the moon and her train of stars across the heavens. His blood quickens to hear the night wind, which now roars like a marching host and now sobs like a lost child. He sympathizes with the red-breast who sits

“Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple tree. . . .”

The rarest imagery of all was inspired by a night in February. It had rained hard all day and at early evening the dark trees were still mossy and dripping. But when the Poet opened his cottage door at midnight, he heard the owlet’s screech and saw that the raindrops had been wondrously transformed

“ . . . the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.”

Coleridge’s easygoing charm is never more attractive than when contrasted with Wordsworth’s stiffness. So also his romantic, highly imaginative treatment of nature stands out in full relief when placed beside the staid, rather prosaic treatment of Wordsworth. Imagine the two friends stalking through the evening woods. Wordsworth would see at once any drab cottage with a broken stone fence. He would instantly grasp the moral of the scene which would be, of course, the undoubted integrity of the lowly dweller. Coler-

idge by his side would not be aware of the cottage, but would be searching "the moonlight bushes" for a glimpse of a nightingale with his "bright, bright eyes." At the same time he would be straining his ears to catch the dripping of the

" . . . hidden brook
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

But if Coleridge has a keener imagination than Wordsworth, then surely he in his turn is surpassed by Shelley. Perhaps this is true. The language of Shelley is a gorgeous brocade. His imagery is "woven of the sunsets and the seas." The younger poet must leap up into the upper atmosphere. He would follow the chariot of the sun all day and that of the sun's sister all night. Shelley never returns to earth to walk upon the green grass. Therein lies the difference between him and Coleridge. The latter's images may be highly romanticized, but they are of the romance of earth. He loves the odor of wet grass

" . . . the long, lank weeds
That still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
Of the blue-clay stone."

It is his treatment of them, not the figures themselves, that savours of another planet. Actually, they are often objects of everyday loveliness. Who has not watched, at twilight, an anchored vessel? "From the sails the dew did drip." And who has not noticed one last withered leaf in November?

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so bright, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

All who read of Coleridge's wasted life mourn the loss to

poetry. No one realized this loss as much as did the Poet himself. Valiantly, although he was hampered by a raging internal disease, he tried to recapture the old gleam. What a pitiable picture is this! He who had scaled the loftiest heights must now sit back and wipe his pen. Poetry was dead in him. Even though the snatches of old melodies kept winging through his tired brain, the waters were stirred and the images lost, when he tried to set them down. Poor Coleridge! The cry wrung from him in "Work without Hope" is the cry of an artist in agony.

"Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar
flow.

Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not!"

Poor, unhappy Coleridge, he has indeed lost the way to the hidden garden of "honeydew." He has fallen from the Muses' heaven and has already become "the archangel slightly damaged."

FROST

Carolyn A. Cremens, '51

A silver spider spinning webs
Of crystal sorcery will trace
A winged horse with jewelled hooves
That flash through clouds of shimmering space;
While elfin arrows, rainbow-tipped,
Entangled in his flying mane,
Send sparks through phantom trailing vines
That newly grace my window pane.

MARY OF MAGDALA

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

The shadows fall among the olive leaves
Like purple fingers reaching through the trees
To draw long blocks of sunlight on the road.
The shadows fall, and quiet stirrings breathe
Within the depths of darkened green, and move
The bending grasses where my feet have trod
Unthinkingly. Unthinkingly! Can turmoil
Tumbling through my mind like streams that wind
Around and 'round a mountainside and shout
Together, questioning and dashing over
Precipice and stone, beget unthinking?

O, Mary, fool, the lights of Naim have died,
But all the darkness knows what you have done
This night. The Roman tongues have clacked it well,
Amused, perhaps, but angry too; and Simon,
Simon stands a man ungoverned; rage,
A ready weapon, you have raised, held tight
In sweating fists—his banquet hall defiled,
His home, his name besmirched. And whispers, low
And laughing, crawl around him, whipping up
A passion for revenge, for vindication.

A widow sits in Naim, and softly now
Perhaps she bends her candle near the couch
Whereon her only son lies sleeping, sleeping.
This very day the mourners' wail had turned
To psalms of praise and exultation—yet

Her reawakened joy will tremble now
That she has heard the thing that you have done.

The soldiers walk, their footsteps clattering
Along the streets. They spit and speak your name
And mumble of the Man, the Man who rouses
Anger in their captain's heart by dealing
Openly with sinners. Sinners! While
The flower of Rome sits by insulted. Ha!
The flower has dealt before with such as these,
If not so openly—but then his Man
This Man . . .

O Mary, what of all the sins
Of Magdala can equal this? Can I
Have kindled now the final spark of hate
That will arise to sear the Source of Love,
Mine own Redeemer? Ah, behold these hands,
These pale and satin hands that wore the fire
Of Egypt's jewels and Roma's treasures!
They hung like weighted, scarlet things and cursed
My fitful sleep—as white as damask banquet
Cloth, yet stained with darker smear than wine.
Could I endure their unseen scars again
When I had touched but once that seamless robe?
These eyes that kings have worshipped never burned
But once with deep returning love, and never
Knew until this night the flooding tide
Of anguishing repentance. Is it sin
To flee and stumble from a wasting thirst
Past all enduring to a welling fountain
Pouring from an unknown depth the full

Completing waters of forgiveness? I—
But loved. . . .

Love! Is it love that stirs
The growing flames that only wait to join
In one vast conflagration of destruction?
That seeks a balm for wounds that self incurred
While knowing that the Healer gains in hate
Among the hungry foes that fear His might?
Is it love, O Magdala, that sent you weeping
To the Son of God to spare yourself
But to endanger Him?

The Son of God!
The scent of alabaster clings about
These crimson robes; I went, and there ringed 'round
Were faces, masks of greed and pride and cunning,
Fools, who sought to trap the Son of God.
Endanger Him? He willed my very coming,
As he willed the coming of a million dawns,
That I might kneel before His Majesty
And take the endless overpowering gift
Of white, celestial love.

The shadows fall among the olive leaves
And Naim is sunk in purple-shadowed night
Almost as though the darkness were approaching
With reluctance on the hurrying pull of time.
And lo, the shadow of my arms falls darkly,
Long against the hill, and forms—a cross.

INTERVIEW WITH CHARLIE

Ruth M. Clark, '50

I WAS stuck. Really stuck. The city editor had given me four hours to bring back a human interest story in time for the five o'clock edition. And me, without a thought in my head.

"Not just any old yarn, Leary!" he had snapped. "And you might try getting a shave before you start talking to strangers!"

And so, with Donovan's words ringing in my ears, I walked down to Charlie's. Charlie is my barber. Funny guy, too. Got a nice little shop, but set back from the street. Just caters to friends, and friends of friends. Which is how I happened to meet him in the first place. Bud Walker, an old college pal of mine, wouldn't let another barber within a mile of his lily white neck. I'm beginning to get pretty particular about my own.

Charlie had a customer, so, after passing the time of day, I sat down to wait. He was a pleasant little guy, all right. Made you feel kind of relaxed. I glanced around the shop. The place was spotless, as I had often observed before. There were three chairs for waiting customers, two barber's chairs, and a small white enamel sink. I noticed that the usual long shelf stocked with hair tonics, pomades, and cure-all shampoos was missing. A huge mirror made the room seem twice as large as it actually was. The fluorescent lights were Charlie's only concession to modern "contraptions".

I settled myself back in my chair and picked up a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Then again I looked around,

my glance falling this time on a pile of cartons over in the far corner. A couple of overcoats, a woman's jacket, a pair of shoes, and some other articles of clothing were stacked on top of the boxes.

"Hey, what's going on, Charlie?" I joked. "Planning to skip town?" I nodded in the direction of the packages.

"Oh, no," he grinned, "that's going back to the old country."

I remembered that Charlie was Italian. There was enough clothing there for many a brother and sister, I thought.

"How long did it take to get that much together?" I asked.

"Oh, I send a lot over every month. You see, there are thirty families. I try to have a few articles for each." He seemed to want to let the matter drop.

"All relatives?" I persisted.

"No. None of them. One family I've kept in touch with since I left the old country. The others. . . Well, one led to another. They haven't been so lucky over there."

"But these aren't all your own clothes, are they?"

At this point Charlie's other customer spoke up. "We all try to give Charlie a lift," he said. "The guys over at school—that's the medical school—are some of Charlie's best customers. When we found out what he is doing, we all realized we had a jacket or a topcoat or a pair of shoes that we really didn't need. A lot of his other customers try to do the same."

"That's pretty terrific!" I exclaimed. I was impressed. The things that go on under your very nose! I looked at Charlie with a new slant. To me he had been just a nice guy, a good barber, a little odd, perhaps, in the fact that he seemed to practice his chosen profession more as a hobby than any-

thing else. Nothing extraordinary about his looks, certainly. A dark little guy, with greying hair, a ready smile, and kind of peculiar brown eyes. An odd walk, too, I reflected, as though from a spinal injury of some sort. As I said, Charlie wasn't one to stand out in a crowd. But I began to see something of a humanitarian in him.

The phone at the back of the shop rang just then and Charlie went to answer it. The med student swung around in his chair and remarked, "Quite a person, huh?"

"I'll say. Pretty thoughtful."

"That's only half of it. During the war Charlie had a special cut rate for service men. And he takes quite an interest in us med students. I never could quite understand it until an Italian fellow at school who is a friend of Charlie's sister told me. It seems that back in the old country Charlie had planned on becoming some sort of medical missionary. Not in the religious sense—just a doctor who helped the poor. There are a lot of slum districts in that part of Italy. But Charlie wasn't able to finance his education, so some relatives in this country brought him over here where his athletic ability—he was quite a track star—would probably get him a scholarship. Then, as luck would have it, shortly after his arrival here he was in some kind of accident which tossed his chances for a scholarship right out the window. You've noticed his walk."

I nodded in agreement.

"I don't know where he acquired his skill as a barber," the fellow went on, "but he opened up a shop, much larger than this one, and made himself an excellent living. I think he figured it would give him a chance to meet people and maybe do some good in that way. He never felt sorry for himself, that's for sure."

"What about his family?" I asked.

"Well, as I understand it, Charlie married and his wife died not too long afterward. There were no children. The rest of his family came to this country, and he now lives with his sister."

"That was tough," I commented.

"Yes, but Charlie took it in stride. Well, to get back to us med students. . . . His interest in us springs from his own early ambitions, I imagine. Anyway, he charges us half price for our haircuts. We've tried to give him big tips, but he really gets hurt. Of course, we really appreciate it. Most of us are doing a bit of struggling financially. But what do you think he did for the fellows who graduated last year? He saved all the money they had given him for haircuts in little individual boxes, with their names on them, and gave each one his own box for a graduation gift. Can you beat that?"

I certainly couldn't. The more I heard about Charlie, the more my admiration grew. I looked to the back of the shop and saw that he was hanging up the receiver, chuckling to himself.

"Somebody leave you a million dollars, Charlie?" the student teased.

"That was Tony," Charlie explained. The fellow seemed to know who he meant.

"Got a rehearsal for tonight?" he wanted to know.

"You guessed right, Dick. They want us over at the Veterans' Hospital." Charlie seemed delighted with the prospect. He appeared to sense, however, that the conversation was a bit over my head, for he quickly explained, with a little embarrassment, that he was a member of a barber shop quartet.

"And you're singing at the Veterans' Hospital?" I asked.

Dick (that appeared to be the fellow's name) broke in. "They sing at least two or three times a week at one charitable organization or another. Never too busy to give up an evening. Charlie's the ringleader of the group."

The little barber was genuinely embarrassed by this time. Our admiration must have been very evident.

"Now, boys," he admonished, "you'd think we really did something to talk about. Suppose we get on with your hair-cut, Dick. You'll never pass that exam if you don't get back to study."

Brought back to reality, I jumped up.

"Charlie," I yelled, "maybe it'd be better if I dropped back tomorrow. Thanks a lot! S'long!" I grabbed my hat and dashed out.

Back at my typewriter I wrote . . . "In a few days, some thirty families in Italy will receive. . . ."

TRANSFORMATION

Marie B. Sally, '52

You have filled with sunshine
All my empty rooms.
Down the lonely hallways
Your laughing spirit zooms
To where my heart is bowing
In glorious defeat,
Standing in glad shambles
Of a home once darkly neat.

MISS KATIE'S BLUNDER

Mary M. O'Brien, '51

KATIE had been waiting for half an hour. She had arrived on the eleven-fifteen train and it was now almost twelve o'clock. A half an hour ago she was happy and excited, but now she sat on her bulging patent leather valise, her large freckled face showing her complete disillusionment.

"'Tis forgotten I've been," mumbled Katie, almost tearfully. A piece of my mind they'll get when they come—if they come at all."

Her pale blue eyes glowed angrily as she surveyed the neat hills of snow which lined the road. Nodding her head, she sighed pitifully. "Oh dear, oh dear, 'tis forgotten I've been."

Even though Katie was too preoccupied to notice its scenic charms, Eastport, Long Island, was a remarkably pretty town. And this day in January was a remarkably lovely winter day. The sun shone down upon the countryside with a shimmering radiance. Across the railroad tracks, the dark sea crept up, melting the snow that covered the marshes. Sparrows played hide-and-seek between the branches of the snow-laden lilac trees. New Englandish houses, severe in their simplicity, poked their roofs over the giant white banks. Opposite the platform where Katie waited, the Eastport Post Office crouched half hidden beneath the snow. A combination general store, lending library, and post office, the number of activities carried on behind its tiny, faded red walls was indeed astounding. Over Eastport hung the salty dampness which gives to all seaside villages a certain weather-beaten appearance, a certain rustic charm.

But poor Katie had no interest in things rustic or in things charming. She was beginning to feel hungry and she was cold.

"Saints be praised, it must be twenty below," she complained. "Do ye suppose I might freeze to death?" she inquired of a little blackbird who was strutting to and fro on the platform.

This terrible thought so alarmed her that she undid the woolen muffler about her throat, placed it determinedly atop her pink felt bonnet, and tied it tightly under her chin. She stood up and carefully smoothed the skirt of her bright green coat and then peered at herself through the small mirror she had taken from her handbag.

"Oh, I'm a sight," she breathed, as she pushed back the strands of hair that escaped from behind the muffler, unbelievable hair, that for all the world was the color of a very orange carrot. As Katie was completing the close scrutiny of her square, young face, a station wagon drove up and began to honk noisily in her direction. Katie turned and, narrowing her eyes, coldly surveyed the driver. With haughty dignity she walked to the car, heaved herself in, and dragged the shiny, cumbersome suitcase in behind her. Her tone was one of feigned injury.

"And just who do ye think ye are, leavin' me waitin' here for hours?" Shivering, she pulled her coat closely about her. "Oh, 'tis frozen I am."

The chains on the wheels of the station wagon made hollow, crunching noises as the man drove away from the platform.

"I'm terribly sorry. You see I had a blowout on the way down here, and had to stop and have it taken care of."

Katie's ire was cooling considerably. After all, he seemed

like such a nice, such a polite man—and handsome, too. Oh yes, very handsome.

Her pale blue eyes opened wide as she gazed at the man in frank admiration. From his rather threadbare tweed jacket and battered felt hat, Katie concluded that he was the gardener, or the chauffeur, or something like that.

"Poor man, 'tis a little motherin' he needs. 'Tis someone he needs to sew the buttons on his coat. Oh dear, oh dear, the poor man."

"Katie's my name, and what might yours be?"

"Why Henry—my name's Henry."

Not very talkative, she thought. 'Tis shy he is.

Katie glanced out of the frosted car window. They were driving down a narrow winding road. Occasionally patches of very blue sea would appear between the drooping branches of the tall elm trees. Only the vague outlines of the stony walls which stretched alongside the road were visible. For a short minute Katie thought it was beginning to storm, but it was only the wind blowing the snow from the trees. Turning around in her seat, she peered out the rear window. The two narrow tracks of the station wagon dug deep into the snow. Far back, the rattling ancient snowplow of the town of Eastport was rounding a curve in the road.

"Never in all me born days did I see such snow. Why there must be fifty feet of it."

The man laughed. "Not quite."

"'Tis indeed a strange place to live in the middle of winter. I thought most of them rich society folks moved to the city when the cold weather came. 'Tis a queer lot these Holcombes must be."

"Oh, they're really not too queer. As a matter of fact, they're rather nice when you get to know them."

I wonder if he's Irish, thought Katie. He might be an Englishman or he might be Yankee. Ah yes, 'tis a Yankee he is. Oh my! What fine broad shoulders he has. 'Tis indeed handsome he is.

Katie sighed a long deep sigh. "I'm to be the new chambermaid," she said, rather wistfully.

"So I've heard," said the man.

"It's my first job and 'tis a bit nervous I am. How's the Missus to work for?"

"Oh, she's very nice."

"'Tis a different story I've heard. They say she's very hard to get along with."

"I wouldn't say that," said the man; "she's really very pleasant."

"'Tis glad I am to hear that."

The station wagon had turned into a wide avenue. A sign posted on the wrought-iron gate caught Katie's eye.

RESIDENCE OF H. L. HOLCOMBE
PRIVATE

"Saints be praised, we're here."

The man nodded as he directed the car up the steep driveway. It was a long avenue, bordered on one side by a high stone wall, and on the other by forsythia bushes, toppling over under their heavy white load. Come spring, the wall would be covered with green vine, and the bushes would be a mass of gold. The house, which was slowly coming into view, reminded Katie of the pictures she had seen of Mount Vernon.

The station wagon clattered to a halt before the beautiful white structure. The man jumped out and dragged Katie's valise around to the back door.

"Much thanks to ye, Henry, for meetin' me. 'Tis more of ye I'm hopin' to be seein'."

"Don't worry, you'll be seeing plenty of me," said the man as he disappeared around the front of the house.

"I hope so," muttered Katie, "for 'tis indeed handsome ye are."

Katie pushed the flowered blue curtains aside and gazed out the kitchen window. Across the white lawn, to the brown rocks, to the sea she looked. "Ah, 'tis a long way off Ireland is. 'Tis far across that enormous ocean."

"You're a fine one, Katie, standin' there gapin' out the window when there's so much work to be done." The cook had just pushed a very plump turkey into the oven of the antiquated black coal stove and was now engaged in placing shiny aluminum pots and kettles on the small table near the soapstone sink. In the late afternoon sun, her white hair was almost the color of the yellowed kitchen walls.

"You'd better be helpin' me with the dinner," she said somewhat tartly.

"That I will, Alice. I suppose there'll be some very grand guests here tonight."

"Indeed there will. Mr. Philip Markham will be here, a very famous man—a little queer, but then all of them writers are a bit odd. And Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Elliot—you must have heard of them. They say there's no end to his money, and he's makin' more all the time. Ah! and the Watkins will be here. They're the real class. It's real society they are."

Katie was overawed. "'Tis anxious I am to be seein' all these elegant ladies and gentlemen."

The door which separated the kitchen from the long and narrow butler's pantry swung slowly open.

"Would one of you mind getting me some cracked ice?"

"'Tis Henry," muttered Katie, "but what's he doin' all dressed up in that fancy outfit? Oh, holy saints in heaven help me! 'Tis the boss himself he must be."

Alice noisily smashed the ice into small particles, scooped the shattered pieces into a large white bowl and walked over to the pantry door.

"Here you are, Mr. Holcombe. And when might you be wantin' dinner served?"

"Oh, around seven would be fine."

When Alice returned to the kitchen, Katie was nowhere to be seen.

"Now where do you suppose the girl has gone," she mumbled.

It was almost seven o'clock that evening when Katie, dragging her black suitcase behind her, plodded slowly down the deserted road. The echoing of her footsteps seemed to frighten her, for every few minutes she would peer furtively around to make certain that no one was pursuing her. Now and then, a small woodland creature would dart across her path, very nearly frightening her out of her wits. Suddenly she stopped, worn out with weariness, placed the patent leather valise on a convenient bank of snow, and sat upon its shining surface.

"'Tis back to Ireland you'll go, Miss Katie," she whispered dispiritedly to the silent, empty night, "seein' that you're not able to tell a real elegant gentleman from a chauffeur."

ARISTOPHANES' TRAGEDY

Dolores T. Burton, '53

Characters: Aeschylus
Euripides
Aristophanes
Bacchus
Chorus of Tragedians

Setting: *The outside of a theater in Hades; on the right, the river Styx. (Aristophanes is seen bending over a long manuscript, writing feverishly; Aeschylus and Euripides enter chatting amiably.)*

AES.: Truly, dear Euripides, thou hast harnessed thy dramatic art nobly in the cause of mere woman; for thou dealest skillfully in matters of the heart, yet for mine own part I do not share your preference for women in tragedy.

EUR.: Nor can I well expect thee, great poet, to do so. Thou art most concerned with picturing the sublimer sufferings of the spirit, which are best shown forth by men, but—*(He breaks off suddenly and points to Aristophanes.)* only look now where the Scribe of the Sewer doth ply his trade in much excitement. Let us see what he's about. *(He approaches Aristophanes, and prods him with his foot.)* How now, thou crowing cock, what new worm has set thee scratching?

ARIS.: I am revising my play, which is entered in the Contest this afternoon; and it shall compete with two great dramas, even thine *Electra* and *The Libation Bearers* of Aeschylus.

AES.: And how can such a clownish comedian as thou art hope to contend with two such dramatists as we are?

ARIS. (*pompously*): My play is a tragedy.

AES.: Indeed, so are all thy plays tragedies.

ARIS.: (*Ignores this remark and continues ecstatically*) Even now the Glorious Golden Goddess sits within my full heart singing sweetly to my pen.

EUR.: More likely one of the Furies has seized thy sordid soul and shrieks vile phrases to thy wandering wit.

ARIS.: Nay, and thou mock'st me so shamefully, I'll not show it thee.

EUR.: As thou pleasest. Come, dearest friend, let us depart.

ARIS.: Stay, I would have thine advice.

AES.: Could it be the wretch has really reformed? Let us hear him; he might even prove amusing.

EUR.: Never fear it, but have him say on.

(*Aeschylus motions to Aristophanes, who strikes a dramatic pose and begins.*)

ARIS.: "Woe, woe, woe, alas, alas for me!

I drag my days in misery

I live my life, a tragedy!"

(*Euripides and Aeschylus laugh, and Aristophanes mistakes their mirth for grief; he is delighted.*) Already they weep, though they have heard but a few lines. What will be their sorrow as I continue? (*He is about to do so, when Aeschylus stops him.*)

AES.: Your verse moves my very soul to tears. Do thou stop or I shall be consumed utterly.

ARIS.: Is my tragedy not great?

EUR.: Truly, thy tragedy is the most tragic of all tragedies. You would do well to present it in the Slough of Despond.

(Aristophanes perceives their jests and grows angry.)

ARIS.: Thou mayest laugh now, but when my tragedy earns the laurel crown at the Hadian Festival this afternoon, thou shalt find a real cause for grief.

EUR.: The rogue threatens us; we'd best be off before he fulfills his threats by reading more of his play. *(They enter the theater laughing; Aristophanes is left brooding darkly.)*

ARIS.: They who think themselves such wonders,
Will soon have cause to wail their pride.
I've a plan will stop their laughter
And bring anger to each side.

CHORUS: Shall the streams of lofty tragedy
Be polluted by his verse,
And the noble, high-soled buskin
By him levelled to a sock?
No, as actors we forbid it
And we'll frustrate all his plans.
If he jeer at us, well flay him
And his wicked ways we'll mend!

ARIS.: When in Bacchus' Festival
They shall enter their great plays,
Electra and *The Choephorae*
I shall change to suit my taste.
Then shall each the other slander
And my drama win the prize!

(Bacchus enters and hearing the last few lines grows suspicious.)

BACCHUS: Thou cobbler of coarse comedy, thy laughter bodes no good. Since thou canst not be afforded this great mirth through thine own wit, tell me, who now is the victim of thy crude jests?

ARIS. (*with dignity*): My lord, a very great injury has been done me, and I prepare to take my revenge.

BACCHUS: Pompous fool! Doubtless thou didst deserve thy punishment, but I've come to give thee a warning. Do thou listen and heed my words. Have done, henceforth, with thine immoral comedies, or the Lady Persephone shall ban them altogether.

ARIS.: Why, only now have I written a tragedy which Aeschylus and Euripides have thought fit to scorn, so I'll write no more tragedy, but cling to my comedies, wherein my merits are best shown.

BACCHUS: Muddy indeed are thy merits; but I would see thy tragedy. (*He takes the manuscript and glances at a few lines; then throws it aside with a wry face.*) And dost thou plan to set my two most honored dramatists at variance?

ARIS.: Not I, to be sure; the argument will be of their own making.

BACCHUS: How of their own making?

ARIS.: Why in their plays, my lord.

BACCHUS: In their plays?

ARIS.: Their works are entered in one contest together. If thou award one the prize above the other, thou'lt deeply offend the loser.

BACCHUS: Then I'll award them each a laurel crown.

ARIS.: Indeed, my lord, thou mak'st great sense; me thinks I'll argue no longer. (*He attempts to leave, but Bacchus pulls him back.*)

BACCHUS.: And thou shalt not leave 'till thou promise to put all thoughts of strife from thine addled brain, lest I punish thee properly, for the rogue thou art.

ARIS.: I promise, my lord, (*aside*) but promises are easily broken.

BACCHUS: Very well, I take my leave. (*Exit*)

ARIS.: So, thou doddering deity, think'st thou thus to spoil my plans? I'll yet wreak my vengeance, and the prize shall be mine. (*Exit*)

CHORUS: Now the patrons of the drama
Shall be cheated of the truth
By this wretch who'd turn their feelings
'Gainst the masters of the mask.

(*Aeschylus and Euripides enter from opposite doors. They are coming from the theater, and they are shouting angrily.*)

AES.: Thou villain, not content to ruin thy trash with insipid poetry, thou must now, in like manner, water my great verse with thy mawkish meter.

EUR.: Sayest thou so? Thou knowest full well that fearing lest thou shouldst lose the crown to my far superior drama, thou hast stolen my style to oil the creaking joints of thy rusty drama.

AES.: Thy far superior drama! Why, Aristophanes himself would earn the prize ahead of thee.

EUR.: (*ignores him*) Yes, thy mechanical creatures needed something to loosen their limbs and bring them to life, so thou didst copy my play, and now would say 'twas I who did it.

(*Enter Bacchus carrying a scale*)

CHORUS: The golden scales of justice
Shall award the victor's crown
To him whose pen
Most haply bore the worthiest play.

BACCHUS: (*Turns to Aeschylus and Euripides*) Do thou cease to quarrel. I have discovered the plot whereby thy play, Aeschylus, was altered, not by Euripides, as thou didst wrongly infer, but by Aristophanes, who thought thus to

disqualify thy plays and gain the prize for his own wretched tragedy.

(Enter Aristophanes clamoring for the prize)

ARIS.: Where is my crown? Where the tripods that rightfully should grace the victor's person? Bring the prizes quickly; I am waiting.

BACCHUS: But we must first weigh thy plays to see if they do balance with thy wit. Do thou sit on this side of the scales while I place thy manuscript on the other. But look, the sides do balance perfectly and neither has gone down. Forsooth, he is as empty as his own plays. And what prize shall we award for this?

CHORUS: Bacchus, holy guardian!

Crown his perjured head with fire
In a flaming tripod cast him
Leave him there to write his plays.
Let his ill-starred tragedy
Evidence his wicked ways!
He'll soon learn to mock the masters
And to set their minds opposed.
Then this folly will be lacking
When again he pens a line.

BACCHUS: And now, Aeschylus and Euripides, award whatever prizes thou think'st most meet.

(They place Aristophanes in a tripod; pin the manuscript of his tragedy to his cloak; and cast him into the River Styx)

EUR.: Now, dear friend, I would apologize to think that thou wouldst steal my poor verse when thou writest so grandly of thyself.

AES.: And I, too, am very sorry to have thought that thou wouldst write so poorly as that wretch who did the deed!

(They go out arm in arm.)

TEA FOR THREE

Mary E. Nichols, '51

THE young man stumbled as he entered the room, although there was no obstruction in his path. He had the impression of having come into an art gallery, rather than a sitting room, so cluttered with paintings were the walls. As he steadied himself, his gaze fell first on the low table set for tea before the fire, and then on the figure beyond. His host?

"Excuse me, sir—sir?"

The figure moved.

"I'm Henry Bailey, sir." I sound like a frightened boy, he thought, annoyed.

The hoarse voice of his host swept toward the youth's ill-clad figure. "Ah, come in. We have been waiting. You are just in time to join us for tea. I see you shiver. Your hands are red. No gloves? A young artist should look to the care of his hands. But I forget, you are one of those romantic youths that starve in garrets. Very picturesque! Sit down."

The "garret youth" sat down in the low plush chair before him. He tried for a moment to find its back with his, but gave up and just sat. The sarcastic ring of his host's words and the fact that he neglected to stand were lost to him.

Settled in the deep wings of a fine old red chair, the famous Charles Wheeler sat enveloped in the rough folds of a dark gray rug. He gave the impression of a man of great bulk, though his exact height was hidden by the voluminous rug and depth of the chair. His head was large, the forehead high, with white hair springing back thick and uncombed.

The eyes, small and widely set, lacked sparkle. Rather, they seemed dulled by a pinkish film and reddened rims. The face was so flushed that one would suppose the rose of the fire and shadow of the red chair had caused it. A more correct conclusion could be drawn from his present actions. His left hand dwarfed the delicate blue china cup that it held; the right firmly grasped a bottle of brandy, with which he was at this moment generously flavoring his tea.

"My old friend Barker, fine critic, suggested you to me, Bailey. Your background will fit perfectly for what I have in mind. I have studied some of the miniatures you did for that photographer. That sort of thing doesn't pay well, does it? Your works were not signed, either. Just the studio's trade name."

Wheeler, absorbed in a gulp of tea, failed to notice the deepening color of his guest's frost-bitten cheeks.

"Excellent work those paintings were, too," he continued. "Never mind, my boy, with your talent and my teaching, your work will be known, even when unsigned. In fact, you walked toward fame when you stepped through that door. Come, have some tea and toast. You must be hungry."

For the first time he noted the tightening of the youth's thin lips and realized that his attitude was patronizing.

"It's been a long train ride, I know," he said in a softened tone. "You couldn't have eaten since breakfast. My wife's cinnamon toast is a tasty morsel. Help yourself. Care to flavor your tea?"

"Thank you, just cream." Bailey helped himself eagerly to the cream and added a little tea. With studied deliberation he selected a sweet square of toast. He must not give the impression that he was starving.

"It's an honor to be apprenticed to you, Mr. Wheeler. I've

always admired your work so." His contribution ended with a choke on his unswallowed toast.

"Many admire my portraits," answered Wheeler with a pompous wave of his tea cup. "In my day I've painted this country's most important and wealthy families. But my day is gone." Bitterness crept into his tone. "Age chills my bones and makes my hand unsteady. I can no longer control my brush." The gesturing cup rattled in its saucer as though in verification.

The chill of age might explain his blanket, Henry thought, but I wonder if his unsteady hand might have its cause in his so-called tea drinking. Before he could utter a suitably consoling remark, the host continued with new cheer.

"Oh, I've had enough fame to last me. I'll leave the rest to young men." And then with a new brightness, "And very famous you, yes you, will be, when I've taught you my secret."

"Secret?" The youthful artist repeated, actually losing interest in his toast, he was so startled.

If the old man hadn't held a cup, Henry felt he would have rubbed his shaking hands in glee. "Yes, yes, secret! My secret, my discovery! A new artistic and scientific medium comparable to the glass botanical models of the Blaschkas. A mixture of pigments that gives one the ability to create, not just paint mere impressions."

Wheeler's fiery face now leaning well over the table as he spoke suddenly drooped and the jowls sagged at his neck. The eyes lost their momentary luster; he seemed about to cry.

"I can't steady my hand. You will paint for me? You will be my hands?"

The huge frame trembled and sank toward the supporting wings of the chair.

"I musn't tire myself! Excitement is bad for me. Wait, wait! I'll tell you all later. I must relax and be quiet."

The warmth of the tea and fire drained from the young artist's slight frame. He sat as he had at the first uttering of "secret", one shabby arm upraised, the delicate fingers holding the final bit of toast. Astonishment left him open-mouthed. He set his cup carefully in its saucer, dropped the limp toast and numbly licked a finger. Is this man drunk or mad, he thought. He reviewed the conversation for a moment, and felt a sudden thrill. A new medium? A new paint? In sudden eagerness he began to speak, only to find Wheeler falling asleep. That awful trembling! He would have to wait, he thought. I wish Mrs. Wheeler would come in.

The host's glowing head gave an almost imperceptible and final nod before the chin nuzzled at last in the comfort of the rug. For a moment the youth watched the drooping of the moist lower lip, then, resigning himself to the fact of the man's slumber, relaxed cautiously and looked about the room, seeing it for the first time. It was larger than he had thought. Its decorator had an eye to comfort and style. The style was that unfortunate gaudy richness of the "gas light era"; the comfort, imaginary but intended. Mrs. Wheeler must cling to the past, Henry thought. The chairs, rich greens and blues, were faded with the film of dust that clung to the roots of the velvet hair. They had not known the vigorous sweep of a broom for some years, and the careless flick of the mop had left the carved flowers with a pollen of dust. Each couch had its own walnut table, with a fringed silk scarf trailing on the marble slab. Before each chair squatted a buttoned stool awaiting the gout-ridden foot. The somber room became more forbidding now as the last of dusk strug-

gled with the velvet draperies at the windows. The paintings became shadowed and indiscernible, the colors blending into darkness. The increasing radius of the firelight buffed the gilt of their ornate frames to lustrous gold, blackening the oils with the contrast. A strange atmosphere seemed to fill the room. Henry suddenly felt that if he did not move at once he would become fixed for endless time in the gloomy pattern.

The lone brightness of the frames drew him like a beacon. Perhaps I needn't wait until he wakes, he thought. These oils must show his secret. Eagerness flowed through him as he rose quickly, moving with unconscious stealthy tread toward a picture of a woman. Disappointment slowed him as he peered closely at the painting. There was nothing unusual here, or in the next. From one to another he crept, feeling, somehow, an intruder, examining the paint of each as closely as the dusk and firelight permitted. He had almost circled the room before he noted with amazement an unusual similarity in each. The central figure was always the same fair-haired woman. In each successive painting the countenance appeared more lovely. Her beauty had been painted by an inspired and living hand. You must be Mrs. Wheeler, he thought, touching the surface of a small portrait. His fingers came away dusty, and he wiped them with annoyance on a table scarf.

"You're not the best of housekeepers," he laughed, and turned quickly toward the red chair, realizing that he had spoken aloud and fearing he had disturbed the host. From where he stood he looked over the back of the red chair to the tea table, and what he saw stiffened his thin body. Wheeler's secret! On the table stood a small object that had escaped his previous notice because of its position be-

hind the water pitcher. It appeared to be the small delicate head of a doll set within a gold frame. Bailey leaned closer. Mrs. Wheeler again, he thought, but so different from the oils. The tiny head seemed to live, to breathe. Fascination brought him to his knees before the marble table. The fire-light danced in the twinkle of the small eyes, and as he watched the smile, the sweet lips appeared to widen. Involuntarily his hand reached to touch the soft cheek, and a cry came from his lips as he touched the cold unyielding flat surface. The secret, here was Wheeler's secret. To the eyes the tiny flat miniature appeared to have depth—a third dimension.

"I see you've met my wife." The host's low voice brought a second cry from Bailey.

"Ah, I saw you reach out to my darling. Did you think your fingers deceived you at the touch of the flat surface? Do you see now wherein your fame and fortune lies? Many a bereaved person will pay a good price to have such a life-like image." The tone of his voice was eerie to the youth's ear. "Yes, that money will buy my darling silks and satins. You must see her in green satin, my boy. She wore it when I met her, you know."

The old man's eyes came away reluctantly from the miniature. "Tomorrow, I will begin to teach you to create such an image. I am tired now. Good night."

Henry Bailey stepped into the cold dampness of the hall. He was numb and couldn't recall walking so far. It seemed he had always stood holding the knob of the door he had just closed. It's marvelous, he thought. He is right. Such paintings are worth a great price. The rustle of a skirt intruded on his thoughts, and he turned eagerly toward its dark approach.

"Mrs. Wheeler?" he questioned.

"No, the housekeeper. Mrs. Wheeler's dead. Been dead years. Did that old one talk as though she was alive? He thinks she is, you know. Convinced of it. All those pictures of her, I guess. Hey? You leaving? Hey! You was supposed to stay."

WINTER MORNING

Patricia R. Wilcox, '50

The winter's morning—
Shrouded in unspun wool,
Untouched by the trees' stretching limbs
Bent barren to the winds,
And few flurrying flakes of snow
That polka dot the dawn,
Pecking the leaden waters of the bay
That lean on ice-bound shore.

I look and shudder.
How cold is the simple scene!
I look
Flushed with the warmth of beauty.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND THE LEPRECHAUN

Joyce M. Cooksey, '52

MY FAMILY has a whole store of traditions that have been handed down from generation to generation with the amethyst brooch that graced my great-aunt Nora's ample bosom at Lincoln's inauguration, and the carved silver snuff box that was presented to my sea-faring grandfather by no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. No self-respecting Irish family would be without its traditions any more than a self-respecting Scottish castle would be without a decapitated spectre roaming through the corridors at midnight, carrying its head under its arm. My family, being very self-respecting, has more traditions than you could shake a shillelagh at, but, like Mother's best linen tablecloth, they are packed away in the bottom of the old cedar chest and are only taken out for an occasional airing, or to impress someone who claims direct descent from King Milesius.

There is one legend, however, that every O'Shanter learns at his mother's knee, along with the Hail Mary and "The Wearin' o' the Green": the story of how my great-grandfather caught the leprechaun. It is a story that is told and retold at every family gathering, because no O'Shanter since that time ever has seen a leprechaun, except perhaps my Uncle Sean, who after three hot toddies can see practically anything.

But as for the legend: Once upon a time, there was a boy in County Kerry named Tom O'Shanter, and as fine and as handsome a lad he was as any the Old Sod had ever seen. But he was also as lazy a fellow as could be found in all Ire-

land, or so said his hard-working parents when their youngest son preferred to wander the lanes and byways instead of digging peat with his father and brothers. But Tom was a dreamer, and although the peat diggers are the gatherers of fuel, it is the dreamers who kindle the flame with the meteors of their thoughts and fan it with the pulsing magic of their words.

One enchanted day, the digging of peat became more odious than ever to young Tom, for it was spring in Kerry, and while spring is always bewitching, and spring in Ireland is intoxicating, spring in County Kerry is like nothing that ever came from the Hand of God. The heather-scented breezes blow down from the moors, and the lark on the white thorn bush sings as if his heart must burst with love for the fairest daughter of Dark Rosaleen, whose blush is the wild rose and whose mirth is the laughter of the stream.

It was Ladyday, the loveliest of lovely days, and, faith, thought Tom as he ambled along the winding brown path, what is a man to do when the beauty of Kerry is all around him, and her wine is in his brain, and her song is in his heart? Surely he is not going to give this rapture over to the rough black peat and the calloused hands and the aching back. At least, not if he is young and romantic and a dreamer like Tom O'Shanter. So, thrusting his father's anticipated upbraiding into a dusty corner of his mind, the lad stretched himself out at the foot of a willow tree that bent to caress a little river with its leafy fingers.

As he lay there on the cool grass, half dreaming, half dozing, he became aware of a sound—faint, half-heard, almost imperceptible, but steady and pulsating, like the throbbing you hear when you lay your ear very close to a kitten's heart.

Tom opened one sleepy eye. Had he really heard it or had he only heard wind shoes dancing on the emerald turf?

But there it was again—a little louder now, a little clearer, like the ticking of a faraway clock. Tom raised himself on his elbow. Was he imagining things or had he only heard the lapping of the little river as it reached up to kiss the caressing fingers of the willow?

No, he had heard it; he was not imagining things. From over there, by that big white toadstool, came a rhythmical beating like the tap-tap-tap of a tiny hammer. Tom sat bolt upright. Could it be—the hammer—of—the leprechaun?

Slowly, stealthily, the boy crept toward the tapping sound, closer and closer and closer and—sure enough, there in the shade of the big toadstool sat a bent old man, hardly more than four inches tall, hammering away at a tiny violet bud of a slipper and humming a queer little tune to himself. Tom was certain that the strange little shoemaker in the red coat and green breeches could be none other than the leprechaun, especially when he saw that the tiny man's shoes curled up at the toes, as only fairy shoes do.

He held his breath, thinking that surely the wee elf must hear the thumping of his heart and fearing that he would disappear in the wink of an eye, for the little people are very timid and take great care not to be seen by human folk. And the most timid of them all is the leprechaun.

The leprechaun, you know, is the shoemaker of the good people. He is as hard to find as a four leaf clover, but if any mortal spies him and is quick enough to lay hold of him, he can make the fairy tell where he has hidden his pot of gold, and he will be rich for the rest of his life. But the leprechaun will squirm and struggle and threaten and plead to be let go,

for, like any miser, he hates to be parted from his hoard. And if he ever suspects that there is a human near, he will vanish into that peculiar oblivion known only to fairies.

So Tom had to be very careful not to make the slightest sound as he crept a little nearer to the toadstool, stretched out his long arm, and—more quickly than you could say “Erin Go Bragh”—grasped the leprechaun in his strong brown hand. The little man kicked and wriggled and tore his sideburns and nipped Tom’s hand with his sharp little teeth and uttered all sorts of unutterable things and called his captor a wretched blackguard. Just what he said I cannot tell you, because, as you know, leprechauns always speak in Gaelic, and after four generations in the New World, the venerable old tongue has fallen sadly into disuse. But their conversation probably went something like this:

“Shame and a thousand curses on ye, ye wur-r-rthless gossoon, fur sneakin’ up on an ould man an grabbin’ him from his wur-r-rk! Be takin’ ye thievin’ hand off me, ye miserable cur!”

“Not until ye’ve told me where ye’re keepin’ your gold.”

“Scoundrel! An’ what would a poor ould cobbler like meself be doin’ with gold?”

“Sure, everyone in Ireland knows that the leprechaun has a pot o’ gold hidden somewhere, and if ye’d be let free, ye’d better be tellin’ me where it is.”

“Blackguard! D’ye want to be changed into a two-headed hound dog? An’ don’t be thinkin’ that I can’t do that to ye vur-r-ry quickly!”

“Faith, an’ I’m not so sure it wouldn’t be very pleasant to have two mouths to eat with and two pairs of eyes to close when I go to sleep. An’ my mother would throw me a few scraps from the table. Sure, I’m not gittin’ much more than

that now! But I'd much rather be changed into a wealthy man, and that is also somethin' that ye can do very quickly."

"Begorra, lad, take pity on an ould man! Och, ye're squeezin' the vu-r-ry breath out o' me body!"

"All I mean to squeeze out o' ye is your secret."

"Och, by all the saints, boy! What will ye poor ould mother say when she hears that her boy has squeezed a man to death? Och, I'm dyin'! I can feel meself gittin' weaker—puff—an' weaker—puff—an' weaker—puff, puff, puff!"

The leprechaun's threats would have terrified the most fearless of men, and his entreaties would have melted a heart of stone, but County Kerry boys are wise in the ways of leprechauns, for do they not hear many a wonderful thing about them as they sit listening to the old folk spinning tales beside the turf fire on wintry evenings? So Tom O'Shanter only squeezed a little tighter, and the leprechaun, with a truly marvelous rally of strength, screamed:

"Vu-r-ry well, I'll tell ye where me gold is hidden, but little good will it do ye, ye shameless, shiftless, soulless good-fur-nothin', that be too lazy to dig the vury peat in ye father's bog! For the gold is buried in a far-off land, where I once visited a Spanish goblin friend o' mine, and to find it ye must follow the rainbow to its vu-r-r-ry end, and there ye will come upon a mud puddle, and at the bottom of the mud puddle lies a pot, and in the pot is more gold than ye've ever dreamed of. But it can only be possessed by a man of patience and courage and daring, and not an idle dreamer like yeself. An' now that I've told ye the secret, let go o' me so I can be countin' the number o' ribs ye've broken in me!"

Tom released his hold on the leprechaun, but before he could assure him that, idle dreamer though he was, he would indeed find the pot of gold, the little man had disappeared.

Everything was as before, the placid blue sky, the brooding willow, the affectionate little river. Tom rubbed his eyes. Could all this have happened to him, or had he only been dreaming again? But no; there, underneath the big white toadstool, lay a tiny, crushed violet bud of a slipper.

And so, right after the next shower, Tom started on his journey. He kissed his mother and shook hands with his father, who, in spite of all their son's laziness, loved him for his gentle and cheerful nature, and would miss him when he was gone.

He followed the rainbow over the broad blue ocean, past rocky shores where men cast great nets into the sea and drew them in, and over broad, fertile plains where men painted their burnished skin with many strange, brightly-hued designs. Once he had to delay many days, for there was no rain, and while the grass withered and the animals died of thirst, the rainbow that Tom was following was lost behind the glaring sun. But at last the heavens opened and the rain came, and, after the rain, the rainbow reappeared, more gorgeous than ever. And Tom followed it to its very end, where its foot was stuck in the mud puddle, and there, even as the leprechaun had said, was the pot of fairy gold that Tom had left his beloved Erin to seek.

Word of Tom's good fortune spread, and many men came with their burros and pick axes to the land at the end of the rainbow. But since the leprechaun hides his gold so cleverly, only those who capture him themselves can learn its hiding place. So the others went away empty handed, but Tom O'Shanter lingered, for he had found something far more precious than gold—the lovely, dark-eyed girl who was to become my great-grandmother.

And Tom saw a rich and lusty country grow out of the

fertile land, and he watched his children and his children's children grow with the country. And when he died, a happy and prosperous old man, they laid him to rest in a grassy plot of earth at the foot of the rainbow.

"Impossible," you say? "There are no such things as leprechauns? And dreamers do not find gold at the bottoms of mud puddles?"

Poor, cynical, disillusioned modern! If kindness and love and generosity exist, why not leprechauns? And if violets may grow upon the ashes, and songbirds nest in the briars, and if a shepherd may find his Creator in a lowly manger, why may not a dreamer find his dream in a mud puddle, which, in its own way, mirrors heaven's blue just as surely as does the stately mountain tarn?

"But why," you ask, "have these adventures never been recorded?"

Ah, but they have, but only by men who never learned what you now know, who gleaned their faulty knowledge by thumbing through musty volumes written by men who knew little more than they themselves, which is very little indeed.

"And when did these marvels occur?"

In the year 1849.

"And what is the name of the fabulous land at the end of the rainbow?"

It is called "California."

MYSTIC MOMENT

Ellen Cavanagh, '51

A glint of gold on the white altar cloth,
A flurry of angel wings as the bell warns soft,
And suddenly the Host is raised aloft!

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

A TWENTIETH CENTURY GULLIVER

A new planet has been discovered! We have been observing it rather carefully for the past few months in an attempt to determine whether or not conditions there are suitable for life. The physical geography of this planet is similar to that of several million other heavenly bodies, being just one one-hundredth of the size of ours. It is roundish, but every now and then there are great spurts of material that shoot out into the ether. At first we thought they were volcanic eruptions, as was the case when we discovered that other insignificant solar body named Pluto, but we later found that our first impression was quite wrong.

The name of this planet is Earth, and after months of observation we are finally able to write our report.

Earth is inhabited. Those creatures who live there are called people, or humans, in most cases, but are often referred to as jerks or shmoe (pronounced ssh moss). The meaning of these last two words we were not fully able to grasp, but we suspect, because of their frequent use, that they must be terms of endearment.

The people themselves are very curious in appearance. They have a big rectangle-shaped lump of material in the middle of them, with a smaller roundish lump on top, connected by a thin column referred to as a neck, a term which has several meanings. On the top part of the

middle lump are hitched two long stick-like projections known as arms, and on the lower half the whole person is balanced on two edifices known as legs. These legs bend in the middle, which enables the person to move about. At first we were misled into thinking that a man needed only one leg and that the other was extra, like a spare tire on their automobiles. This misconception grew out of an essay by some Englishman who wrote on the advantages of having one leg. We can't help wondering exactly what this poor unfortunate had in mind, or by way of a mind. Realizing that this description must be rather difficult to picture, we think that by comparing them to horses standing on their hind legs, we can give you a better idea. Of course, horses have much smoother lines and on the whole are more beautiful.

The human's system of communication is most complex. They invented languages so that they could know what the other person meant; then they all went into different parts of the world and came out speaking different languages. Even in countries where the mass of the people speak the same language, each generation changes it to suit itself. So, actually, language is simply a means of telling someone else that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

Humans have several other peculiar traits. They built houses where they could be alone and have some peace and privacy. They then invented radios, telephones, television, and various other devices which bring the whole noisy world right inside their homes. A mother will send her children to bed for a few hours each afternoon so that she can get some rest. She then turns on the radio and listens to the radio dramatization of the morning she has just spent. A man will come home from work complaining about the office bore who forced him to listen to the same joke six times. As soon as dinner is over, he rushes to the television set and turns on Milton Berle. He then spends the rest of his evening listening happily to the same joke he heard all afternoon.

All parents make their children go to school to get an education, while they stay at home without ever thinking of reading a book. So at that time of life when education is most necessary there isn't any, and when they are too young to understand it they get it all.

The aim, ambition, and desire of most Earthlings is money. Almost everyone works all his life to get rich. As soon as they have reached their goal, they die. Those who inherit the money either spend it and are no longer rich or don't spend it and might as well not be rich.

Even understanding as we do the inexplicable intricacies of the human intellect, we are still at a loss to comprehend the mania those humans have for waging wars. Someone stands on a soap box, waves his arms, jumps up and down, and through some hidden psychological process, thousands of humans start making guns, tanks, and ships, form in lines, and march off to conquer the world. They always come home bleeding and defeated, but as soon as the next Earthman stands on a box, they start all over again. No one has ever won anything by means of a war that has made him happy. That is a fact that has been written in all their history books, but they seem incapable of understanding it. Some twelve human minds can grasp the Theory of Relativity; why can't they grasp the simple formula for longevity.

After studying this planet with its Earthlings, we are quite incapable of really understanding these complex, confused beings. Perhaps the secret to them lies in such a typical action as this. Once every year these humans go away from home. Most of them go in the summer time, but all through the year some are planning for their "vacations," as they call these trips. They spread maps on the living room floor, they spend great sums of money on clothes they will wear only once, they dream all night of the joys of this trip. Finally, the time will come for them to leave, and they do a great deal of laughing as they ride to the train station. Two weeks later they are home again. They open the front door and spread their arms wide as they sigh, "Oh, it's so wonderful to be home again." Perhaps the secret lies in this. Perhaps.

MARIE T. McDONALD, '51

ON TEXTBOOKS

Creators of modern textbooks have devised an innocent little way of adding to the woes of well-meaning students. You laboriously stumble your way through to the end of your chapter, and then your eye lights upon the friendly caption: Study Helps. Now one can awaken a certain amount of respect for those men, usually mathematicians, who are big enough to come right out and head their sections "Questions" or "Problems," without resorting to subterfuge. But there is something insidious in that popular custom of labeling them "Helpful Suggestions," "Hints for Work Programs," "Thoughts for Further Discussion," and all that

sort of thing. A deceitful method of wording questions is becoming, I am afraid, common even in our mathematics books. A student will find what at first glance appears to be an innocent enough query, but which on further inspection, proves to be fairly loaded with cunning guile.

“What will be the current of 50 volts sent through a resistance of 10 ohms? If reduced to 2 ohms? If increased to 1000 ohms? Increased to 2,000,000?”

Here we have *one* question, mind you, in which the author, under pretext of not being able to make up his mind, slyly slips in *three* others.

Another underhanded practice, one used by almost every type of text, is the apparent “yes-and-no” answer. I say apparent advisedly, for anyone with any experience at all knows he is not going to be let off so easily. Invariably, after he has taken a desperate stab at the answer, he is rudely halted by one of those familiar, leering little phrases: “Explain your answer;” “Give reason;” or, simply, “Why?” This is not quite fair. If a student is lucky enough to guess correctly in the first place, why ruin everything by making him explain?

The currently popular method of making the vague, A,B,C problem more concrete is not without its disadvantages, too. Consider this example, a problem which has probably been baffling physics students for generations:

“The Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City is shaped somewhat like a half watermelon cut lengthwise. If a pin is dropped into a plate held at a certain place in this building, it can be readily heard by a certain person in another place many feet away. Explain.”

Now, I ask you, how can one be seriously concerned with sound waves when hundreds of intriguing questions are popping into his head? Imagine a building looking like a watermelon! And is it true that Mormons put *pins* in their collection plates? Or is the whole thing a sort of plot to catch someone trying to get away without dropping in his contribution? I call it a rank injustice to expect an imaginative person to accept such statements passively.

Even with an open mind, it is difficult to defend the logic of some of these so-called “suggestions.” English and history textbooks seem to be the worst offenders. In almost any text you can find something like this: “Write an imaginary diary as it might have been written by a crusader.” The author will go on with amazing inconsistency: “Continue your Chart of Trends of World Progress.” Then without a pause: “On a map mark

the areas of Asia which are more than 5000 feet above sea level." Physics texts are not above this strange practice. "Draw a diagram," you are told, "to show where a man would appear to be to a fish looking out of the water at him." (Most students fall down on this as it is not immediately apparent how it can be done without getting in with the fish.)

I find it particularly annoying to be ordered in a high-handed manner to explain someone else's confused ideas. The history text blandly states: "Civilization has come riding on a gun carriage. Explain." The fact that I haven't the faintest idea of what a gun carriage is, or that I violently disagree with the whole declaration, is cast aside as of no importance whatsoever. In this way I have been forced virtually to give my assent to some of the most preposterous assertions ever put forth by man.

Not long ago I was faced with a problem that speaks eloquently of the seriousness of the situation. Here we have the author, after completing his study of the mechanisms of mirrors, gravely making the following statement:

"In an automobile having windshield and back window nearly vertical, it is possible to see the back view of yourself sitting several feet in front of yourself. Explain."

If the author is reduced to such a condition at this point, pity the poor student!

However, the matter is not, I believe, without a ray of hope. I have noticed an increasing tendency on the part of authors to falter, to waver—almost to question the value of that very thing they have been propounding in their Question Box. "Why study Ancient Greece?" asks one historian wearily, after doing just that for several chapters. A case in point is the encouraging reflection from a reputable mathematician:

"The Leaning Tower of Pisa is 188 feet high. If a stone were dropped from its top on the side toward which it leans, it would strike 15 feet from the base of the tower. Draw to scale the angle made by the tower and the ground."

Here he hesitates, as if overcome by the futility of it all, and then demands in unfeigned ennui: "Why doesn't the Tower fall down?"

Thousands of mathematics students echo his question.

MARY ROSE SULLIVAN, '52

SOPHISTICATION

I put my dolls away
One rainy afternoon,
When I had grown too old for them
And wished to do it soon.

My friends arrived to watch me,
Quite blasé as I;
'Twas time we'd done this, yet till now
We'd each one been too shy.

I folded up doll dresses,
And put their shoes away,
Smiling superiorly when the task was done
At that outgrown yesterday.

I carried my dolls upstairs
Into the attic room,
And left them dreaming close to stars,
In the dusty, eave-slope gloom.

In a sturdy trunk I left them,
And crossed the attic floor;
I locked the trunk with its rusty key
And I closed the attic door.

And we all marched down the stairs
And watched the rain outside;
And when my friends had all gone home
I cried and cried and cried.

M.R.H., '50

Book Reviews

Dialogue With an Angel, by Sister Mary Jeremy. New York: Devin-Adair, 1949. 47 pages.

To understand the poetry of Sister Mary Jeremy, one must understand life and appreciate its depth. Her thoughts are the thoughts of all who reflect, but her language reaches to heaven. Therein lies her appeal. We recognize the familiarity of the thought, and consequently we center our attention on the uniqueness of the expression. Her vocabulary is not profound; she finds, as did Hopkins, "the dearest freshness deep down things." Each word to her is a treasure-hoard of new meanings, and her originality of use makes immediate understanding almost impossible.

Sister Mary Jeremy does not limit the "dearest freshness" to words alone. She finds it wherever she looks—in love, in death, in all human activity. In her very first poem, *Dialogue With An Angel*, the author presents in a few short lines the everlasting quest of man for the meaning of life and the infiniteness of angelic wisdom. She introduces pathos, but does not linger on it. She admits sorrow and defeat, but only because of the crown they bring.

Once is a love poem. It is gay and tender and catches the very essence of the emotion:

Within the singing cadence of her speech
I heard the music only, not the words. . . .

Epilogue is a comment on the restlessness of man's life as contrasted with the "empty quietude of rocks and trees." There is no elaboration on neuroses here, but merely the reflection:

"The air is troubled where we stood."

Homage is a tribute to her Sisters in religion: "cool and shadowy sisters like strong trees beside deep waters." Although she does not detail the sacrifice they make in forsaking home for God, the full meaning of sacrifice cries out:

You stand in view of waste lands without water
Making an island of green solitude.

* * *

And where you stand, your grave and silent daughters
Shall stand in the world's night as valiantly.

Magdalen's Song contains all the deep, unutterable remorse of the sinner who has grown to love Him Whom she sinned against. Her plea is the plea of every penitent heart.

Live, brow; look, eyes; speak mouth, to heal me.

Thus does Magdalen cry to Christ. Thus do all men cry to Him Whom they crucify.

Sister Mary Jeremy knows the ways of little ones, too. *The Story Hour*, *The Piper*, and the *Dance-Carol for Children* are as dainty and elusive as childhood itself. She tells of their love for stories, their immediate fascination for anything in the realm of fancy. In her *Dance-Carol for Children*, she gives their innocence responsibility:

Printless snow lies fair before you;
Plain the journey you must go.

To read this poetry once is not enough. It deserves study. Here is a strong voice, simple, restrained, sincere.

ANNE C. KEEFE, '50

To Every Man A Penny, by Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1949. 345 pages.

It has been Bruce Marshall's custom to write of one man, one dominating character who dwarfs all others in his story. The central figure in *To Every Man A Penny* is a Parisian Abbé named Gaston. Marshall's success with this novel is limited to his effective portrayal of this one character, and his success is great in this respect.

Abbé Gaston was a rotund little man, who wore a beard because he had once been a missionary to North Africa, where beards impressed the natives. He gives the impression of being in the Santa Claus category, full of the joy of living in God's world and full of goodwill to men—

and women, too. The plot is a series of events, bearing a faint resemblance to French history since 1914; but, in the main, it has been improvised by Mr. Marshall because Père Gaston had to have something to do, after all. The story is episodic as it follows the career of the priest through two world wars and a tragic mix-up with a French Resistance group, through the routine of parish duties, and finally to an old age spent as chaplain in a convent in ever-increasing hardship and the insecurity of threatened blindness.

In Abbé Gaston Mr. Marshall has created a memorable figure. Before you have read fifty pages, you have taken the little priest to your heart. He is a lovely figure, burning with the love of God and man. But he is no plaster saint. Mr. Marshall shows all sides of this man—his little greeds and petty selfishness, his pride and his failures, as well as his basic saintliness. He saw beauty all around him, in a beautiful day, a lovely woman, or a child's smile. The novel is a wholesome, joyful, and humble expression of the beauty of all the creatures of God.

The key to the novel lies in the words of the title, taken from the Biblical story of the laborers in the vineyard who received each man a penny. In his old age, the Abbé realizes why each man was paid the same wage, and he makes the poignant reflection: "It was because so much of the labor was its own reward, just as so much of the world was its own punishment."

The novel as a whole, does not live up to the exquisitely drawn figure of the little priest. No other character even approaches him in clarity or in depth of characterization. Several of them, notably the Cardinal and the Statesman, are mere caricatures, mouthing meaningless phrases in an attempt to depict the passing scene. Bessier and Armelle both show some promise at the start, but evidently Mr. Marshall tired of them or could only draw one character successfully, for both characters dissolve into mere puppets following a set pattern. The book is peopled with stock characters—the reforming communist, the good girl gone bad, the lady of easy virtue, the strictly puritanical canon. None of them add any credit to Marshall's name as a writer. They can be found in dozens of other novels, saying and doing the same things.

Marshall has a marked love for the liturgy, evident in many passages of this novel. The Abbé Gaston repeats, time and again, moving liturgical passages. The very repetition and rhythm of these speeches brings to

mind the beauty, solemnity, and changelessness that is the Church. It is in this, as well as in the single character and theme, that the merit of the novel lies.

The novel falls quite short of the promise that Mr. Marshall has led us to expect since the publication of *Father Malachy's Miracle*. It is marred by a hazy style, monotonous repetition of key phrases, and a gossipy manner of treating the affairs of the Church.

NORA T. HORGAN, '50

Cardinal Mindszenty, by Bela Fabian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1949. 203 pages.

Cardinal Mindszenty is indeed a modern martyr, and Mr. Fabian presents a factual background for this assertion. A small book of some two hundred pages serves to give us a short sketch of the Cardinal's boyhood, seminary and young pastorate days, and then a fuller description of the events leading up to the arrest, imprisonment, and torture which preceded his infamous trial. The authenticity of the Cardinal's "confession" is challenged by Mr. Fabian and he gives us his reasons. From first-hand knowledge he tells us of the brutality and ruthlessness of the Cardinal's enemies. As a member of the Hungarian Parliament, and a former judge of the Criminal Court, the author speaks with authority. He had personal contact with Cardinal Mindszenty for many years.

The book gains in power in the last chapters entitled: "The Iron Hand in the Rubber Glove" and "The Trial." Here we are given intimate information, some of it contributed by persons still living and driven from their homeland by the Communist regime. Every scene of the trial, every word of the Cardinal is dissected and analyzed for us so that we may better understand what happened in the six weeks' imprisonment of this famous man. The suspense and terror of Hungary's last days as an independent nation are successfully conveyed to the reader. The author set out to tell the story of the utter self-sacrifice of a man who gave himself as an example to the world and to show what happens when godless men gain power over other men. He has accomplished his purpose convincingly.

ELEANOR M. MCCARTHY, '50

Under the Sun of Satan, by Georges Bernanos. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc., 1949. 253 pages.

"Our fiction has been filled with people falling off the floor, no height of salvation from which to descend, no depth of hell into which to fall." In 1926 there appeared in France a novel which with its first translation in 1940, and more literal translation in 1949, met this criticism, raised the fictional characters from their too smooth level, and gave to American readers opportunity to digest a few unpalatable truths.

With *Under the Sun of Satan*, Georges Bernanos presented us with a challenge not too often met in fiction. He demonstrated the rocky road to sanctity, the terrible force of the devil, the plight of the creature beset by despair. Bernanos has hit the mark with his work, has exploded the sweet and happy novels with their splash of local color, which we frequently accept as Catholic fiction, and has finally given to readers a work to reflect upon. He has written of the greatest of conflicts—the conflict of man with Satan. Vicious and violent is the Prince of Darkness and no figment of mind or religious superstition. He exists here, even in physical form, attempting with guile and force to rob Father Donissan of his supernatural life.

Dread and horror of this fallen angel are produced by Bernanos' powerful mastery:

"I am going to leave you," it said. "Never again will you see me. A man sees me but once. Dwell in your stupid obstinacy. Oh, if you knew the wages your master has set aside for you, you would not be so generous, for we alone—we, I tell you—we alone are not his dupes, and, as between his love and his hatred, we have chosen—through a sovereign sagacity, beyond the reach of your muddy brains—his hatred. . . ."

Distress rather than satisfaction awaits the reader of this novel of a soul struggling for sanctity. The protagonist, Father Donissan, a nineteenth-century Curé D'Ars, is the comfort and solace of many who seek help in the confessional. He alone is uncomforted, for he has for many years been the victim of the jealous Tormentor. Only once did Satan visit the cleric in physical form, and this grappling was terrifying. His first loss gave impetus to the cruel tortures which he successively inflicted.

In Mouchette, a vicious peasant girl, "St. Brigid of the void", whose

"nuptials (with Satan) were consummated in silence" the awful effect of a life which exults in evil is portrayed.

A delicate acuteness, and an awareness of the minute in actions, descriptions and personalities, are characteristic of this novelist. These combine to present a novel which challenges, a novel which is not entertainment but a realization of the two divisions in life, the pure and impure, the black and white, and an understanding of the abundance of the middle grays.

"We are not all those rosy saints with blond beards which great folk see in paintings and whose eloquence and sound health the philosophers would themselves envy. Our portion is not at all what the world conceives. . . . Every beautiful life, Lord, testifies for You, but the saint's testimony is as torn out by iron."

JANET T. COTTER, '50

I Wanted to Write, by Kenneth Roberts. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1949. 358 pages.

In answer to Thoreau's statement in *Civil Disobedience*, "It is remarkable that there is little or nothing to be written on the subject of getting a living," Kenneth Roberts has written his latest book. This prominent author of historical novels satisfies the queries of many prospective writers by an autobiographical sketch, chiefly in the form of a diary, in which he recounts some of the hardships of a modern American writer. The arduous labors of the author described in the book are far removed from the foggy dreams of the inexperienced which picture frequent acceptance slips and monthly royalty checks. The work is important because it retells an old tale in an interesting manner, because of the picture it presents of contemporary literary life, and because it seems to be the forerunner of a long line of similar volumes.

Here we have an intimate account of how an author lives and works. The scenes begin with the birth of Mr. Roberts' literary ambitions while an undergraduate student at Cornell University. The author recalls with entertaining vividness his later newspaper years on the staff of *The Boston Post*. Subsequently as a member of the Siberian expedition in World War I, Washington correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*, and as a

free lance writer, Mr. Roberts battled with financial stress and an upsurge of literary prosperity in his attempt to find the time and the place in which to write.

The book is at once encouraging and discouraging to students of creative writing or any others who aspire to literary fame. Mr. Roberts encourages with the advice not to attempt too much too early in life because of the great danger of being overburdened by inexperience. He discourages, too, in the picture he presents of writing as an extremely difficult and exhausting labor because of the torture of mind created by unsolvable problems, the bugaboo of rewriting, the depression of overwork, and the difficulty of finding in this compact world a spot in which to write without interruption. Mr. Roberts, in an attempt to find peace and quiet, sought refuge in a villa in Italy, only to find that even there nature and humanity could still reach his shattered nerves.

The book is extremely informal in language and construction and should prove enjoyable and valuable reading for every aspiring author who desires to know the difficulties and problems of the profession of his choice.

MARY R. BARAN, '52

TO A HOCKEY PLAYER

Marie B. Sally, '52

When the rosy-cheeked young sun drops down
Behind the charcoaled quills of winter trees,
And the echo of your copper skates
Scrapes through the wide and windswept swamp, and leaves
A silence, you will glide to me, my dear,
And take me by the hand and sail away
To lands where ponds are frozen all year long
And loud and raucous sings the lonely jay.

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APRIL, 1950

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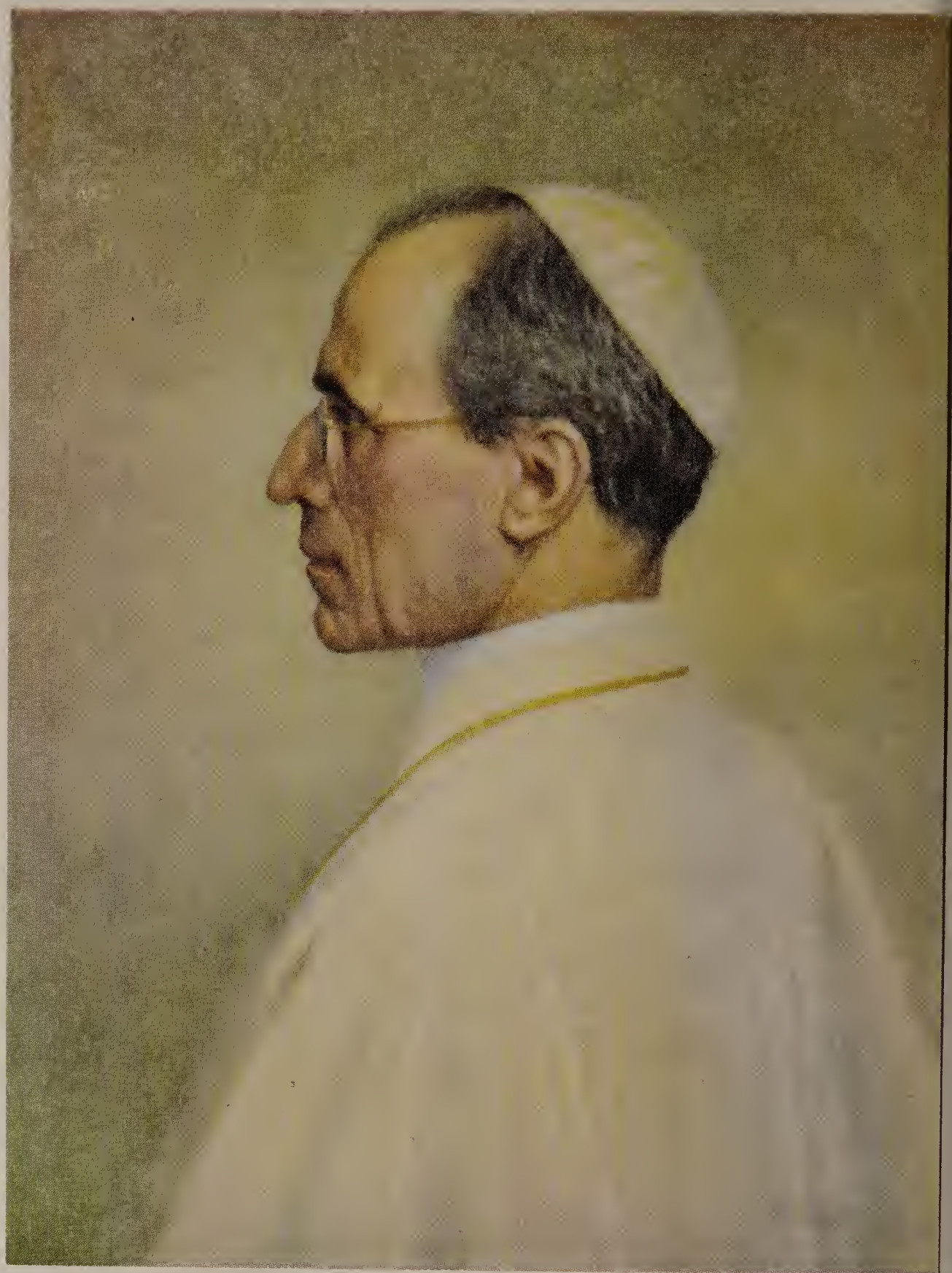
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APOSTLE OF PEACE

ANNUS MIRABILIS

1300

Marie T. Halpin, '50

THE ancient highway which led across the broad campagna to the Eternal City was desolate. Plant sentinels guarding the vast stretches of scorched hayfields on either side of the road were the only signs of life on this hot June evening. Suddenly, what seemed to be wisps of dust made strange patterns in the air. Imperceptibly at first, the wisps began to take more definite shape, and slowly the vanguard of a mighty multitude of pilgrims appeared. The ground thirsted under the pressure of their feet, and heat waves mingled with the dust that rose from the sun-baked soil as they advanced. A single friar led the group, walking slowly with toil-worn, blunt steps, singing as he went. His voice vibrated with joy as his song rolled down hill and up hill to the city of his fathers, Rome. There was something almost sacred in the air. The idle chatter of the valley and the rumors of the hills were hushed for the moment with a Sabbath stillness, as if hearts were hungry for love and simple adventure.

Just as the sun dropped below the horizon, weaving a spectrum of glory in the sky, the seven hills of Rome rose in regal splendor before the wondering gaze of the awe-struck pilgrims. Almost at the same moment the sweet strains of the plain song broke the silence. It was the eve of the great Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and the little brothers of Saint Francis in their poor roadside monastery were

singing vespers. *Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei.* The pilgrims paused to listen and bowed their heads in reverent response: *et opera manuum eius annuntiat firmamentum.*

On the morrow the successor of Saint Peter would announce the Jubilee Year to the world. No wonder, then, that all nature rejoiced. No wonder, then, that the Christian world was on the march to the seat of Peter to gain the rich indulgences promised to the Faithful; to witness the solemn pageantry that would accompany the proclamation of Boniface VIII, and to receive the special blessing of the Holy Father. These first pilgrims would go back later to their neighboring villages and relate their experiences to their less fortunate neighbors. They would set in motion the great stream of people who would travel to Rome.

Copper-faced centenarians would hobble along the road, guided by their children. Peasants clad in russet broadcloth would make the long trek on foot. The decrepit and the sick would smile happily. They would be oblivious to the discomfort caused by a rough journey in baggage-laden carts. Mothers would be carried on their sons' shoulders. Children would be trodden underfoot, but, laughing, would pick themselves up and run gaily ahead. Neither an inundation of the Tiber nor a famine would cool their fervent desires. All of Christianity would come to Rome, the Rome where Caesars once stood, and where Roman legions had tramped in the days of glory.

Fra Jacopone halted his seven-hundred devoted Sicilians before entering the outskirts of the Holy City. At last he and his travel-worn pilgrims had arrived. His face was wreathed in an ecstatic smile. Tomorrow he would realize his life-time ambition. He would kneel at the feet of Peter's successor, offer a holy Mass at the tomb of the apostles, and

rest like a child in the arms of its mother. This was the sublime moment of the journey's end.

The good friar looked upon his body of weary pilgrims. "Most beloved children in Christ," he said, "we stand before the gates of Rome, the citadel of faith, the treasured shrine of love, the climax of our prayers and our hopes. Let us pause here this night and prepare for the great events of tomorrow, when we shall see for the first time our beloved Rome and witness the ceremonies of the opening of the First Jubilee Year of Grace to be inaugurated by our Holy Father, Boniface VIII. We are the first pilgrims to arrive in obedience to the call of the Fisherman."

All were touched by the simple eloquence of the holy man, and tears rolled down their cheeks as they listened to his words and felt his hidden love for the Church of Christ. As he stood there before them, clad in his coarse brown habit with its girdle of rope, and wearing the rough sandals of a peasant, they could well believe that it was the *Poverello* himself who spoke to them.

Night soon settled upon the pilgrims. They gathered with their friends in small groups along the hillsides and, wrapping themselves in their coarse blankets, settled down to enjoy the blessings of sleep and to dream of the joys of the morrow.

Fra Jacopone alone did not sleep. He was too busy with plans for his pilgrims when they reached the Holy City. He would lead them to the shrines of the martyrs. They would join with the choirs in the singing of the *Jesu Dulcis Memoria* and the *Adoro Te Devote*, and the rich warm tones of the chant would bring comfort to their hearts. Perhaps, too, some of the young lads might have a part in the great Mystery Plays that were to be a feature of the Jubilee celebra-

tion. They would like that. And he would find time to slip away by himself, one day, to see the works of Bonaventure and Thomas Aquinas, which, he was told, were on display in the Library of the Holy Father. Then, when the ceremonies were over, they would all go to Assisi to see the much talked of paintings of his Father Francis, the newly-completed work of the rising genius, Giotto.

For a long time the friar sat with folded hands, deep in thought and wholly unaware of the world about him. His mind was at peace in his contemplation, at first, but gradually his thoughts became sad. He wondered if the centuries ahead would enjoy the deep spiritual consolations of this age. He was too keenly aware of the weaknesses of his time not to realize that the seeds of corruption had been already sown.

Had the friar been able to project himself into the centuries ahead, he would have been sadder still. It was better that he could not foresee the political disorganization, the crumbling of the social structure, and the materialism of the future years.

Aware that he was drifting into a melancholy mood, Fra Jacopone shook his head as though to banish these depressing thoughts from his meditation. "God is good," he said aloud. "Rome will supply the inspiration and strength needed by Christ's crusaders. The future of the Holy See will prosper in their hands."

The grey streaks of dawn found the friar exhausted from his vigil. His mind was at peace, but his body was weary from the foreboding thoughts he had held during the hours when his pilgrims had slept. Now he would awaken them. They would hasten into Rome and kneel at the feet of the Holy Father.

With renewed faith and vigor the pilgrims tramped the

few miles to Rome. As the procession moved into the Basilica, time ceased. All temporal thoughts were set aside as the pilgrims lifted their hearts and minds to eternity. Man was in the presence of Christ's vicar. The hopes and dreams of Fra Jacopone and his children had come true. At last, through the din, they saw and heard His Holiness, Boniface VIII, proclaim with restrained eloquence and sincere piety the formal opening of the First Jubilee. As the Pope stood at his throne and intoned the papal blessing—"In Nomine Patris . . ." fifty thousand pilgrims raised their voices and cried: "Viva il Papa!" "Viva il Papa illustrissimo ad multos annos!"

CITIZENSHIP

Marie B. Sally, '52

Wherever I go in Italy,
Through olive-weighted groves,
By gondolas that graceful toss
In shadowy palace coves,

Hoarded behind my smiling eyes
Is the Roman heart in me,
Though drenched in orange-blossom'd spring
Be tender Napoli.

Naples to someone else may be
A city and a home.
I, in my blest urbanity,
Find cradle peace in Rome.

ROME IN HOLY YEAR

Joyce M. Cooksey, '52

"Rejoice, O Jerusalem; come together all you that love her."

(Isaias LXVI, 10, 11)

Lift up thy voice, Jerusalem; sing to the Lord a new canticle.

Let the silver trumpets fling handfuls of birds across the sky;

Let the fountains flash in the courtyard, and the waters dance before the Shepherd.

For thou art eternally fair, and thy scepter is above all the nations.

Thy wisdom is as oil poured out, and thy counsel as bread rained on the desert.

Behold us at thy gates, thy mighty portals!

In the days of our youth we compassed thy seven hills
And dwelt by thy rivers, by the patriarch of rivers,
White-bearded Tiber.

In age we have returned to clamor at thy doors,
Having spent our coins of sorrow for dust and ashes,
Having burnt our youth as incense before idols.

Open thy arms, Jerusalem, and receive us!

As the stream thirsts for the river, having played too long
upon the verdant banks,

So have we thirsted for thy vital milk.

Take us to thy breast, that we may drink!

For we are thy children; thy Shepherd has begotten us
In a thin, white wisp of smoke.

THE TINKLING OF CYMBALS

Mary E. Sullivan, '52

THE screen door swung back with a sudden whack as Sally Wilky pushed the kitchen chair before her onto the porch. A covey of fat green flies basking on the sunny steps flashed up like glinting emeralds and whined off complaining to the bees that hovered and hummed around the golden honeysuckle blossoms. It was canning day, and a bushel basket of tender wax beans was there waiting on the steps. Sally set to work, a handful at a time, and with a deft flick of her paring knife rained a steady stream of sliced beans into the kettle on the floor at her feet. She was not too absorbed in her task to enjoy the beauty of this lovely July day.

The sky was clear and a vivid blue. The blackbirds were quarreling somewhere in the meadow and their raucous voices, added to the clatter of the chickens and the guttural *basso profundo* of the rooting pigs, formed a familiar chorus of the countryside. The air was hot and dry. It had not rained for six days, and even though her kitchen was cool, Sally preferred this spot to any other. The farmhouse was built on an elevation, and from her porch she enjoyed watching her husband running the bright red tractor on the flat stretch of garden below, along the tender young shoots of corn that lay like yellow stripes against the black earth. Turning around he saw her white apron gleaming in the sun and waved, and she, delighted with the gesture, returned the salute with a flourish of her paring knife.

From her vantage point she could also look right into the

neighboring barnyard. By some accident in rural planning, the farm had been built within a stone's throw of her kitchen flower garden. It was not a pleasant prospect to have in one's face all the time. Had it been set up on the next hill, distance might have lent its disheveled aspect a slight degree of enchantment; but as it stood there boldly proclaiming its faults and failings, its state of supreme dilapidation without the apology of one sheltering shrub, it was a thorn in the side of Sally Wilky.

It was easy to see that farming was not in the Magyar blood. Pista, a pastry cook, had emigrated from Hungary to the Promised Land with a new wife and high hopes of making his fortune in one of the big cities whose streets, he had been told, were paved with gold. On arriving, he was surprised at the scarcity of gold cobbles and appalled by the superfluity of pastry cooks. Desperate, and faced with the possibility of eventually starving to death or being talked into that state by his disappointed wife, poor Pista had given his last cent on the down payment for the farm and had overnight turned farmer. The fact that he knew not one jot or tittle about farming partly accounted for his lack of success in this venture. Experience seemed to have scant effect on his agricultural education, as year after year he let the beetles nibble on his potatoes and the borers drill into his corn. Some suspected that Pista was a lazy fellow, perfectly content so long as he had a roof over his head, his soup and bread everyday, and an undisturbed siesta every afternoon. Margot, his wife, on the other hand, was not possessed of such a serene disposition. It was her sharp temper and sharper tongue that drove him out of the house to plow and plant on a hot afternoon, and to feed and water the animals day after day. And she never let him forget his

promises to get the money and clothes and furniture he was forever declaring were just around the corner. He never did stop planning. He would roll his eyes in anticipation and, with the greatest assurance and conviction, assert, "Margot, my dear, one day you gonna wake up and fin' av'ryting change, av'ryting diffren'. I swear eet, Margot."

To which she would reply with the greatest contempt, "Bah, eet weel be diffren' all right . . . da roof weel fall in!" and stamp out of the room.

Considering it today as she did every day, Sally breathed impatiently. Even the most conscientious farmer had a hard time keeping his place in order during the growing season, but when a family was just naturally shiftless, what could you expect? Stupid foreigners! They couldn't have an ounce of pride, the way they had let that sagging barn go without a lick of paint for years, and the equipment lie rusting in the yard, and the chickens run loose in her petunia bed. Sally declared to herself that if they had hard luck it was nothing more than they deserved. The whole place was such an eyesore that she sometimes thought that she could endure a camp of wild Indians next door in preference to this sordidness.

Sally and Josh had started ten years ago with nothing but their own two hands and a mortgage, and already their debts were paid and they had turned their fertile acres of pasture and gardens into a prosperous business. It had been hard work all the way, but now their efforts were beginning to pay off. The Wilky farm boasted a hired man, a tractor, and a garden truck, the best irrigation system around, and each year won more and more ribbons at the county fair.

The beans were done by the time Josh came up for dinner. When he came in he filled the whole doorway, a big lanky

man with yellow hair streaked white from the sun. "By golly, but it's a scorcher," he observed from the sink as he splashed his face in the cold water. "I thought I'd roast for sure on top o' that tractor."

"Think this heat'll stunt the corn any, Josh?" Sally inquired anxiously as she laid the two places on the oilcloth-covered table. They were counting on that corn crop to pay for the new market truck.

"I sure hope not." Josh bit his lip as he piled his plate high with potato salad. "I'm leaving the irrigation on this afternoon. That ought to keep the gardens cool enough. We better get some rain soon, though. Pasture's dry as a bone."

The two ate silently, busy with their own thoughts. The flies were droning outside on the porch. A rooster called as he strutted about proudly in the dusty chicken yard. Josh studied his wife. Perspiration stood out on her forehead and lips in tiny droplets. She looked, well, not weary but tired. He hadn't noticed before the few strands of silver at her temples.

"Say, honey, how about packing up everything and driving into town tonight. We could have dinner and take in a show." Josh's face was eager as a boy's as Sally smiled back at him.

"It would be wonderful . . . but I have all those beans to put up—and, besides, when Harry gets back from the market he may mind having to take care of the livestock alone." The protest was not too vehement and Josh knew that she wanted to go.

"Well look, if I can fix it up with Harry, will you finish the beans in a hurry so's we can be out of here by five o'clock?"

"Mister Wilky, you just got yourself a bargain!" and Sally started clearing the table and set the water on to boil.

Late that afternoon the truck rattled down the country road that skirted their neighbor's property. Josh shook his head as he looked at the fields sweltering in the late afternoon sun. "Golly, but poor old Pista hasn't got a chance. That ground's baked dry as clay. What he needs is a water-line."

Sally sniffed. "What he needs is sense enough to dust his potatoes. Do you know, I was looking at that potato field of theirs the other day and it's just swarming with beetles. Pista was working there—you know how he works, poking here and there with an old broken hoe—and I told him not to expect any crop out of that patch this year, and do you know what he said?" Sally did not wait for an answer. "He told me there was something wrong with the soil, and that nothing would grow there anyway—and there were the leaves eaten away 'til they looked like screening right before his eyes! He couldn't grow grass. It's a mystery to me how he pays his taxes."

Josh shook his head. "Poor old guy, it wouldn't be a bad patch if he had some irrigation," and the truck swung around the bend leaving the Magyar's farm to the burning sun and the ravenous beetles.

It was almost midnight when Josh and Sally bounced back up the narrow road. They were both tired but elated after their first outing in weeks. Sally tried to doze as the truck lurched from one rut to another, while Josh peered through the weak path of light cut by the headlights and tried to piece together the song he heard in the movie they had just seen. "This is forever . . . dum da da dum . . . my heart and yours . . . Dear God!" Rounding a bend in the road he saw

that the sky was aglow with a weird yellow light. The smell of wood smoke was heavy in the air. He thrust his foot hard on the accelerator and the truck leaped ahead. Sally was awake and clutching her husband's arm.

"Josh! Our house is on fire!" She hoped it was just a bad dream. It had to be, yet the smoke in her nostrils and the rattle of the motor as they banged along banished any hope of the unreality of the situation. A few seconds later they reached a straight piece of roadway that let them see the whole scene before them. Sally covered her face with her hands and sighed with relief, "Oh, thank God, it's not ours . . . it's just Magyar's." Later she was sorry she had spoken just that way.

The fire was beyond control and a group of the neighbors stood about helplessly in nightshirts and bathrobes watching solemnly as the orange flames licked about the rafters and danced along the remaining beams of the house and barn. Only a cow and a few scrawny chickens had survived. Pista sat, surrounded by his frightened children, in a salvaged rocking chair, his head cradled in his hands, while Margot, almost in a frenzy, ran moaning and crying up to Sally and Josh, "Meester Wilky, do som'ting queek! See, my house—it is burning!" The roof of the barn had already collapsed, and with a crash the walls gave way, sending a shower of sparks in every direction. When the first light of morning came, nothing was left but a few blackened supports standing erect in the pile of smoking rubble.

Mr. Calnan, the fire chief, who had arrived too late, slapped Josh on the back and said heartily, "Darn lucky for you, boy; if that breeze hadn't been in the other direction last night, you'd have been in a pretty fix this mornin', be-

lieve me. Been so dry this past week, the place would have gone up before you could wink an eye."

Josh nodded and clasped his wife's hand a little tighter.

"What'll they do now?" Mrs. Calnan chimed in. "Heaven knows they ain't got a cent to start buildin' again. I s'pose all the folks will pitch in and help, though." She was addressing her remarks to Mrs. Wilky.

Sally did not answer. Her mind was too busy with thoughts about the Magyars. They were in desperate need of help. They would have to sell the farm now and make a start somewhere else. Why couldn't she and Josh take the money from the corn. . . . It would be worth any price to be rid of the Magyars, and Josh could use the extra land.

"Did you say something, dear?"

"We've got to do something for them. . . . You know it might have been us."

"I know, Josh. I've been thinking about the corn crop. If everything goes right we should make quite a bit . . ."

"I've thought of it, too. We can get along another year with the Ford."

"It is a lot of money."

"The important thing is to get Pista back on his feet. He'd do the same for me, I'll bet."

Sally's heart was singing. "Do what you think best, dear; we'll manage somehow." It was going to be so easy she could hardly believe her ears. She felt almost ashamed of her happiness as she strode across the charred grass with her husband toward the homeless couple. Still it wasn't as though they were tricking the Magyars. They would be well paid and she would be free of the sight of them.

Pista was apparently recovering his good spirits as the neighborhood donations rolled in. Already he had been given

three more pigs than he had ever owned and promised enough food and canned goods to last him a year.

Josh looked at the ground and fumbled about in his pockets. He was always embarrassed on such occasions. He cleared his throat and scuffed his foot in the blackened sod.

"Mister Magyar—Pista, my wife and I feel pretty bad about your losing the place like this. We're having a good corn crop this year."

Sally wished he would get to the point.

"We expect a good return, and—well—since it appears like you need the money more than we do, if you will help me harvest it, you can have the profits to build your new house. That's all . . . We'll help you, too. It ought to be up before the cold weather sets in."

Tears ran down Pista's cheeks. "See, Margot, a new house. It ees just like I tal you—av'ryting diffren', av'ryting fine. Meester Wilky, I tank you. Meesus, I tank you, too."

"That's all right, Mister Magyar." Sally patted his grimy hand.

As they walked back to their house, the sun was beginning to come up. Another hot day. Josh scanned the cloudless sky. "Hope we get some rain soon." It was like an endless refrain. On the steps of the porch he looked at his wife. There was something strange in the way her lips were drawn thin in a tight little smile.

"Do you feel all right, honey?"

"Of course I'm all right—just a little tired maybe." She sighed as she flicked the flies away from the door and stepped inside. With the shades down, the kitchen was cool and dim and in the shadows Josh would not see the tears in her eyes.

EASTER IN POLAND

Eleanora Korzeniowska, '51

THERE is something warm and enchanting about the old Polish ways of celebrating great feasts of the year. These immemorial customs form an inseparable part of the life of the people, and have been cherished and transferred from generation to generation down to the present day. Especially attached to tradition are the peasants, for whom the ways of their forefathers are as sacred as the soil to which they cling.

I remember that Lent was always most strictly observed at home. The gay *tance* and *piosenki* that brightened our days at other times of the year would cease for the moment. We children were often reminded to make less noise than usual. At dinner table, herring made a frequent appearance. The plaintive and solemn *Gorzkie Zale*, or contemplations of the Passion, sung on Sunday afternoons in our little wooden church at Kostopol deepened our devotion. Simple and sincere in form, these lamentations of the soul were extremely expressive:

Behold, O my soul, how much God has loved you,
How for your sake He has not spared Himself;
For hundredfold more than the malice of Jews
Your sins torment Him . . .

The powerful trees about the church rustled solemnly in the pink dusk of the awaking spring as we left the service, thoughtful, and pensive, and silently happy.

In March, the ice of our sleepy river Zamczysko would begin to crack, and the stirring, rising waters would hum

the mysterious hymn of the revival of nature. The people loved to walk out to their gardens in the evening, listening in the dark, fragrant silence to the croaking of frogs in the distance. Occasionally, peals of laughter would ring out from a cottage, mingled with bits of conversation, and sometimes the soft humming of the guitar and a song. The banks of the river where the pussy willows were quickly appearing would swarm every day with vivacious children who came to pluck them for Palm Sunday. As real palm leaves were not available in Poland, pussy willows were substituted, tied with colored ribbons and adorned with the first messengers of spring—violets and snowdrops. We usually made these sprays at home, for we liked best our mother's little masterpieces, although we might have purchased them at the church, where they were beautifully arranged by the boys and girls and sold to the people. We held these "palms" high in our hands during Mass for the blessing of the priest just before the Offertory.

Many of the customs that flourished in medieval days have been abandoned gradually and some of them have disappeared entirely today. In those days when religious fervor permeated all activity, nothing warm was eaten from Good Friday until Easter Sunday. The people chose to suffer a little hunger in Our Lord's honor, eating only bread and roasted potatoes during these two days. *Zur* and herrings were the only food the whole of Lent. *Zur* is a sort of soup made of flour and water mixed with bran and left to ferment. It is then boiled with various seasonings. In the Middle Ages the students in the cities and the villagers in the countryside would conduct a humorous funeral to *Zur* on Holy Saturday. The leader of the solemn procession would carry a pot of soup on his shoulders, while a village

urchin beside him would drag a wooden herring by a long rope. A throng of merrymakers would provide a funeral dirge of rattling pots and pans.

In many places up to the present day the villagers bring new fire from the church on Saturday morning and kindle the fuel in their stoves with its flame. Similarly, they sprinkle the house and the surroundings with Easter water.

Holy Saturday was perhaps the busiest day of Holy Week. While Mother was giving the finishing touches to everything, my sister and I would set out with Father on an expedition to the nearby woods in search of the *widlak* and *rozmarek*, indispensable for Easter decorations of the dining table. This table was always set with a snow-white cloth. It had a lamb moulded either of butter or sugar in the center, bearing a banner with a golden cross. Around it Mother would arrange, according to prevailing custom, traditional tall sweet cakes frosted on top and sprinkled with colored poppy-seeds, snaky coils of sausages adorned with shelled eggs, an entire ham, and a huge head of so called *mazurek* or cheese-cake surrounded by gaily decorated eggs, *pisanki*.

The coloring of eggs provided an opportunity to exhibit artistic talents. Elaborate designs were popular among the villagers especially, and what a feast for the eyes these *pisanki* provided! The liturgical symbols, village scenes, little lambs, chickens and geese, gay flowers, and fanciful geometrical patterns were depicted in vivid colors. The synthetic colors were in common use, but for yellow, brown, and orange many used boiled onion shells or the bark of the oak.

In the churches, sepulchres were constructed on Good Friday, with the statue of Our Lord wrapped in his shroud in the center, and the Holy Monstrance above in a cloud of veils. Small birch trees formed a background for the

hyacinths and lilies that were brought in abundance by the people, the symbol of their prayer. As midnight approached, throngs poured into the church. All preparations were now complete and some unexplained joy and anticipation expanded every heart. I cannot forget our small church that last Saturday of 1940, crowded with worshippers inside and surrounded with those who could not find a space within. In the prayerful silence, Father Warpechowski brought the Holy Sacrament down from the sepulchre and intoned the grand old Easter hymn:

Ah, the grand old day of joy for us is dawning;
Conqueror of death, Christ rose on Easter Morning!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The organ joined in, resounding with heavenly melody, and all the bells, silent till now, burst forth, ringing triumphantly. The powerful chant rose from every throat and rang through the moist air of the moonlight April night, while the procession moved around the church. The statue of Christ Risen wrapped in pious incense, the colorful banners floating in the breeze, the hundreds of faces gilded by the lights of flaming candles. . . .

I wonder what the Soviet soldiers were thinking as they grimly watched our Resurrection Service during the first year of the Russian occupation. On that last Holy Saturday that I spent in my country, more people were present in the church than ever before. Even the villagers from very distant places came, for some churches were gradually being closed. Father was not with us that night. He was the first to leave home, perhaps never to see us all again. We suffered a similar fate soon after and were deported to Kazaqstan in

Asiatic Russia. But the spirit of that last Resurrection night lingered in my memory during all the dark days that followed. It led us through. It will never die. . . .

RETURNING FLEET

Jean F. Whalen, '51

Slip softly, graceful silhouettes,
Across the calm, exhausted sea,
A glistening mirror that reflects
The dying sun's warm brilliancy.
A rhythmic slap of creamy crests
Against sleek, stately prows protests
The lull, while rippling foamy trails
Escape the hushed parade of sails.

Upon each deck and curving bow
Cling traces of the frantic tide,
As briny crusts of crystals now
Form webs where salty sprays have dried.
No violent gusts disturb this peace;
The wrangling billows' strife must cease.
A calm descends with evening's mists,
And zephyr's restless breath resists.

TABLE A DEUX

Joyce M. Cooksey, '52

I never thought a rose would be
A street café in gay Paris;

But now I spy a lady there
In gown of yellow gossamer.

A gentleman is making bold
In waistcoat striped black and gold.

She drops a curtsy; he bows low,
This pert coquette and dapper beau.

They pause a while, quite *entre nous*,
To sip a cocktail, one or two.

Then in a petalled nook they meet
To steal a kiss, *tout* indiscreet.

Who'd dream there'd be, in sun or shower
Such mad flirtation in a flower?

But any rose is gay Paris
To butterfly and bumblebee.

WHERE IS THY STING?

Anne C. Keefe, '50

ANNA was happy to be at home again. The village had not changed too much. Here were the old, familiar farms: plenty of land, crops growing, cows grazing, just the same as when she had left for France five years ago. Anna quickened her step. She was on her way to teach her first music lesson. Even though she had lived in Samarovsk all her life, she was tense. She knew the Lazankas well, too, and it was to their home she was going. There were three children, and all most amenable, as she remembered them. Anna passed a deserted farmhouse, recalling, as she went by, that the Kokasans had lived there: Catholics who would not bow to the state as their prudent neighbors did. Her mother had written to her about them. One day the farmhouse was busy and active; the next day it was silent and had remained so ever since. Her mother never mentioned the family again. Anna was still musing over the Kokasans as she approached the Lazanka farm.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Lazanka."

"Not so good, Anna. This fog makes the day weary. Stephen is so happy to have a teacher again. He has been practicing on his own for a long time. He has been waiting for you. Here he comes now."

"Hello, Stephen. How is the violin holding out? I would love to have brought you one from Paris, but I had to leave rather quickly."

Stephen's face kindled slowly. He was a tall, slender lad and he held the old violin as tenderly as if it were a child.

He tucked the instrument under his chin and played. He remembered Anna. He had always liked her. He accepted her as his teacher. Even though she had been away from Samarovsk for five years, yet there was something much alike in the student and teacher. Perhaps it was their knowledge of beauty and their desire to preserve it. Anna was small; her features were soft, almost cherubic, but she did not hold her head high with the traditional assurance of youth, and her eyes looked more often down than up. Stephen played on. As the piece burst into crescendo, two little girls came in and sat on the floor, facing Anna, absorbed in the beauty of their brother's music. They were obviously younger than Stephen, yet somehow they acted older. Perhaps it was that tired way they walked in, or the way they sat even now, as if there were a heavy burden on their backs.

"Oh, Mrs. Lazanka, do you want Stephen?" Mrs. Lazanka had left her work in the kitchen and was standing on the threshold listening to her son. Anna noticed that she wished to speak and raised her hand in a gesture for Stephen to stop playing. Mrs. Lazanka hesitated as she looked from Anna's face to those of her three children. She seemed to be gathering scattered thoughts so that she might speak without faltering.

"Come, Stephen, and my little ones. The horse is foaling and your father wants you in the barn. Forgive us, Anna, but we need all the family together in an emergency. We will not be long."

Anna nodded and remained where she was; the explanation had both enlightened and excluded her. She was alone.

The little ones walked obediently behind their mother, but Stephen was curious to know why his lesson was interrupted.

"Hush, child—if only a thousand lessons could be interrupted—each one for such an occasion!"

"But, mother, it was my very first lesson with Anna . . .!"

"Music is not all, my son."

As they entered the barn, they saw their father in the far corner talking to a man whom they had never seen before. Both men turned quickly at the sound of footsteps. "My family, Father; it is all right."

Mr. Lazanka laid his hand on the other man's shoulder protectingly. Such a contrast: the tall, heavy-set peasant and the gaunt, wiry man by his side. Mr. Lazanka's voice rumbled.

"Stephen, you knew Father Dumonde when you were very small. He had to go away; now he has come back to us for a little while."

"A priest, father? I thought you said . . ."

"Never mind what I said. That is all changed now. Father Dumonde is welcome in my house."

In the farmhouse, Anna was wandering aimlessly about the room, a little disturbed in mind. They had been gone almost a half hour. What could be keeping them? She walked from the main room through the small, dark kitchen out into the twilight. Cracks of light pierced the mist. She followed the shafts of yellow to the barn door, opened it softly and peered inside. Anna saw the Lazankas sitting around a strange man, and yet not so strange. He was talking in a low voice. No head turned, so she remained there. That man—who is he? Of course, Father Dumonde, her priest. No, not hers. Not any longer. He had been taken away while she was studying in France. Why did he come back? There was no room for him here—now. And why were the Lazankas drinking in his words? They, too, were

Communists. This was alien territory for a priest. What is he doing now? Why does he stand? Anna moved swiftly into the shadows. The Lazankas knelt for the priest's blessing. As they rose, Anna left as she had come, unheralded and unobserved.

Anna had a long walk home and a long time to think. The Lazankas were a happy, well-fed family. Why would they endanger their lives by allowing a priest near their home? Once, she would have done the same thing. Now, she was unsure. In France, she had worked against the Nazis in the Underground. That was colorful, exciting. They were all students together and adventurers together. When she came back to Russia, she found no adventure—only a stifling peace, which, she now realized, masked a turbulent countryside. Anna had fallen in with the established routine, had accepted what the State gave and asked no questions, because there were no answers. She had not mourned the closing of her church; she had decided that if it were safer to love God in her heart, that she would do. But to be safe is not always satisfying, and Anna felt more smothered by safety than ever before. Home . . . the cottage was similar to Lazanka's. Her parents, too, had profited by obedience to the State. She walked in through the large room to her own alcove, opposite that of her parents.

"Anna, we were worried. How are the Lazankas?"

"Very well, mother. Stephen plays beautifully now. I forgot the time, listening to him."

Anna did not return to Lazankas for a week. Her thoughts were constantly with them and with Father Dumonde. Each day she gave lessons to the aspiring musicians in the little village. There were not too many who had kept music in their homes, but there were enough to keep

her days busy. Each night she knelt by her bed, as she had since childhood. It was in these moments that her desire to know more of Father Dumonde almost overwhelmed her.

Two weeks passed before she returned to Lazanka's. Everything was as before. Mrs. Lazanka greeted her at the door.

"Please come in. Stephen has missed you. We wondered if you had gone away."

"No, Mrs. Lazanka, I did not go away, nor will I ever."

These people, her very own people, did not trust her. They thought she would run back to France when she saw the drabness of her village. She had been home almost a month now and had shown no signs of discontent. She would make them believe in her.

"Mrs. Lazanka, I saw Father Dumonde in your barn two weeks ago."

"You—you saw our priest?" Mrs. Lazanka's face paled. "Why, why? You have told no one? No matter, he will soon be in France." She dropped Anna's arm, and looked beyond the young girl at something Anna could not see.

"Mrs. Lazanka, please, I know I gave up my church, but so did you. I don't understand. You—harbor a priest? It does not make sense." Anna sat down on one of the old straight-backed chairs close to the hearth.

The older woman still stood. "Anna, the State has given us much in return for our liberty, but it did not ask for our hearts. What is *there* is our own. But in times such as these, we cannot speak of it." Still she did not move. Anna went over and embraced her. She did not speak. It was not necessary.

At daybreak, Father Dumonde said Mass in Lazanka's barn. All the neighbors who could come were there. It was

his parting gift to his people. Anna left her home silently lest she disturb her parents. As she walked along the road, she saw no signs of life, yet she knew that from every farmhouse, people were stealthily making their way to Lazanka's. After Mass, Father told his congregation he was leaving for France to notify the world of events long hidden. He said he would write as soon as he arrived in France. He blessed them and they dispersed. As Anna walked from the barn, she heard her name, and turned. Her parents had followed her out.

"My child, my child," they sobbed in unison, "once more we are together."

Three months later, all the villagers were gathered once again. There had been a few small meetings, previous to this time, under the inspiration of Anna. She had called them "musical meetings," to avoid any suspicion, but the local police had been watching her constantly. Actually, the meetings were not of a revolutionary nature. Mutual interchange of ideas kept courage high. There was no plan for insurrection. The only plan was to try to keep the mind free, even though the lands were not. Stephen was playing a lively Russian dance on the violin when a knock sounded. The gaiety was stilled. Anna opened the door to admit a dark, bedraggled man.

"Anna Govonchek?"

"Yes?"

"I have news from France."

"From France?" She said no more. She was not too sure of this man.

But Stephen was not so cautious. "From Father Dumonde—from our priest? Thank God, he lives!"

"Sh-h, this man is tired. You should not shout, Stephen."

The dark man smiled. "No, Stephen, you should not shout so, for your cry is my proof. Before, I was not certain, but now I know. The man who sends messages from France is a priest, and he has been here. We intercepted your priest's messenger on his way to this farm house. What is his name, Stephen? Ah, yes, Father Dumonde. He will be found within a week. And you—poor fools—you will lose your homes and your lands. The penalty for conspiracy with a priest is exile."

Stephen walked slowly over to Anna. "Forgive me, I have betrayed us all."

"No, Stephen, not you. The traitor is yet to be accused!"

APOLOGY

Marie B. Sally, '52

I hesitate to give myself.
I have so often found
The crystal of my loving-cup
In splinters on the ground.

FAITH

Susan A. Fitzgerald, '52

I hold my treasure closer now to me,
Instilling in my heart its doctrine true,
Then gently lift it out for you to see,
To find its spider network free from dew
That sparkles—oh so deep within my mind!
In dark and lonely stillness of the night
It glitters bright for me. In day I find
The sun has dried its dewdrops with hot light.
But yet the shining pool grows deeper still
With teardrops shaken from my happiness;
And though I try with heart and mind and will,
I cannot make your sorrow one whit less.
I know, though words I seek from heaven above,
I can but wait for you to find God's love.

IDEAL

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

I sought you in the firelight's flickering heart
Through drowsy eyes and winking curls of flame;
In vaulted halls when music's quivering dart
Lay deep in me, re-echoing your name.
I sought you when a jagged ball of sun
Sent crimson thorns among the shadowed trees,
And reached for you when twilight lit her one
Shy evening star. I sought you when the seas
Washed quiet shores and found your footsteps where
The passive sky lay cheek against the sand.
I heard your voice in humming streets and there,
Amidst the unheeding throngs—I brushed your hand.
I sought you where the seeds of greatness start,
And found you, throned, in one unseeking heart.

AS THE TOWN SLEEPS

Norma Halliday, '51

CHARACTERS: MRS. JANE SOUTHERN, *a slim, attractive woman, dressed conservatively. She is very quiet, almost ignoring the pettish whining of*
MEG, *her seven year old daughter. The little girl is hanging on her mother's arm, complaining sleepily.*

RUDY MACINTYRE, *Mrs. Southern's brother, a short, heavy-set, middle-aged, conscientious bachelor.*

JOHNNIE, *the soda fountain attendant.*

A bus starter.

A ticket seller.

MR. SOUTHERN.

TIME: *About two o'clock in the morning.*

SETTING: *It is very late, and the small bus terminal is quite deserted. The benches on the left of the stage are empty; the soda fountain on the right side of the stage is attended by only one sleepy young man. Wide, swinging doors, slightly to the right in the rear stage, lead directly to the out-going buses. The street entrance is on the immediate left of the front stage. The ticket window on the left rear stage is closed. (The soda fountain attendant is seated on the stool nearest the stage, sipping coffee. His eyes are closed, and he is moving the cup to his lips with the least possible effort. The bus starter bursts into the station.)*

SCENE I

BUS S. (*lustily*): Hi there, Johnnie. How's the coffee?

JOHNNIE (*apparently not disquieted by the sudden intrusion*): O.K., pal, you know where the pot is.

BUS. S. (*smiling good-naturedly, and ducking quickly behind the counter*): You don't know what a soft job you've got. If you just stood out there for five minutes . . .

JOHNNIE (*same sleepy monotone, slamming his cup down in the saucer*): Mmmh.

BUS. S.: I don't know what's holding up the 2:06. The roads are pretty clear. (*He comes out from behind the counter and sits down beside Johnnie.*)

JOHNNIE (*unperturbed*): Mmm.

(*A slim woman with a little girl walks in from the side entrance. A stocky, middle-aged man follows them with quick, nervous steps. The woman sits down on the first bench, glancing toward the door.*)

RUDY: You sit right down, Jane. I'll find out about the bus. That's it, Meg, sit right there with your mother. That's the good girl. (*He lifts the little girl onto the bench beside her mother.*)

MEG: Mom, I'm tired. Why can't we go home? (*She tugs at her mother's arm, but Mrs. Southern doesn't respond.*)

RUDY: Here, here, Megsy. You look at the funnies. (*He pulls a tightly folded newspaper from his overcoat pocket. He spreads the paper out in the little girl's lap. She kicks it on the floor as he crosses the stage to the fountain.*) Hello, there. Could you tell me what time the local to Springfield leaves?

BUS. S. (*wheeling around on the stool*): Well, sir, it should have been in fifteen minutes ago. It's due to pull out right now. Schedule's off a bit tonight. You know how it is in the winter. Why, last week . . .

RUDY: Yes, yes, of course. Well, thanks, and—oh—ah—
(*calling over to Meg*) how about an ice cream cone, Meggy? Chocolate?

MEG: Oh, all right. I don't see why we have to be here now, anyway. Mom, let's go home. (*She bends forward looking straight into her mother's face, but the woman just looks at her absently.*)

MRS. SOUTHERN: Yes, dear, I mean . . . no. You may have the ice cream. (*She pats Meg's hand and brushes the little girl's hair out of her eyes.*)

RUDY: Yes, mmm. One chocolate ice cream cone, young man. That'll be fine, fine. (*He pulls a loose bill from his pocket and waves it nervously in front of the soda fountain attendant. Johnnie finally puts down his coffee cup, gets slowly to his feet, and goes behind the counter.*)

BUS S.: I think that's it now. (*The low hum of a bus motor is heard outside.*) Well, folks, your bus leaves in about ten minutes. (*He hurries out the door. Johnnie resumes his seat, pulling a pocket-sized magazine out of his back pocket and propping it up against a salt shaker on the counter.*)

RUDY (*walking over to the bench, and handing Meg her ice cream cone*): Well, I guess everything is settled now, Jane.

MRS. S.: What? Oh, yes, Rudy. Settled. (*Meg starts to wander around the station. She finally stops in front of the magazine stand.*)

RUDY: Jane, here, take this. (*He hands her a small roll of bills.*) Remember, 101 Locust Street. I called Marion after dinner, so she knows that you're coming.

MRS. S.: That's good. Thanks, Rudy. I wish I . . .

RUDY: (*He sits down beside her.*) Now, Jane, you've already decided. You know you're doing the right thing.

You'll have no trouble getting your job back. Mr. Moulton always liked you. He used to say . . .

MRS. S.: I know, Rudy, but a child needs a . . . (*She glances towards Meg, now engrossed in a roaring Western story.*)

RUDY: She'll need a good education, and a little peace for a change. You know how it was with him. You never were sure of anything. (*He stands up and starts pacing up and down in front of his sister.*) He couldn't hold a job, never gave you what you deserved.

MRS. S.: But, Rudy, I had everything I wanted. (*She raises her voice a little, and sits up sharply.*)

RUDY: He never gave Meg a thought. What did he care? He wouldn't provide for you, wouldn't even bother with you for weeks.

MRS. S.: All right, Rudy, I know. I'm doing what I should. Let's forget it for now. (*She turns away from him and snaps the fastener on her purse several times, nervously.*)

RUDY: And then, he turns down the best opportunity he ever had. Newspaper work in New York. He wouldn't even listen.

MRS. S.: Rudy! (*decisively*) We've already settled it. It's almost time for the bus now.

RUDY: Oh, yes, I'd better be running along. Everything all right then, Jane?

MRS. S. (*warmly*): Yes, Rudy. Meg and I will be fine. Don't you worry. You've been a wonderful help. Meg, come here, dear. (*Meg runs over to her mother.*) Kiss Uncle Rudy good-bye. (*Meg kisses her uncle obediently.*)

MEG: Why can't we go home with Uncle Rudy?

RUDY: No, no, dear. You go along with your mother.

You'll have a fine time with Aunt Marion. She's got a dog, a Great Dane.

MEG: Has she, mom?

MRS. S.: Yes, dear. (*She straightens Meg's hat. Rudy starts toward the door.*)

RUDY: Bye-bye. I'll be up this week end. (*Meg runs over and kisses him good-bye again. He smiles at his sister and leaves.*)

MEG (*leaning on her mother's knees*): Mom, do we have to visit Aunt Marion right now? I didn't say good-bye to Daddy. I'd rather go home.

MRS. S.: That's all right dear. He'll . . . understand. He'll find the note I left when he gets back from his business trip. (*She pulls the child toward her and kisses her forehead lightly. The bus starter appears in the doorway.*)

BUS S.: Your bus leaves in two minutes, ladies. (*The door closes again.*)

MRS. S.: Well, honey, we might as well wait in the bus. Wait 'til you see Aunt Marion's dog! (*She takes Meg's hand, and they go out to the bus.*)

SCENE II

(*It is a few hours later. It is a little brighter now, in the early morning hours. Johnnie is considerably brighter, too, as he polishes the chrome trimming of the soda fountain. The ticket seller is outside his cage, posting the day's schedule on the board beside his window.*)

T. SEL.: Pretty cold last night, Johnnie, eh?

JOHNNIE: It sure was. I'm glad I'll be out of this barn soon.

(*A tall man appears from the left stage door and wanders rather absently toward the ticket window.*)

MR. S.: Oh, can I exchange some tickets here?

T. SEL.: Well, let me see them. (*The tall man hands him the tickets.*) Oh, sure. These are for next week. Express to New York, March 4, Hmm.

MR. S.: Just take two of them. I might as well . . . No, never mind. I'll exchange all three. I won't be needing them now.

PERFECT CONTRITION

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

The dotted gold of April day
Turned mockery;
Grey spires stretched up in mute accord
To bare, blue skies; "Look up," their cry;
Two eyes sweep down a muddied road
And Sorrow dies.

A blistered hill one April day
Of infamy;
The dusty road two feet have trod
Bears crimson trace; "For thee," its sigh;
Two lips press down, while tears erase,
And whisper—Lord.

MARJORIE

Sally Barrett, '51

“A POX on you, villainous old hound,” cried Bartholomew as he tried to wrest his chocolate bar away from the bearded collie. Bartholomew was a straggling weed of a fifteen-year-old. He learned a new word every week. It was his preparation for college, some very good college, finances permitting. This week his word was “pox”.

The “villainous hound” addressed so cavalierly was a venerable collie who stretched before the fire blinking his beautiful yellow eyes worshipfully at Bartholomew.

“Look here, are you molesting my dog?”

Bartholomew rolled over slowly on the worn rag rug and regarded the newcomer with lazy interest. “I say, Angus, you’ve got spots of gravy all over your new vest.”

“The devil I have.” Angus scrubbed away at his front with his fresh gloves.

“Otherwise, of course, you’re the very picture of splendor; all flannel and leather and that dashing plaid vest,” Bartholomew amended in great innocence. “Going to the station now?”

Angus slipped on his gloves and glanced down his very fine nose at his brother, who had rolled back to his original position and was rubbing the dog’s haunch with his elbow. “Suppose I may as well start. Do you want to come, too?”

Bartholomew’s round head popped up. There was an elfin smile on his thin clever face. “Guess again, Angus. I shall not budge from this glowing hearth.”

“If you don’t go, you’ll soon have to replenish that hearth.

It looks to me to be dying," commented their sister, who had dashed onto the threshold in pursuit of a flying ball of red yarn. She looked like a handsome straight black cat playing with spools, a tall girl in a fine black woollen dress with a heavy pin of beaten silver at her throat. Bartholomew grinned at her.

But Angus obviously was cross. "Oh come along, Bartie. Be a good fellow for once. It won't kill you to make Marge feel she's welcome here."

His young brother kicked at the yellow fireplace tiles. "She's not my girl friend."

"That's something to be thankful for, I'm sure," Angus hissed. "If you come I'll let you drive."

Bartholomew was already on his feet. "All the way? And can I back her out of the garage?"

"Hurry home, men," shouted their sister from the living room. "I've the most exciting supper waiting for us. We can eat here in front of the fireplace."

Angus winced a bit. "Not in the dining room, Echo? I'm sure Marge always eats in the dining room at home."

"She sounds a little stupid to me," Bartholomew proclaimed from the hall.

Angus' ears reddened and his sister pattered into view. "Now relax, Angus. Bartholomew's promised to behave. And so have I," she finished with a rueful grin.

"That's the trouble with letting a child know he's bright," Angus raved. "Then he's always showing off; you can't ever get him to shut up. This whole family's abnormal. I wish you were coming to the station."

Echo pushed in her brother's scarf with quick, long fingers. "I know, Angus, but I don't dare leave my dinner."

Angus pulled away from her gently, but his back was reso-

lute as he marched out toward the front door. "All the same, I wish that for just this once we were an ordinary family. I wish mother and dad were alive; I wish Bartie was just another simple fifteen-year-old; but most of all I wish you had some life of your own and didn't have to spend all your time taking care of us."

Echo chuckled whole-heartedly. "But, Angus, I do feel that life is not quite over for me; and I love to fuss over both of you. You know how much I prize this old house. Besides, I have enough dates, if that's what's bothering you." She paused to dust the little maple secretary with her sleeve. "Come now, tell me your wonderful Madge's last name so I won't muff the introduction."

"Marge, not Madge; Marjorie Lempke." His voice came floating back frostily from the doorway.

"Good heavens," Echo murmured, still rubbing at the desk, "what a peculiar name!"

* * *

"And how do *you* do, Miss Land," boomed Marjorie. She shook hands with an air of great thoroughness, but her grasp was unpleasantly limp."

"Oh, let's use first names, please," Echo smiled graciously.

"I'd much rather; but I can't get used to yours," Marjorie admitted cheerfully. "Such a peculiar name!"

"Say it over three times out loud," Batholomew suggested earnestly. "That's the only way to learn new words."

Angus glared at him and Echo broke in easily. "Actually I was named for a rather nice little mythological figure. Our father enjoyed different-sounding names. The only exception is Angus, whom he named after himself."

Marjorie apparently was not listening. "I think your baby

brother is just adorable," she confided loudly to Echo, "and so smart, too."

"May I hang up your coat somewhere, Marjorie?" Bartholomew sounded not embarrassed but pained.

Marge's coat was many flowing folds of mink, her dress a biscuit-colored satin. Echo stared for a fraction of a second, then excused herself and left the room.

When Echo returned, she realized in horror that Bartholomew was questioning their guest pointedly about her shoes. Marge's shoes were undoubtedly lizard, imposing genuine bronze-toned lizard, peeled and tortured into a devious maze of straps about her heavy ankles. Somewhere in that amazing network were spaces from which Marge's great toes plunged unexpectedly forth. She was smiling contentedly and explaining the arrangement to a wondering Bartholomew, while Angus beamed fatuously upon both of them.

"How about some music?" Angus suggested with great heartiness.

"Oh fun," said Bartholomew to Marge. "We got some awfully good Mozart for Christmas."

"Well," smirked Marge, "you'll have to count me out on that stuff. I guess my taste in music is kind of common."

Echo touched the pin on her dress as though it were a sort of charm that would give her strength. Angus couldn't say that Bartie wasn't trying.

Angus had turned up the radio in time to catch the painfully brassy finale of some current musical comedy hit, and Bartholomew's "But really, the Christmas Mozart is quite easy to take" was effectively drowned out.

"That's more like it," purred Marge and crossed her solid legs. She began to pry open a vast golden cigarette case,

much as a patient fisherman would open up a stubborn clam.

Angus extended a huge, square gold lighter bearing a chunky raised monogram in some kind of black stone. He had to tap the thing twice before it finally flamed.

"Birthday present from Marge," he explained airily to Bartholomew, who was staring in horrified fascination.

"It matches mine," said Marge possessively, holding up a smaller monstrosity.

Echo twisted back a wing of her dark red hair and tucked it into the knot at the nape of her neck. "I think supper must be about ready. No, Marge and Angus, stay where you are. Bartie, how about some help?"

When they returned with heavy trays, Marge giggled and Angus, quite upset, hurried away from her chair and strode over to the bay window and began to close the red calico draperies.

Angus ate with satisfaction until he discovered that Marge was staring dubiously at her plate of crab meat. "Too hot?" he suggested.

Marge shook her head. She was embarrassed. "There's pieces of something brown in mine; it's not mushrooms," she hissed anxiously.

"Almonds," said Bartholomew icily, and everyone looked up in surprise.

"If you don't care for it, Marge," Echo murmured solicitously, "I'll heat some chicken soup for you."

"Oh no," she replied magnanimously. "It's just that in our house we never cook with nuts."

Echo smiled pleasantly but firmly at Bartholomew, who was muttering under his breath and looking as though he might be preparing to plunge his fork into Marjorie. "You *eat!*" she commanded.

"The rolls are exquisite," Bartie grunted.

Marjorie poured great lacings of yellow cream into her dark, smoking coffee, but refused sugar. "Have to watch my weight, you know," she shouted confidentially.

Echo looked at Marge's tight expanse of shining satin and with a nicely-concealed sympathy said, "Perhaps you'd like to change into a skirt and sweater when we go to the barn dance. Your dress is much too pretty to waste on such a small occasion."

"Oh, I've got plenty more," Marge burred, "all new and just waiting to be worn. I have a green lace in my bag that even Angus hasn't seen."

"Well, it's such a small place that there's little opportunity to get really dressed up." Echo frowned doubtfully.

But Angus looked delighted and patted Marge's plump forearm in high approval. "Marge always wears unusual colors; she can, you know, with her complexion."

"Oh, I'm sure your sister could, too." Marge was generous. "I'd like to see Echo in my brown silk. With that red hair it should be lovely. I have a marvelous idea. I'll get that brown silk and some good gold jewelry out of my bag and we'll pile up Echo's hair on top of her head in curls instead of that old-maidish bun on her neck, and I guarantee she'll be a knockout."

Echo was speechless for the moment, but recovered herself enough to attempt a feeling of gratitude toward Marge. Actually, she did feel appreciative. "Thanks, Marge, you're very generous. But I'm afraid I couldn't possibly wear your clothes. I'm too tall."

Marjorie's face crumpled like a falling deck of cards. "Oh, no? And it was such a good idea. I thought we might all go to a hotel and dance."

"And so we shall," Angus assured her ardently. "And everyone will be envious when you walk in."

"I'll wear my fancy new dancing pumps," Echo promised, "and my good pearls."

"And I'll escort you," Bartholomew said.

"Well, maybe my platform shoes will fit you," suggested Marge, brightening.

* * *

Echo was ready to leave before Marge and Angus came back downstairs. She was methodically stamping out the fire with an ornate brass poker.

Bartholomew stood motionless before the long bay windows. Moonlight silver-washed his fine red hair and scrubbed face. "Is Angus going to marry that awful girl?"

"I don't know, Bartie. Angus will marry some day, of course."

Bartholomew pressed his forehead against the cold window pane. "Well, she is awful, isn't she?"

Echo rose, smoothed down her skirt, and crossed over to the moonlit corner. "We three have always been a pretty close circle, Bartie. Maybe it was unhealthy for Angus."

Bartholomew bit his lower lip. "But you don't really think that. You think she's terrible, too; all those awful dresses and those crazy shoes, and that horrible smug look all the time."

"I must admit I can't imagine how Angus managed to lose the family taste for the simple things." Echo shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"Well, at least we've still got each other," Bartie muttered.

Echo sighed gustily. "And she can't stay more than a week."

"Everybody all set to go?" screamed Marge from the darkened hall.

"Maybe the June vacation one will be an improvement," Bartie hissed out of the side of his mouth as he offered his arm to his stately sister.

GOOD FRIDAY

Eleanor M. McCarty, '50

The sky is a black dart
Of grief to a man's heart.
Kyrie eleison!

The wood is a bare bed
Of sharp sin and nails' head.
Mei miserere!

The hill here knows of three.
The earth cries eternally:
Memento mori!

The hour snaps—a heavy band . . .
Purple Hands!

ENCHANTMENT

Ellen M. Cavanagh, '51

Come away, O human child
To the waters and the wild
With a fairy, hand in hand.

IT IS the enchanted summons from elfland that every child knows. And what child can resist? Throughout all the ages children have set out to follow the fairy gleam that flits before them like a will-o'-the-wisp. Myriads of solemn-eyed little girls and boys rise up in answer to the irresistible call that leads them into story land. We watch them bend over the wondrous pages of their books and we envy them. They have left us behind while they go springing off, now to ride with the Arabs across the great Sahara under the desert moon; now to sup with Robin Hood under the stars, or explore the spacious halls of Camelot with Lancelot and Sir Gawain. How gloriously simple are a child's magical worlds; oh, how we long to cast aside our grimy, sophisticated novels and "tread again that ancient track!"

The sight of little Anne and her friends pretending to be mermaids "with wild-sea crystals" in their hair, brings back poignantly another summer when you and I played all day at being Io and the silver-footed Thetis. The ocean was a great glistening wonder world of "flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying."

The little snub-nosed lad who gazes with open mouth as "the grey sea forests curl" turns back the pages of our years and we find again the water dragon in every dripping piece of seaweed and wait breathlessly for the old man of the

sea to rise from the morning mists. Tiny feet pattering over the sunburnt cliffs in search of crabs and cockles sing out to us:

Child of the aged rocks,
Child of the hoary sea,
Thou fillest with joy
The heart of the boy
O cockle from the sea.

Time was when I knew every glen and glade of the greenwoods of the old ballads and loved the gay cavalcade that passed under those stately trees: the lean warriors, bent old friars, fair-haired pages, and winsome beauties. Sometimes I would pitch camp with Robin Hood's merry men, and would stretch out with them around the warm campfire to wait for the venison to roast. Meanwhile, the hollow would be sizzling with twilight activity, as the outlaws practiced their shot. And when the feast was crisp and brown, the woods would ring with hearty shouts. Often I could catch the tinkle of a fairy bell, while a muffled drum would beat out the eternal chase of Diana and her maidens. No matter how many Saracens or sheriffs or (what was of more immediate peril) how many mothers lurked without, I would remain safe in my glade until the last flecks of sunlight ceased to play on the dark trees.

All the fascinating figures of the world met on those forest paths. Sometimes a noisy hawking party would canter by, reflecting all the charm of the Norman nobility. The lords wore plumes and crimson doublets. The ladies looked like bright, forest birds in their rustling satin skirts. But best of all, a solitary rider would prove to be Richard, Coeur-de-Lion, himself, riding home from the Crusade. Perhaps he has come through Sherwood Forest to seek the loyal Robin

Hood. It really does not matter what adventure Richard happens to be engaged in at the moment, for he manages to enter every knightly tale. Gawain and Lancelot wait upon his imperious figure as Dante's philosophers cluster about Aristotle. At whatever point he enters the story, he will absorb it in his own impetuous manner. Big, raw-boned, gallant, the best Crusader of them all, how Richard stirred my eleven-year old soul!

Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the
cannon and he comes.

I could never agree with the soulless historians who found him a most incapable statesman because he refused to bother with stuffy old ledgers, but sailed away to the wars. They claimed that John—puny, villainous John Lockland—was a far greater ruler.

The drab world of facts and figures also shattered my illusions about Arabia. My Arabs were all tanned, handsome heroes with smiling white teeth. They rode bareback over the glorious, golden desert like a troop of clouds in their billowy white robes. Exotic ladies accompanied them on white palfreys. But I was soon forced to accept the fact that Arabia is as hot, dull, and dusty a spot as could be found anywhere on this earth. The mosque cities of Harun-Ar-Raschid, which gleamed like pearls in the moonlight, are actually mud-dried huts. As for the Arabs, they are really desert Bedouins, dirty, to say the least, and completely unromantic.

Many exquisite magic worlds have burst in much the same disappointing manner. We have grown too old and sophisticated now to follow Marco Polo across the fabulous moun-

tains of the moon. We can no longer glimpse Tinkelbell
and her sisters, who have left their

mansion in the cloud,
Which the breath of twilight builds,
And the summer's sunset gilds,

to visit us here below. We can at best see them faintly mirrored in a pair of wondering young eyes or in an eager little voice which pleads for "more, more."

TRIOLET

Susan A. Fitzgerald, '52

I caught a little sunbeam
And wrapped it up all tight
In shadow-bars of moon-dream.
I caught a little sunbeam,
And fashioned in its theme
The stillness of the night.
I caught a little sunbeam
And wrapped it up all tight.

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

CAF-WARD

I sing of elbows and the Caf. Emmanuel, cafeteria style, stirs its students to an ambition and ingenuity seldom the outcome of a cultural liberal arts education. Speaking as an English major, I have seen intelligence sharpened to keen precision work in "operation—Caf". It demands co-operation plus intelligence in every member of the team. The blueprint is drawn up with the class schedule at the beginning of each semester. If classes demand our time during the hour directly preceding assembly, a "free" student is contacted and told to locate a seat in the auditorium, preferably in the shortest and most direct line to an exit. This member sits tensely through assembly, hoping through hungry hope that Harriet will not call a class meeting, Anne will not ask to see the ETHOS staff immediately after assembly, or Mimi desire some discussion on *Epilogue* at the same vital time. Assembly moves on with the business of Emmanuel, and hunger pains sharpen with the weight of a table-laden mind in direct contact with an empty area in front of the spine. The line of messengers to the "mike" ends. The assembly hall stands—waiting—as two guiding figures glide down the middle aisle. Stands? Perhaps, more explicitly, hesitates in a suspended hop. One foot is raised slightly for the first bolting step at the all clear signal. Then a frenzied fiasco of fast-moving feet and sandwich bags moves swiftly towards the goal of noon. The lower corridor pulses with beating feet.

The thundering herd enter, one to each table, to stand stern sentinel until friendly reserves arrive to substantiate the claim. On the way into the Caf, a particularly efficient and far-seeing emissary to the commissary will slide an extra chair up to the end of the table. When the others enter with darting, hopeful, apprehensive glances, it is the claimant's duty to wave her arms furiously until she catches and holds the eyes of the table-seeking group while they adjust lenses and proceed joyfully towards the spotted stake claim. There is much handshaking, and congratulatory phrases tell of appreciation of a job well done, and the chosen gives over her station to a significant pile of books. Flushed and radiant from success and praise, her term of office at a close, she enters the futile flow towards food and is lost from sight. The calm, assured figure that entered the melee will emerge, maybe. The dazed creature you see easing shakily towards "Table X" may or may not be our laurel-wreathed friend. Who knows after the rigors of battle? Or cares?

Since pleasant conversation is conducive to the effective functioning of the digestive process, it is not neglected. The hum of our fellow students seeks Biblical classification in the tower of Babel, but it is not an insurmountable obstacle. We manage to send out and receive ideas in turn or all together, depending on the mass capacity of food in the mass number of mouths. It has even been known that one group raising their voices musically in birthday happiness have not only been heard, but have silenced the tables in their immediate vicinity. This feat necessarily demands an extraordinary sacrifice, a human sacrifice, a victim. The victim is the girl who is supposedly extremely happy on this anniversary of her nativity. She is identified by a red face, in back of two desperate hands, oddly enough seeming to regret the very day that the whole Caf is honoring with spotlight pleasure. But fame is short-lived.

When the last drop of excruciating curiosity is dry, our own little table is again the center of our attention, but not ours alone. Again the massive Caf must share a celebrity. The eight members at the six-chair table have dropped to seven. The eighth member, suspended up to this point on a splinter of wood from two flanking, filled chairs, has succumbed to the force of gravity during the straining of necks at the birthday festivities and has dropped to the floor. Two large surprised eyes rise over the edge of the table like two blue suns as the foreground for a contrasting, intensely red background of sunset, in blood rising

to the face. It is an interesting spectacle, but again the celebrity has regrets, voiced this time rather volubly.

The first course of the midday meal has come to a close. The conversation is lively, nonchalance is labored, and tenacity to the seating plan is vigorous. The unit mind, preoccupied with the coming course and reluctant to risk a worn-out body to the somewhat modified rigors of the dessert line, schemes. The settled, secure feeling is difficult to abandon even for dessert. Luckily, there is always one who slips. Sometimes she rises boldly, scraping back her chair noisily, and sets out naïvely to buy one ice cream sandwich. More often, she darts a quick glance around the table, lowers herself in her seat, becomes intensely occupied with something on the other side of the Caf, and slinks slowly out of her chair. But fourteen eyes envisioning an oasis of ice cream for the last ten minutes are not to be evaded by a "dessert - er". Fingers close about her arm and she is anchored.

"One ice cream sandwich."

"One chocolate-royal cone—large—and if there isn't any, a Choco-pop."

"One piece of apple pie, a la mode."

"A package of vanilla cookies."

"An ice cream sandwich."

"A piece of squash pie, and don't forget a fork."

"A dish of ice cream—any kind—only not vanilla—and some pretzels."

"The smallest I have is a dollar bill."

"Here's a quarter."

"Do you suppose they'd change a five? No, I guess not. Well, here's a nickel and I'll give you the other one when I get the nickel for my bottle."

If you think the Table-Seeker reaped sad results, wait until you see Dessert-er, doling out change and illogical arguments about a puzzling handful of silver, while her ice cream becomes warm, soupy liquid.

By this time the books, transferred to the floor, have been replaced by paper bags, wax paper, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and bottles. And again intrigue saws on our practically indissoluble bond of friendship. Great energy is expended in gathering up books, notebooks, and five-cent bottles. But the unfortunate last-to-leave-the-table is inevitably faced with an overpowering spectacle of crumpled paper and eating implements.

She muses for a minute on the amazing swiftness of her friends in flight, and determines to emulate them the next time. In five minutes the table is back to its original untroubled condition, and the abandoned one sets out in search of her scattered friends.

As I said, Emmanuel, cafeteria style, stimulates in its students an ambition and ingenuity seldom the outcome of a liberal arts education.

SYLVIA C. CAMPBELL, '50

SPEAKING OF NAMES

It's funny about names. Once a face and a character are associated with a name, it's admittedly difficult not to re-attach them every time the name is repeated. If you were young enough when the impression was made, it is next to impossible to lose it. Take the name Gertrude. I here take the risk of losing all my Gertrude-friends, but please, dear friends, be patient with me. In the first grade I met my first Gertrude. She had a thin, pale face, with watery blue eyes and pale freckles straggling over her nose, a face framed by long, vacillating curls. They just hung, with the good intention of curling if they ever found the strength. She was thin, and never played dodge ball or hopscotch, or our first-grade version of football, and she liked to study. This was my first Gertrude. Now I like Gertrudes, but I must call them Trudy or Gert, or Butch, or something, but not Gertrude, for the minute I hear the full name, I hear the voice of the first-grade teacher again, and Gertrude, with her pale face and blue eyes comes back from the past like a transparent ghost.

Every Gertrude I hear of, and probably ever will hear of, is this stereotyped pattern. I cannot help it. Even Saint Gertrude the Great is only a taller edition of my erstwhile playmate, kneeling with pale hands clasped and listless locks that will not curl, and thin face, sprinkled with freckles.

Then there is Sam. Sam is one of my first memories, and his facial allocations are irrevocably stamped on memory's golden tablet. He ran a grocery store, and was hugely plump, with a fringe of white hair and an asthmatic laugh, and arrayed himself eternally with the crowning glory of his wardrobe, an ample and snowy white apron that was so

starched it would not bend around his neck, but shot out into the air in a lethal, sword-like point. I would look up at Sam from my position far below the top of his counter, and listen to him laugh, wondering if it were within the realm of reason for a window screen to become lodged in a human throat. I would mutely take my packages from him and listen again as he reminded me that eggs do not bounce and that I must be careful crossing the street; and then I would listen as he laughed again. I would walk the short way home, silently mulling over the mystery of Sam's wheezing and why he never left the starch out of his apron.

No doubt you've guessed the rest. Every Sam I meet compels me to look twice to make sure that there is no sign of a white apron, and I am intolerable until I hear him laugh. Doctor Samuel Johnson, I am pained to say, has not escaped this fate, and in his discourses and meetings at the Turk's Head, he leans over his friend at the table in a huge white apron that is as stiff as steel, and laughs at his own jokes in a most uproarious wheeze.

I am, of course, trying to overcome this tendency, and perhaps within a few years I shall have it in rein, but even then I don't know what would happen if I met a girl by the name of Gertrude Samuels.

MIRIAM R. HINGSTON, '50

ON CATCHING COLD

Have you had a good cold lately? If not, I think I can be of help to you. Scientists have discovered that the normal, healthy person averages three colds a year; so if you have not had your colds this winter, it follows that you are neither healthy nor normal and therefore in need of help. As a veteran cold-catcher of many year's experience, I will set forth a few simple observations and rules for those who desire to become members of the inner circle.

There is a current misconception that a cold is simply a common ordinary ailment. Not at all. Its prevalence is an example of its immense popularity, but that does not mean that just anyone can pick it up. On the contrary, the very term "to catch" implies that the cold has an elusive quality and must be sought and pursued diligently. It helps to take the stigma from the sound of the "common cold" by giving it a little more exclusive name. You may speak of it as "the flu," "a

bronchial infection," "forty-eight hour grippe," "twenty-four hour grippe," etc.—depending on the person to whom you are talking. Personally, I like to refer to my germ as the "Virus X"; it has a rather mysterious intriguing sound and it never fails to impress.

A cold has been defined as the only thing that stays in some people's heads longer than a day. This is quite true. Rather than take the trouble of catching many colds a year, I like to capture one good one, and cultivate it carefully. By spreading it out in the three cold stages—Coming Down With, Bearing Up Under, and Just Getting Over—I can make a good cold last almost a whole season. Another pleasant arrangement is to keep your cold among friends by passing it on to someone you know; later, she can give it back to you.

It is important to get a cold that suits your type of personality and kind of work. For instance, a singer will do well to catch a throat cold, guaranteed to produce that low, husky tone which is so soothing to the ear. The proper type for a public figure is, of course, the head cold; a fit of sneezing can add just the right touch of informality to his demeanor. If one has aspirations to an acting career, I can think of no better way to exercise one's pantomimic gifts than by developing a severe case of laryngitis.

When it comes to the actual catching of a cold, probably no other section of the country offers the golden opportunities that we enjoy here in New England. With coal-less trains and unheated street cars at our service, the devotees of both fresh air and oven temperatures on all sides, and, last but not least, Our Wonderful Weather, who could ask for more!

After you have caught a good heavy cold, be loyal to it. Don't fall prey to those frustrated cold-catchers who try to take away your virus by all manner of outlandish "cures": throat sprays, nose drops, cold tablets, and the like. Shun their presence like the very plague. Your home remedies are really worthless, too, I am afraid. Eating an onion a day may keep the doctor away, but it will probably keep everybody else away, too. Staying in bed is no help, either. It simply gives your cold germs a chance to rest, while it saps all *your* energy.

I was amazed to read in the paper that a certain gentleman has left two million dollars to be used for research to find a cure for the common cold. It is rather difficult to see his point, but we must try to understand his action. The poor man probably never enjoyed a good cold.

MARY ROSE SULLIVAN, '52

INTRODUCTION

The sun, leaking through a crescent-shaped tear in the curtain, spilled onto the sleeping face of Kathy Horton. She stirred and opened her eyes. They wandered around the room, looking, but not seeing, for they knew the room and its contents well. She threw off the blankets and stepped onto the floor. Her legs felt shaky and her stomach turned over. Wonder crept into her eyes, but she shrugged her shoulders and decided it was the shrimp cocktail she had had for dinner the night before. She groped for her clothes on the stool beside her bed, but they weren't there. Funny, she thought. She was sure she'd put them there the night before, but evidently she had put them away, for they were hanging in the closet. She looked at the electric clock beside her bed. Eight-thirty. She checked her watch to make sure it was correct. It had stopped.

She was winding it as she ran down the stairs and bumped into Mrs. Kelley, the landlady, who was coming around the corner on the second floor. Mrs. Kelley usually looked tired, but this morning her face was drawn and pinched, and her eyes looked as if she had been crying.

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Kelley. How are you feeling this beautiful morning?" Kathy smiled and stepped back to permit the older woman to pass.

"There's nothing beautiful about this morning; and did the doctor say you could get up?" Mrs. Kelley grunted after the hurrying figure of the girl, but it was too late. She was already down the next flight of stairs.

"Ump, those intravenous things must be good," she mumbled, and continued along the hall.

Kathy ran out into the sunshine and looked around. The street was usually filled with people going to work or school at this time of day, but this morning no one was in sight except three soldiers in strange looking uniforms who kept walking up and down. Must be the new air force uniform, she decided, and headed for the drug store at the corner. The soldiers stared, and one started to follow her, but the other called, "Come back here, Carl, you're on duty."

The old man behind the counter at the drug store smiled sadly. "I haven't seen you around since they came, so I thought you'd escaped. Too bad." He brought out her usual breakfast and patted her hand. "Be careful, Kathy," he said. "Be very careful."

She frowned. What in the world was this all about. It certainly was a strange morning. She was about to question the old man when one of the soldiers who had been in the street climbed onto the stool beside her. She got up, walked over to the newspaper stand and looked at the headlines.

"STALIN WELCOMES BOSTON TO U.S.S.R.", they read.

Kathy blinked. It must be a joke. Sure it was. The date on the paper was June 20 and it was only May 22.

She went back to the counter, but as the soldier was still staring at her, she paid for her uneaten breakfast and started to leave. The soldier grabbed her arm.

"Wait a minute, kid, where do you think . . ." She wrenched herself free and ran from the store.

She could still make her nine o'clock class. It was only quarter of and the walk from Kenmore would take but ten minutes.

An old woman was walking beside her. Something about the walk of this woman reminded Kathy of someone she once knew.

The old woman whispered, "Kathy, where are you going?"

The girl looked down and horror crept into her eyes. "Mrs. Mason," she cried, "what has happened to you? Your face is filthy and you're so bent over! What is the matter? What has happened? Has the whole world gone crazy?"

Mrs. Mason straightened up. "I heard that you have had the sleeping sickness, child, but don't you know what's been going on?"

"No, no!" Kathy was becoming frightened. There was a cold feeling around her heart. "For heaven's sake, tell me!"

"Kathy, dear, let's hurry along. There's a soldier over there who keeps watching you. The Communists have taken over!"

Kathy gasped. "But, how could they? When I went to bed last night . . ."

"It wasn't last night, Kathy. You went to bed almost a month ago. No one dreamed that the Russians were so well prepared or were so strong here in Boston. But they had everything in control in three days. We were helpless. There's still a chance. They say that the Army has met them in New York. But the only trouble is, that the Army isn't sure who are the Communists. They don't even know whom to fight."

"And I thought it was just another morning. I was going to class at nine. That makes me think—what has happened to Emmanuel? Communists don't like Catholic Colleges, I understand."

"Don't like them!" Mrs. Mason echoed. "The Sisters have all been taken away. No one knows where. Some say they are working on farms near Worcester and some say—well, there are several stories. Right now, Archbishop Cushing is on trial. That's where I'm going. I know I won't be allowed to watch, but I may be able to see him again when they bring him in. The poor man. Yesterday, he looked already dead. They must be doing terrible things to him, but he won't plead guilty. I wonder how long he'll be able to stand it."

Mrs. Mason was weeping, now, and the tears streaked the dirt along her cheeks. Kathy took out a handkerchief and wiped them away, then wiped her own eyes.

Now, for the first time since she had met Mrs. Mason, she raised her eyes to look at Emmanuel. She had always done this when she reached the Fenway. She stopped short and caught her breath. Where the cross had been, there was now a Red flag adorned by a gilded hammer and sickle and a sign over the doorway which read: "Barracks for 118th Division Soviet Occupation Forces." The leering soldier had finally caught up with them. He jeered, "Now, don't hurry away."

The gun was cold on the back of Kathy's neck.

MARIE T. McDONALD, '51

Book Reviews

The Three Wishes of Jamie McRuin, by Charles O'Neal. New York: Julian Messner, Inc., 1949. 248 pages.

Visited by Queen Una herself, Jamie McRuin wishes, first, for enough travel to make a man homesick; second, for a wife "as beautiful as the Fairy Queen herself," and faithful in her love; and third, "for a wonderful son, one who would have the gift of poetry and speak in the ancient tongue."

The fulfillment of Jamie's three wishes takes the reader on a delightful journey from the "bare Connacht rocks" in the west of Ireland to the "greening hills of Georgia." He meets such fascinating characters as the "Speaker," Owen Roe Tanish, who becomes the shanachie of Shiel Harrigan's group of horse traders, and Maeve Harrigan, "a bonnie girl, with hair the color of gold and beauty of the sort that went out of Ireland when the foreigners came in."

The romance is fostered by the ever-watchful Tanish, and Maeve and Jamie are married by the kindly Father Kerrigan. Thus Jamie's first and second wishes are fulfilled. It is the achievement of the third wish that causes much heartache and much joy.

Written in an effortless and unaffected style, Charles O'Neal has succeeded in capturing that engaging winsomeness which characterizes the Irish race. Skillfully interwoven in his narrative are the familiar Irish legends, including that of Cuchulainn, the young champion of Ulster. It is in the relation of these beloved sagas that Mr. O'Neal proves to be an inspired shanachie himself.

The Three Wishes of Jamie McRuin was awarded a five-thousand dollar prize by The Christophers. The awards were offered for books "of high literary merit reflecting Christian values." While Mr. O'Neal's book will evoke no soul stirring reactions from the reader, it most certainly will give him a refreshing hour or two in the delightful company of the "flahooly ones".

AMY M. HOEY, '51

Modern Arms and Free Men (A Discussion of the Role of Science in Preserving Democracy), by Vannevar Bush. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1949. 273 pages.

Modern Arms and Free Men is the expression of a scientist's faith in free men, an inspired challenge to the pessimistic, sophisticated, materialistic concept of modern science and its influence on our future history.

Dr. Vannevar Bush came to be wartime head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development and director of the Advisory Committee on Uranium, out of which developed the Manhattan District project and the atomic bomb, by way of a vice-presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the presidency of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He has had at his disposal vast funds and wartime powers, more than any scientist in any other country.

Even with his background Dr. Bush has set himself a difficult task. His opening chapter sets forth the two chief theses of his work.

"I believe, first, that the technological future is far less dreadful and frightening than many of us have been led to believe, and that the hopeful aspects of modern applied science outweigh by a heavy margin its threat to our civilization.

"I believe, second, that the democratic process itself is an asset with which, if we can find the enthusiasm and the skill to use it and the faith to make it strong, we can build a world in which all men can live in prosperity and peace."

These are heartening statements from a man of authority. His book is more than an effort in the right direction; it proves its points. Democracy is superior to totalitarianism. Civilization is not headed for its own destruction. Dr. Bush makes his pronouncements with an eloquence that stems from a clear mind and a boundless knowledge of his subject.

The work may be divided into two separate parts. The first is a detailed cataloging of weapons used in both world wars. The sections devoted to air and land warfare, warfare on and under the sea, and guided missiles will not prove easy reading for the layman, but they must be a positive delight to the technician. The chapter on the atomic bomb is less difficult, perhaps because most of us know a little about this terror of the age. We receive here a comprehensive view of the

bomb—what it is, what it can do, and what are the best protections against it.

The second part of this book is much easier going for the amateur who has a vague half-hearted concept of terms such as "cold war", "total war", and "subversive war". Chapters titled in this way are a good practical handbook for anyone who seeks to brush aside the nebulous fears and horrifying generalizations that are met everywhere today.

The problem of a third war is treated wisely. "If another war comes," writes Dr. Bush, "it will be by miscalculation. All peoples are weary, and our large wars come only after intervals, not so much because men forget as because they remember." The author believes that this other war would cause us much damage, but it would not knock us out, and we would win it. He is not out to shock the world with more predictions of destruction. His conclusions are simple, sound, and exquisitely practical. The common sense of the book is its best feature.

Dr. Bush has blasted away many of those uninformed, general fears that cloud every mention of words like poison gas, biological warfare, and radioactive products. "These three weapons are alternatives, and they are subject to many limitations, centering largely on the problem of dispersal. Warfare with poison gas? Not very likely," the author thinks. "Bombing by slow planes as we knew them in the last war is now probably obsolescent. Great fleets of low-flying slow planes would be easy marks for an enemy ready to receive them. But the high-flying plane is going to have a hard time hitting anything whatever with its bombs. It certainly is not going about leisurely sprinkling an area with gas or anything else." Dr. Bush admits that gas can be dropped in bomb form, but since it is an area weapon, the method cannot be effective. The author emphasizes, instead, weapons such as the proximity fuse, (which explodes at the moment when it can cause the greatest damage), and other robot-weapons, such as the ram-jet.

Modern Arms and Free Men is the best possible answer to a despairing civilization, the prayer of a scientist for free men. Dr. Bush has faith in this world that "science has altered". It is his belief that democracy has a "strength far beyond what can be created and maintained by any regimented dictatorship." "A poem," he contends, "can touch truths that go beyond those that are examinable by test tube or the indications of needles on instruments."

SALLY M. BARRETT, '51

Gentian Hill, by Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1949. 402 pages.

It was a sight beyond belief to Anthony Louis Mary O'Connell when his white-winged ship and seasick eyes first touched the bay of Torre where "the half moons of golden water, swung rhythmically by the ebbing tide, creamed soundlessly on the golden sand." And to the realism-weary heart the "green ramparts" of *Gentian Hill* may mean the same predestined home-coming that it meant to Anthony.

Gentian Hill is by no means another *Green Dolphin Street*, nor was it intended to be. From the very first entrance into its curving pasture lands and towering abbey, Elizabeth Goudge leads the way into a story land that is as completely incredible as it is completely captivating. As Anthony, a deserter from his uncle's "bad" ship (and His Majesty's Navy) wins his way into the magical atmosphere of the peaceful village and Weekaborough Farm, so does the reader follow him. There, Stella, the lovely little foundling daughter of Father and Mother Sprigg, brings to him the spiritual ideal he has always sought, and the sweetheart he will some day claim. But in the true fashion of fairy tales (and *Gentian Hill* is the adult-world fairy tale of the day), there are dragons to be fought, and every visitor to *Gentian Hill* will find his, and the sword to combat it, in the office of the good doctor who has slain his own "private devil" and finds in life a challenge to fight those of the ones he loves. Through him, Anthony, who becomes Zachary with the ease with which a leprechaun becomes a prince, conquers his choking fear, the tortured Abbé recovers his love for his fellow man, and little Stella finds the learning that her inborn heritage demands of her. Even the animals are charmed on *Gentian Hill*, for their personalities, if only depicted by a strategic wag of the tail, make them major characters and lovers of the land that draws all love to its ancient charm.

But it is in Stella that Elizabeth Goudge has achieved the real magic of *Gentian Hill*. From the moment that Father Sprigg brings her from the ravaging sea, her elfin-eyed maturity shines out and envelopes everyone around her in the irresistible force of her attraction. She is an exquisite child, one of those rare persons whose spirits are attuned to higher spheres than the rest of us, whose ear is pressed close to the never ceasing whispers of nature. It seems that she is forever doomed a stranger in her little world until Anthony comes and becomes her "Zachary

Moon," her companion in a communion of minds, so simple in its faith, so strong in its spiritual bonds, that neither time nor the spaces of sea can divide them. Zachary, half boy, half man, in constant struggle with his fear, is upheld by her brimming faith in him. The Abbé, aloof and lonely, goes into the dregs of squalor and finds new life because of her dreams. And even the old legend of Gentian Hill seems to re-echo itself in the life of the whimsically fascinating little girl of Weekaborough Farm.

Elizabeth Goudge has told her story of seaside England in a style of such sustained and uninterrupted beauty that the reading of the book is like a long visit in a peculiarly rarefied but delicious atmosphere. There is very little suspense in the plot. The narration seems to amble, like the doctor and faithful Aesculapius, over the lovely richness of the farmlands, and each succeeding incident is all the more relished because it has always been just ahead. If everyone, even Aesculapius, has been gifted with a kind of sixth sense, well, that is all in the spirit of Gentian Hill. And in the charming capacity of problems for working themselves out, there is the sweet breath of any fairy tale's happy ending.

This sudden pause in the steady flow of "strong" novels may well prove to be one of the loveliest moments in a sternly realistic year. Taken in the easily moving tone that gives it all its charm, without question or hurry, the magic of *Gentian Hill* will escape the bounds of its pages and leave behind it rememberings that must wear smiles "happily ever after."

MARY LOUISE FITZGERALD, '51

The Peabody Sisters of Salem, by Louise Hall Thorp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1950. 372 pages.

The Peabody Sisters of Salem represents a singular achievement. It is at once a scholarly work and a warm appealing novel. The subject is complicated by an unusual array of characters, well-known historic figures whose portraiture must be closely identified with their lives. Louise Hall Thorp succeeds in working out this situation with grace and assurance. While one is conscious of the parallel development of the lives of Sophie, Elizabeth, and Mary, there is not a definite categorizing of separate plots. With careful workmanship, Mrs. Thorp secures the vari-

ous courses of action into an integrated whole, cementing them with the common bond of family, personality, atmosphere, and time. The result is neat, close construction enhanced by the warm life of the story itself. The characters are believable creatures, not stilted figurines captured from a history book. Human sentiments, sympathies, passions, antagonisms, and struggles are freely treated.

The Peabody sisters knew a remarkable era, the apex of Boston's cultural history, the mid-nineteenth century. It is more than noteworthy that Louis Hall Thorp could justly treat the extraordinary complexity of this family group. Their own intimate circle of associates was composed of many of the greatest lights of that colorful period.

Elizabeth Peabody, William Ellery Channing's devoted aide, Bronson Alcott's challenge and consolation, was a woman of tremendous heart, an inspired zealot for progressive education, the new Unitarian church, and countless humanitarian endeavors. "There was just one thing she had never found time to do—and that was to grow old."

Mary Peabody knew a vitality of a different nature, a strong steady glow that made her a charming, lovable woman. More cautious, undoubtedly, than the infectiously enthusiastic Elizabeth, Mary was "a lovely angel." That humorous, self-assured young woman became the wife of Horace Mann.

Sophie was the youngest of the Peabody sisters and her mother's greatest comfort. Mrs. Peabody gloried in her solicitous care of her daughter's "delicate" health. Sophie shared the Peabody spirit, however, and eventually managed to escape the heavily shrouded existence of an invalid. Painting was the sole interest of her passionate nature until she met Nathaniel Hawthorne. The complete joy of their youthful love was constant throughout their married life.

This book does not pretend to be a fast-moving, highly romantic novel. It is too realistic for that. In some instances, Mrs. Thorp seems almost too objective, so little of her own personality is evident, but this is the obvious problem of the biographer who must not overstep the bounds of her sources.

NORMA A. HALLIDAY, '51

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THE DEAN'S OFFICE

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

As You Like It, ACT II, SC. 3.

CONSECRATION

(To Sister Helen Madeleine)

A love
Flamed high,
A hope
Reached heaven,
A faith
Stood firm,
And a dream was born.
Youth was her care,
Its triumph, her joy.
She toiled with seeds,
A gardener of souls.
Rich, fragrant blossoms
Were dyed in
The crimson of her love,
The green of her hope,
The purple of her faith,
And lifted heads high
To a sky
Of sun, and clouds, and stars.

A. C. K., '50

WHALEBACK

Sally M. Barrett, '51

DILLY shambled across the pebbly dirt road and down the grassy beach. Moonlight grayed the straggling marsh grass and it was too dark to see where the lake broke against the shore, but she could hear the water rhythmically slapping. It was even too dark to see Ann Louise sitting on an invisible stump a few yards away. Dilly ambled across the sand that was so cold she could feel it through her sneakers and socks. The sudden view of Ann Louise's old white shorts and wilted crew cap almost made her jump. Near by there were canoes laid side by side. Dilly's father had promised to teach her to paddle as soon as the weather was nice.

Ann Louise got up, looked out over the black water with a professional air, and nodded casually in the direction of the overturned canoes.

"Like to go out?"

Dilly began swinging her brown sweater by one sleeve. "Can we?"

"Sure, why not?" Ann Louise sighed with exaggerated patience.

"I mean, can just anybody take out a canoe?"

"Of course; one comes with each cottage. This one's yours." While Dilly was experiencing a thrill of pride at the idea of owning such a magnificent big green-painted boat, Ann Louise turned it right side up.

"Where would we go?" Dilly wondered if Ann Louise's canoe were as handsome.

"Across the lake and to the general store. Don't you want

to go?" Ann Louise spoke with a slight scorn befitting her seniority of two years. Dilly was only thirteen and very much aware of her lack.

"I guess so." Dilly looked back across the road and tried to see her family's log cabin, but the night had grown even blacker. The cottage might never have been. Dilly shivered a little. "Maybe I ought to tell my mother and father first."

"Oh, we'll be back before they even know we've been gone." Ann Louise had obviously reached a state of admirable independence. She slid a canoe across the rough beach, and the pressed-down gray grass popped up again in the wake.

Ann Louise came running back for paddles. "Coming?"

Dilly slowly pulled on her sweater. "Yes."

"Then you get in first and I'll push her off."

The canoe seemed smaller inside than it had looked lying on the beach. It smelled of rotted water weeds and old bait and sand. The cross-seat was clammy and ice-cold.

"You do paddle, don't you?" Ann Louise asked authoritatively.

"Sure." Dilly dipped a tentative paddle in the black water. She managed pretty well. Ann Louise was too busy to watch her. In fact, whether she knew it or not, Ann Louise was doing most of the work.

It was darker still when they came out of the warm brightness of the general store. Dilly's legs were cold and she wished she hadn't bought ice cream. She licked at her chocolate-covered stick without enthusiasm. But Ann Louise marched ahead determinedly.

"Better hurry, Dilly; it's later than I thought."

Dilly ran to catch up. "What time?" she asked breathlessly.

"Almost nine."

It was so dark they had a hard time finding their canoe. Before starting back, both of them looked away in the direction of the store. It seemed small and infinitely safe, golden light spilling cheerfully out of its little windows, far away from the blackly alive, threatening lake.

Dilly tried to keep her gaze fastened directly on her small world of boat and paddle and the intimate familiar circle of water around her. Ann Louise for once did not speak, but worked furiously. To the east the sky seemed to be lightening to gray.

Dilly paddled fast and nervously, no longer afraid that Ann Louise would make fun of her inexperience. When she happened to look up, she saw that Ann Louise's face was ghastly pale and her lips set and grim. Dilly hastily dropped her eyes before Ann Louise saw.

Dilly bent over her paddle, realizing that she had no one to depend on, now. Her arms ached with strain and constant motion. Her hands perspired and dried, sticking to the paddle; then her palms grew tender, blistered in soft white lumps; the blisters popped, and serum oozed out and down the paddle. Finally, Dilly had to look up. They must be near shore, probably scraping the beach this minute.

Dilly raised her eyes and saw nothing but water.

"We're only half way." Ann Louise was resting too, but she didn't smile. "My father says the lake is bottomless in the middle."

"We'll get back all right." This bit of information seemed to mean less to Dilly than Ann Louise. As a matter of fact, Dilly didn't believe it; every lake had a bottom. Even the oceans did.

"We'd better get started again. You must be tired." Ann Louise was vainly trying to make out the shore line.

"I'm all right." Dilly was worrying about what her father would say when he knew she had learned to paddle before he could teach her.

"You're a good sport, Dilly."

This time Dilly let her gaze range all over the lake. She wasn't cold any more, and the raw places on her hands had dried up. They'd be home soon, and maybe her mother would make cocoa with marshmallows. They'd all sit around the fire and she'd modestly tell what she and Ann Louise had done. It was at that moment that she happened to look behind her and saw the thing!

Dilly couldn't stop looking. She had no inclination to scream; it tore the breath out of her.

It was a whale—a huge, long, dead, black whale, just floating on top of the lake. It seemed to be waiting. Dilly turned away, almost sick.

Ann Louise hadn't noticed anything, evidently. She was concentrating on getting home. Dilly hated to look again, but she had to.

The whale was closer, and they were moving away. It was incredibly big and sinister, just lying there, and moving toward them as soon as she looked away. Should she tell Ann Louise? It hadn't moved again; maybe it was asleep. No, Dilly was almost sure she could see a malevolent open eye. Its mouth was twice as big as their canoe, but Dilly felt sure that she would die when she felt its breath and so wouldn't know when it swallowed her lifeless body.

And then, all at once, she knew what it was. She had bought a post card of it yesterday to send to her grandmother; but the post card view was taken in daylight, and

there was sunshine and greenery and it had flowers growing at its base. It was the mountain, of course, Whaleback; actually a rather small black slab of flint in the shape of a monster with a square enormous head, long body, and even a suggestion of a tail. In fact, Dilly had not been able to see why people thought it looked like a whale. To her it seemed more like a long black loaf of bread, but she had been told that from a certain point it appeared alive.

Dilly turned to look at it again. It was, surprisingly, just as real as before, and closer than before. The canoe seemed very small and frail and insecure. She bent to her paddling and did not turn around again until they reached the shore.

Her father's flashlight guided them safely in. He and Mr. Pearson stood at the water's edge, looking more distracted than angry.

"Dilly, it's two o'clock. Whatever possessed you to go out on the water?"

"I guess Ann Louise talked her into it." But Mr. Pearson had his arm tight across Ann Louise's shoulders.

Dilly's father swung her up in his arms and didn't say a word. She turned her head again to look out on the lake. The monster was still back there, long and black, silent and waiting. In about three bounds it could be on top of their cottage. Dilly shivered and buried her face in her father's chest. He wondered why she was shaking so—probably a chill.

SCIENCE PERVERTED

Dorothy J. Sulesky, '50

THE figure of the prisoner was stooped. His eyes, deeply circled, shifted cautiously from right to left, like those of a frightened child, and then rested their gaze upon the courtroom floor. His voice spoke out slowly, haltingly, submissively, one all important word—"Guilty," and the hearts of freedom-loving people all over the earth became a little sadder. On February 6, 1949, Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of the Catholic Church in Hungary, was sentenced to life imprisonment, found "guilty as charged, of treason, espionage, and plotting to overthrow the government."

In the year that has followed this infamous trial, many accounts of the events leading up to the Cardinal's conviction have been brought forward. All have agreed on the main point that the Communists, fanatical as they have always been, are now using a new and terrible force in their war against God. They have set out to destroy the wills of men, using science as their chief weapon.

The pitiable condition of the Cardinal was brought about by processes which involved the application of neurological, chemical, and psychiatric principles. He first underwent eighty-four hours of continuous questioning, all the time standing, facing a brilliantly lighted white-washed wall. His only nourishment during the period was "coffee," in reality a liquid containing a drug. Physically exhausted by the ordeal, two drugs were then used to bring about his near mental collapse. These two drugs were actedron and mesca-

line. The former, if used only in small doses, enlivens and strengthens the subject, but when the doses are increased, dizziness and severe headache result and the subject is unable to relax. Large doses of this drug must have been administered to the Cardinal over the period of questioning, for on one night alone he drank twenty-seven glasses of this "coffee."

Mescaline is a drug which is known to exhibit narcotic-tetanic effects as do benzedrine, sodium amytal, and cocaine. It is derived from the mescal buttons, the dried flower-like top of the peyotl cactus, found on this continent in Mexico and Texas. It is the only one of the huge cactus family that has so far produced an alkaloid which will temporarily block out reality. The plant has been used for its effect upon the mind and nervous system. The Mexicans used it in their passionate desire to escape reality, many of them believing that God had created peyotl strictly for their enjoyment. After administrations of the drug, hallucinations occur, and ultimately a kind of hypnotic sleep or coma overcomes the subject. An old chronicler has referred to the cactus bearing the mescal buds as the "devil's root," truly an appropriate name when we consider its use on Cardinal Mindszenty.

At the close of the last century, experiments were performed on themselves by Weir Mitchell, William James, and Havelock Ellis. The most notable result of all the experiments was gorgeous color-hallucinations. Mitchell reported a rolling impression of the expanse of time and the immensity of space. Ellis reports that his first feeling was a consciousness of energy and intellectual power. He also enjoyed the visions of color, but as the phenomena diminished, he fell into a peaceful and dreamless sleep. When he awoke he suffered no unpleasant after effects. We must keep in mind

that these results were obtained by a very moderate use of the drug. As with all drugs, excessive use of mescaline may be disastrous. This was the case with the Cardinal. He received many injections during the month preceding the trial, and the results of these injections were evident in his dazed condition in court that February day.

G. T. Stockings, in the *Journal of Mental Science*, stresses the fact that schizophrenia results from the administration of the drug. "Mescaline intoxication is a true schizophrenia if we use the word in the literal sense of 'split mind', for its characteristic effect is a fragmentation of the entire personality . . ."

Actedron was administered to the Cardinal in the form of "coffee" to keep him awake and under constant tension. The administration of mescaline was to "depersonalize" him, and the accomplishment of this act was testified to by all who saw him during the trial. Was this mumbling man who stood before his accusers the same Prince of the Church who had such a short time before been the greatest thorn in the side of Communism in Hungary? The induced fatigue had slowed down the prisoner's metabolism, poisoning him enough to incapacitate his nervous system. Then actedron was given to keep him wide awake and tense. Then mescaline was administered to take him out of himself. Thus, by scientific means, the mental processes of the prisoner came under his captors' control.

At this point, it became necessary to prepare the prisoner for his trial, and this was done by convincing him of his own guilt. For hours, statements were drilled into his weakened mind and he was made to repeat them over and over. Once they had achieved their end, the doctors had no appre-

hensions for his actions in court. They had fashioned a puppet—these mad men of science!

The case of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty has proved that the instruments of science, in the hands of evil men, can do nothing but tear at, break down, and destroy created good.

This very day, there sits in a miserable dungeon in Hungary the shell of what was once a strong and courageous man. He once frightened the Communist government by his unyielding opposition; he now frightens them by his docility, his animal-like obedience. Fear must grip at their hearts when they realize what they have done.

UNREST

Joyce M. Cooksey, '52

Like ships that, sore beset by storm,
Spread sails for some calm haven blest,
Like wander-weary birds that haste
At evening to their hidden nest,
Only to forth again at dawn,
My heart at last in yours finds rest.

Grateful my heart should be, and glad
For these sweet, quiet ecstasies
Which long it sought; but sister to
All restless ships and birds and seas,
One seeking question haunts it still:
"How long to be content with peace?"

TWIN RIVERS CIRCUS

Barbara J. Heard, '53

UNDER the intense, electric heat of a July day, the little Maine town of Twin Rivers is quiet . . . indolent . . . sleepily waiting for a cloud to relieve the hard, blue glare of the sky, or perhaps a gust of wind to blow a bit of life into the stillness. Even the buzzing of the saw mill is silent; there is nothing . . . just the steady, burning sun which spatters the earth with molten gold. The very scent of the pine needles and the hum of bees accentuate the parched dryness.

Completely oblivious to the solar bombardment sits a thin, angular child with brown eyes too big for her pinched face and moist lips, childishly full. Her lips, slightly parted as she smiles to herself, disclose a row of small white teeth. The little one has missed beauty by a narrow margin. Scorning the shelter of the elms which overshadow the yellow cottage, she sits in the open, contemplating the patterns which her bare, brown toes are tracing in the dirt. Beside her gleam a pair of shiny, black, patent leather Mary Jane's. Florrie's face is flushed with heat and excitement. Obviously she is thinking, thinking as only the very young can think—with her mind and her eyes and her mouth and her whole body. Florrie is thinking of "circus". Today is the day! For three weeks the bold poster in MacIntosh's General Store has announced the coming of the greatest show on earth. Her very first circus! Just to imagine it makes her eyes sparkle—the exciting smell of popcorn, the whirling horses, the side show. Her excitement overcomes her and she can no longer

contain herself; she jumps to her feet and clumsily executes a crude dance, the only way she has of expressing an emotion too vivid for her small body to contain.

A man's chuckle makes her swirl around and she laughs, too, to realize that her father has surprised her.

"Are you ready, hon? We want to have plenty of time to catch the side show, you know. Put on your shoes now, and we'll be off."

Out of the cottage pour Al and Sissy and Mama, with baby John toddling beside her. The family crowds into the antiquated Ford for the trip to the field behind the Town Hall. The heat has made the baby irritable and the tears come. Al and Sissy are restrained from bickering only by their father's rebuke. Everyone is strangely quiet; Papa, because he has nothing to say; Mama, because she is already tired from the morning's work; Al and Sissy, because they are loathe to display anything even faintly resembling excitement lest Florrie cease to be impressed by their air of patronizing unconcern. And what of Florrie? She, too, is strangely silent with her thoughts, almost as if she fears that speaking will awaken her from this lovely dream.

Florrie is glad to leave home, if only for a little while. She is tired of the poor farm which holds her papa's every working hour. She is tired of watching baby John . . . tired of the crowded cottage . . . tired of "Florrie, do this; Florrie, do that" . . . tired of hot and dusty Twin Rivers . . . tired . . . Tired . . . TIRED! At the circus there will be lights and music and fun and laughter. Perhaps she'll even run away and leave Twin Rivers; maybe go off and be a bare-back rider. (She was on Mr. Jackson's bay once and wasn't afraid). Then she could make a fortune, and Mama wouldn't have to work so hard washing, sewing, cooking.

When the Ford steams around the corner in front of the Town Hall, her dream materializes into tents and groups of Maine farmers and mill workers and laughing, jumping, racing children. Florrie's family joins the crowds in the brilliance which transfers them into a strange, make-believe world.

"The side show! I want to see the side show," Sissy begs. "Cousin Mary says they have elephants and a man who eats swords and the fattest lady you ever did see."

They move toward the barker, whose raucous voice announces "the greatest little show on the road. Come right in, folks; you won't be sorry."

Papa purchases tickets and Florrie runs ahead to be absorbed into this strange and magic scene. There are the elephants.

"Johnny, do you see the baby elephant? Come on and I'll let you feed him some peanuts. Don't cry now; he won't hurt you. His trunk is the only way he can get his food. Oh, come on then, and we'll see the monkeys."

The fat lady serenely watches the gaping crowd. She sees Florrie with her frightened charge and smiles cordially at her. The little girl blushing returns her favor.

Now the show is about to begin in the main tent. Florrie munches cotton candy and sniffs the tantalizing scents of peanuts and popcorn and sawdust and all the pungent odors of the circus. A bandmaster raises his hand, and the red and gold band members break into a thundering march. A circus parade comes out; elephants decked in green and red tassels are there; bareback riders in fluffy pink costumes throw themselves perilously over and under their white-plumed horses; painted clowns in false noses and polka dot outfits cavort here and there; overhead on the trapezes two men

in gleaming purple satin recklessly toss a smiling blonde back and forth; vendors make their way about the stands selling their ice cream and popcorn. There is color and laughter and sparkle everywhere.

At last the great performance ends with the *Star Spangled Banner*, and the crowd filters out to discuss the rare excitement which has come to Twin Rivers. Groups of neighbors stand here and there beneath the fringe of maples on the edges of the field. Florrie's family joins the Jacksons and the grown-ups ignore her. Still aglow, she gradually drifts back into the main tent. Hammers are banging away and the crew is taking apart the equipment, preparing to move to the next town on the circuit.

"Hi, Susie. How'd cha like the show?" one of them booms.

"I'm Florrie, and the show was just wonderful, thank you," Florrie beams back.

One of the bareback riders is leading a prancing horse around the ring. She notices the wistful child and, grinning, places her on the animal. Poor Florrie's feeling of glory is marred slightly by a shaking fear of a huge horse. Around and around they go, until at last they are behind the tent with all the circus members. Trunks and crates are crowded in their way, so Florrie dismounts and wanders about; the circus men and women greet her amiably. There is the clown in the red and white polka dots; my, what a serious face he has! From a dressing room marked with a gold star and the name "Lola" someone sings lustily to add to the general confusion of the place. From the office comes the sound of men in the heat of an argument. The trapeze star strides by, still dressed in purple. Somehow, up close, his costume doesn't gleam; it looks even grimy. A workman is leading the horse out, de-plumed now. Why, it is no different

from those in Mr. Jackson's stable! Sawdust has taken the shine from Florrie's Mary Jane's; she takes out her white hanky and rubs them briskly. The fat lady gives her a taffy apple, but she cannot eat it; the popcorn has made her sickish. Unnoticed, she makes her way back to Mama and Papa.

A vagabond breeze brushes the groups as the laughing townspeople leave behind the make-believe world and return to their monotony. Al and Sissy are asleep in the Ford; everyone is silent, each reliving the afternoon. The sun is just going to bed in a final show of rosy splendor behind the hill where Florrie and Mama and the others have their Fourth of July picnic. The pines smell cooler now, and Mama puts the baby's red cardigan over him as he sleeps in her lap. Home at last! Florrie lifts Johnny out gently and gives him a little hug of contentment.

TIDES

Nora T. Horgan, '50

The white-haired waves, in never-ending race,
Assault the shore and swift draw back in haste;
They pounce again upon the helpless sand,
Yet never win this battle with the land.
What is the force that holds them thus in sway—
Why wage the futile battle day by day?

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Susan A. Fitzgerald, '52

I.

The cry of a child,
The sob of a man—
Life, death
And what?

I won't think about it now.
The sun's much too bright.
Later, perhaps—
Maybe tonight.

Funny-looking man—
Would he sob
If I told him
There is no God?

What is worth-while?
Happiness, being?
Learning to see?
What good is seeing?

To see a child cry,
Or an old man's face,
Feeling hope lost
Somewhere in the race?

But I won't think of it now.
"I won't think of it now," she said,
As she jumped into bed—
Pink cap on her head—
And fell dead.

But it isn't funny.
There's a big crowd
Rushing, rushing, rushing;
I'd like to laugh out loud.

I'd like to ask them
Where they go;
To life or death—
I don't know.

But the sun is warm
And the day is clear,
Mocking, mocking,
"No room for fear."

"Be of good cheer";
Be of good cheer,
This time next year
You'll all be dead.

You of the subway,
You of the train;
Maybe with ease,
Maybe with pain;
You of the frown,
You of the smile—
You've only got
A little while.

The cry of a child
The sob of a man—
Life, death,
And what?

But I'm not going to think.
Run with them, walk with them, talk with them
 through the deep, dark, dead subway;
Ticking, clicking thoughtless through time,
 automaton of this brilliant last day;
I'm not going to think.

II.

The tick of time
The evening star,
Eternity—
Are what?

I won't think of it now.
In this dimming light
Ideas hold the vagueness
Of the coming night.

What a pretty child!
A miniature melody—
One tiny atom
Of infinity.

To fashion a little soul,
In knowledge of its Maker,
Is eternal service
To the good of our Creator.
But I won't think now.

"Eternity? Why, I can tell
Of it. I know it well."
As headlong he fell
Into Hell.

Why do I try to make it a joke?
Is it because I'm afraid?
Afraid to unearth the silent thoughts
Where, in dusty vaults, they are laid?

Shaft of light,
Street-light faces;
Lost in time,
Lost in places.

Sign of eternity,
Outlined near
In the evening star,
Shining clear.

Talk of eternity,
Talk of eternity,
But as for me—
My head aches.

What of death,
And what of life?
What of peace
And what of strife?
What of joy
And what of sorrow?
It will all be gone
With tomorrow.

The tick of time,
The evening star,
Eternity—
Are what?

I won't think now.
But here in the night of muffled darkness
 and knowledge—seeing
The vague flitting shadows of life—alone
 with my being,
I *must* think.
 And I'm so tired.

GOD'S GRACE

Marie B. Sally, '52

I feel that God's grace is lightly,
Lightly like the falling snow,
Blowing on my soul. It tingles,
Leaving healthy afterglow.

Clothe me, Lord, against temptation
In snow-time trappings, warm and bright,
That I may bound outdoors to answer
Distant sleighbells of delight. . . .

And let my heart know for a minute
The liberty of rolling in it.

A MINIATURE ART WORLD

Ellen M. Cavanagh, '51

WHEN I saw Rockport for the first time, I was sure that a windy fishing village from the silver shores of Normandy had been transplanted on old Cape Ann. This town of turning, twisting, rambling lanes and creamy white cottages, each with its sun-splashed garden and blue flower pots is surely not related to the giant, skyscraping, modernistic cities of the North American coast. Picturesque stone docks jut across the harbor where little boats bob on the tide. Far out on the bay, silhouetted against soft clouds, are the brilliant orange sails of a "Swordfisherman". Such is Rockport, land of the summer sky, where a faded little dock house bears the proud title of Motif Number I, eloquent testimony of the town's artistic importance!

It is no wonder that Rockport boasts as luminous an art colony as that of Nantucket and Provincetown. It has been strewn with delightful motifs. Weather-stained New England barns and delicate church spires rise suddenly before the explorer, and their loveliness pleads with the artist. Every third step along the shaded streets it is necessary to skirt an open easel.

Palettes and canvases completely line the road at "Bear Skin Neck". If the rest of the town resembles a village of Brittany, this section of Rockport is surely a bit of Morocco. With its overflowing studio shops, dingy lobster sheds, and bright Bohemian tea-rooms, "The Neck" is like a rhyme

"With the yellow and the purple and the crimson
Keeping time."

No one would be more than slightly surprised to glance up and spy a black-eyed gypsy shaking out her satin skirts among the upper trays and vases of the "Wee Craft Shoppe". Nor would many heads turn if a gypsy roundelay mingled suddenly with the squawking gulls and leisurely hum of the tourists.

"The Neck" has only one narrow thoroughfare, and often a fat Buick or Pontiac will get panicky and honk helplessly in an effort to make its way between sauntering tourists. On that country lane one may pass portly Indianapolis bankers, anxious to breathe in briny whiffs of "atmosphere". Then there are the slim, neurotic women who stride forward determined to be bitten by the art bug! In their daring cocoa-colored slack suits, complete with silver earrings jangling from beneath a lime kerchief, they dash ahead of their lagging husbands and tired children.

One passes the caricaturists' stalls and abstractionistic booths, where nature is so hideously distorted, and approaches with relief the imposing pine gallery of Altro Hibbard. The summer road sizzling with morning activity is forgotten as one views canvases of cool Vermont fur lands covered with gleaming snow. Hibbard, whose gallery faces Motif Number I and the bustling harbor, very rarely paints marine or dock scenes. He is a master of winter woodlands, of old red barns and covered bridges piled high with multi-colored snow.

A short distance from "The Neck" and the center of town, past many old-fashioned gardens and rolling moorlands, where bobolinks rise from the brown pasture, are the wild crags of the open coast. Before gaining the sight of Bass Rocks itself, it is possible to catch the cry of the peeps as they skim the top of the tide. One reaches first the glim-

mering cliffs, whose dark jagged sides hold tiny pools "that scarce could bathe a star". Suddenly the whole Atlantic spreads below. Far, far in the distance the horizon hangs, a thin blue ribbon. But for miles beneath, there are only waves of the darkest emerald, crested with exquisite foamy lace.

Oh, the scores of artists who have struggled up these rocks! Winslow Homer and Jonas Lie loved Bass Rocks, and in our own day the scent of the surf has been captured by Stanley Woodward. Have you ever wondered how Woodward achieved his famous woodland effects? He has many wistful, romantic printings of midnight waves. Since every artist must have daylight to achieve his exact quality in oils, it would be out of the question to paint by starlight. Woodward has explained that the actual painting is done in the early morning and is the result of intensive study on the rocks, night after night. When conditions were just right he would sketch feverishly, noting the moon's reflections on the water. For the moon herself never appears in the picture.

Further down the shore one comes upon sprawling wharfs, where shouting figures in oilskins scramble back and forth over the ships' sides. Here Emile Gruppe's studio is set most appropriately, for it is the bustling harbor, lying in its happy confusion, that he most delights to paint. The foregrounds of his canvases are usually clustered with mossy piers and yellow sand bars where red and blue garbed fishermen dig for clams. The brown tide, as well as the silver gulls who a moment before beat the air above the fishermen, soon run out into the swirling mist and disappear. Often the hulking mast of a "Swordfisherman" gleams like a great green ghost through the fog. Canvas after canvas reveals Gruppe's understanding of the subtle changes of the ocean mist. He can determine just how much pink a certain atmosphere

holds, and how much grey. All of his secrets are cheerfully divulged to his students. He reasons generously that since it took him years to discover these facts he might as well give some young artist a short cut to mastery! His demonstrations are nationally famous, at which he greets an audience with an empty canvas and begins to cover it before their eyes. In the short space of three hours a gleaming picture is completed. It all seems so easy when Gruppe does it that the students scramble for the Italian wharfs and the Fish Pier, fingers itching to portray the fog and sea gulls. But what bad luck! While they were sitting in the studio, the morning mist has burned off! Gone are the gulls and soft clinging grey tones. The noon-day harbor is sparkling with green and brown and golden glints. Even the far hills have shaken off the fog and stand forth blue and sun-streaked.

Back once more in the fresh-blown lanes of Rockport one finds the Cape Cod Cottage which houses the most famous canvases of all. This is the studio of Anthony Thieme, the "grand old man" of New England art circles. The most versatile master of all, he can capture the elusive charm of the pounding surf as well as the reflections in a silent pool. No one ever mistakes "a Thieme". His brilliant Titian-like richness is his own secret. Who else can portray the yellow lights on a rainy street or the rusty glory of a countryside in mid-autumn? His soft diffused tints become sometimes too lush for quiet New England. He paints with an almost tropical lavishness, as though he were doing Venice or the isle of Capri.

Truly Venice and Capri, as well as the silver shores of Normandy, have been transplanted to the windy fishing village of Rockport.

LIKE MOTHER

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

IT WAS their first night at the cottage, and of course there would be a story. Gretchen wanted to be in bed first, her face pink and scrubbed and inspected by Mother, so that she could be alone in the little knotty pine room before the story began. Then she could screw her eyes up tight and hear the waves hitting the sand outside and the wind racing up and down the beach. It made her back tingle against the unfamiliar mattress while she waited for her sister. Mother told the best stories, all about wonderful places down under the sea and beautiful forests where children found The Land of all Delight and The Secret of the Happy People. Teddy liked Daddy's stories, but then Teddy was younger—only six—and Daddy told the stories from the books that Teddy picked, not right out of his head like Mother.

Gretchen could hear Mother shooing Teddy up the stairs in front of her. She wriggled up to watch them come.

"Good for you, darling." Mother's kiss was cool on her towel-rubbed cheek. "Now in with you, baby, or there won't be any story."

Of course Mother didn't mean that, because she had promised, and only the Bad Little People ever broke promises. Teddy was scrambling up the side of the bed and laughing the way she always laughed when Mother made her hurry and she was afraid she wouldn't be fast enough. Teddy had wrinkles in her cheeks when she laughed. Gretchen pushed over to let her little sister in beside her.

"Already, chicks?" asked Mother, sitting down on the end of the bed.

"Awready Mum," said Teddy. And Gretchen smiled.

* * *

It was never quite summer when they first came to the cottage. Mother made them wear coat sweaters over their play suits and Gretchen had to button hers because she always caught the first cold. The first day they always took walks and went exploring. Teddy didn't like exploring much, but Gretchen taught her how to pick out the shells along the rocks and dry them in the sun. You could tell if the little fish was alive inside if you put your finger over the hole where he breathed. If he wiggled, it wasn't fair to take the shell. Gretchen let Teddy sit on one of the rocks and play with the shells while she looked for some more. Besides, if Teddy came out onto the big rocks she would be afraid, and Gretchen wouldn't be able to find the Ocean People. The waves came big and curly over the big rocks that morning. Daddy said that was because the tail of a "nor-easter" had hit the beach yesterday. He had warned Gretchen to be careful. The sand was grey today and all wrinkled down near the water. A sandpiper came right at Gretchen's feet and she waved at him.

"Hi," she said. Of course anyone would know it wasn't a sandpiper. Mother had told about the Ocean People last night, how once upon a time there had been a fleet of silver ships from a far away land and on the ships hundreds of sailors and soldiers and little children, but best of all a King and Queen and a little princess who was very vain. The King and Queen were very sad that the little princess was so proud, and so they asked all the courtiers and soldiers and sailors to try to think up a way to cure her, but no one

could. And then one day a big wave curled right over the ship and when the white foam came across the deck it rolled up into the Loveliest Little Girl in the world. And she had said:

"I will help you if you will give your little princess to me for three days."

And so the King and Queen had given the princess to the Ocean Girl and they were very sad. But when the Little Princess saw the Loveliest Little Girl in the World she cried and cried and she was very cross with her mother and father because she didn't have a dress like the Ocean Girl's. Then the Ocean Girl had said:

"If you had a dress like mine, you would belong to the ocean because I am all made of foam."

And the princess had said, "I will have one, and everyone on my father's ships will have one and you shall not stop me."

And she had reached out to tear all the beautiful silvery material off the Ocean Girl, when all of a sudden there was a big storm and all the silver ships went down to the bottom of the sea. And now all the soldiers and the sailors and the little children and the King and the Queen and the Little Princess were subjects of the Ocean People and each one had to be set free again one by one by an act of love. That's why mother said that Gretchen and Teddy must be gentle with all the little creatures on the beach so that one of the Ocean People might be set free.

"Hi," said Gretchen again to the sandpiper, and she climbed down from the high rocks to the other side and squatted in the wet sand beside the water.

* * *

Teddy had gone home first and left all the shells on the

rocks. It had taken Gretchen a long time to gather them into her sweater and carry them over the smaller rocks back to the cottage. The tide was in now, and the waves came way up over the rocks where Gretchen and Teddy had been sitting. Pretty soon it would be warm enough to go swimming, but not until you couldn't catch cold. Mother was standing on the steps of the cottage when Gretchen finally got there. She was cross because Gretchen had missed her lunch and taken off her sweater and because Teddy had told her how far out Gretchen had gone. Daddy was mad, too, and so Gretchen waited until after dinner that night to tell about the Ocean People.

"What's all this about, Gretchen?" Daddy had thought she was making up things again. Daddy sometimes did think that. She had told him again about how the sandpiper had looked at her when she said, "Hi," and how she had gone down to him and given him a piece of toast from breakfast that she had saved in case she just happened to meet one of The Ocean People. Then she had said "abra ca dabra," even though it came from one of Daddy's stories, because it was the only magic she knew.

"And then right there, Daddy, the little sandpiper said, 'Thank you, Gretchen; that was a real act of love,' and all of a sudden there was a big soldier in a brown uniform like Uncle Eddie's standing there. And he took me down to some other pipers and I did the same thing for them and they all said the same thing and they all had brown uniforms, too. And they told me that the little princess had her dress made out of foam now but that she was very sorry for being proud. Then they asked me to say my magic to the littlest rock and to wash off the sea weed from it, and when I did,

it turned into a silver ship and they all got in and it sailed away."

Daddy hadn't said a thing, the way he usually did. He had just sat with his fingers around his chin looking at her kind of queer. Then he had said, but not too mad, "Go up to your room now and get ready for bed, Gretchen. And think about what you just told us for a long time and see if it's really true. I'll ask you again tomorrow."

"Gretchen tells lies," said Teddy.

But Gretchen only smiled.

* * *

It rained hard that night and Gretchen lay awake listening to the waves slam hard on the sand close to the cottage. Teddy was sound asleep and she had most of the bed, but Gretchen kept very still because she didn't want Teddy to tell that she was awake so late. Downstairs she could hear mother and Daddy talking, and she could hear the fire going in the fire place. They didn't have a fireplace at home in the city, and you couldn't hear all the way downstairs as you could here. Daddy was talking about the Ocean People now.

"But, Terry, how long can we let this keep up? This Ocean People business is the last straw. Do you think she's going to grow up basically dishonest? I'm sure my people . . ."

"I don't think we need to worry much about the Ocean People, Tod. Gretchen is freeing them from way down somewhere in her little mind—just like another little girl I used to know."

And because Gretchen could see Mother's face when she was talking, even when her eyes were screwed tight, she knew that Mother smiled.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MANTUA

Dolores T. Burton, '53

A DETERMINED rain held Mantua in its grasp, washing the grimy faces of the ancient buildings with the thoroughness of a mother cat, yet despite the downpour people thronged the market place, assisting the rain in its good work by scrubbing everything, even the cobblestones on which they were standing.

Had Virgil been looking down on the thirteenth century inhabitants of his native city that afternoon, their activity would have led him to compare them to his favorite creatures, the bees; for like bees, who from the substance of their own bodies fashion a waxen palace for their queen, these people, their parents, and their grandparents, with the labor of their own hands, had been building a cathedral for their God. The cathedral was perfect because they were skilled in their work; it was beautiful because they were in love with their work. Now, after one hundred years, it was completed, and it would be consecrated on the next morning, but the festivities would begin that evening with a procession at Vespers. Meanwhile, the city must be made spotless.

When the rain stopped, the people undertook the more pleasant task of preparing the decorations, and for this purpose the children had been dispatched to the surrounding countryside earlier in the day. They now returned carrying garlands of green ivy, bunches of purple grapes, and bouquets of fragrant bacchar, lily-like colocasia, and merry acanthus, on which the rain still sparkled like dew.

One group of boys, dropping their booty in the Square, ran off to the cathedral where they found Father Nicolo sitting on the steps. The old priest, who had been watching the happy work of his flock, smiled brightly as he saw the boys approaching.

"Hello, Padre Nicolo," they shouted as they came up, "we've come to visit you."

"This is indeed a pleasure. I haven't seen much of you since the University claims all your time. Why aren't you studying now?" he teased.

"But, Padre, this is a great day for our city. We've been helping to clean the market place all morning, but now we thought we'd take a little time for a visit with you." The voice was warm with affection. "That is, if you don't mind having us."

"Not at all, Guiseppe. With you boys around me I always feel young."

"Why, my mother told me you're almost as old as the cathedral," said one of the smaller boys, looking rather puzzled. "Is that true?"

"The cathedral and I will both celebrate our one hundredth birthday tomorrow," replied the old man thoughtfully. "They laid the cornerstone the day I was born, and the good God has permitted me to see its consecration."

"A hundred years is a long time to live in this world, Padre. Have you ever grown tired of it?"

"Well," said the Padre, his eyes twinkling, "young people like you, Carlo, never tire of asking questions, and old people like me never tire of answering them. Life becomes dull only when we cease to be curious."

"That is a nice thought, Padre, and a true one," said Guiseppe, "and I do not willingly change the subject, but

we are all very eager to see the gift you have made for the cathedral. I'm sure that it has contributed not a little to your zest for living."

"It certainly has. Now, if you and Pietro will bring that small wooden box from the vestibule of my house, I will show it to you."

The boys lost no time in bringing the box which they presented to Father Nicolo, who sat stroking the wooden surface as if it had been the head of a small child. Finally, he opened it, drawing forth what appeared to be a miniature temple. Three sides were of smooth white marble, and the fourth was a golden door, having on either side of it two marble columns. There was an arched roof and a plain marble floor. As Father Nicolo opened the golden door, they looked in, their eyes widening with amazement. On each of the three inner walls were carved three rows of Seraphim, whose wings were folded neatly under their curly heads as if in prayer. So real was each Seraph that his eyes seemed to glow with love, and his lips seemed to form a song of eternal praise.

"It's beautfiul," breathed Pietro, unable to stop gazing at it. "It's a tabernacle, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a tabernacle," replied Father Nicolo, well pleased with their reaction.

"But if you place it on the main altar, no one will ever see it," protested Carlo.

"God will see it," announced the Padre quietly. Then smiling cheerfully, he said, "If you do not get ready soon, you will miss the procession and so will I."

At these words the boys quickly dispersed. Father Nicolo went into his house to don his shining white robes for Vespers. The great bells of the cathedral, ringing for the first

time, announced the beginning of the procession. The sun smiled in the western sky, leaving it so white and silvery that the pink and gold of an ordinary sunset were entirely eclipsed. The city was bathed in the white radiance, and the cobblestones became tiny suns.

Leading the procession, which had begun in the market place, were little girls carrying baskets filled with rose petals, which they scattered carefully on the ground. The women followed, bearing the fine altar linens they themselves had embroidered. In solemn pomp, conscious of their importance, marched the various guilds whose members had helped to build the cathedral. Each group was led by one who carried on a small tray a statue as a token of his particular trade—the mason bearing one of stone, and the wood carver one of wood. Everyone was singing *Ave Verum Corpus* with such great fervor that the bells could scarcely be heard.

Altar boys swinging censers smoky with pungent incense formed a guard of honor around old Father Nicolo's sedan chair, which was borne by four young friars. In his arms he held his tabernacle covered by a silken veil, since God had been placed within it. As the huge doors of the cathedral closed on the last lovely strains of the hymn, the bells stopped ringing, and the sun, which had risen only to set, slipped quietly into the river Mincio.

THE POET'S PRAYER

(A Translation from the Latin of Horace,
Ode XXXI, Book I)

Marie B. Sally, '52

What shall the poet ask the god,
What his prayer as he pours new wine?
I do not wish the fertile fields
Of rich Sardinia to be mine,

Nor do I crave Calabrian herds,
Nor gold, nor Indian ivory,
Nor meadows lapped by the Liris's stream,
Which feeds on the land so silently.

Let those to whom Fortune gives the task
Prune with the knife the Calenian vine,
So the merchant, rich from Syrian goods,
May drain the gold cups of the precious wine—

The merchant, great as the gods, who braves
The strange Atlantic thrice a year;
But I am delighted at supper time
When olives, mallows, and such appear.

Give me the grace, Latona's son,
To live with a sound mind and good health,
And in an old age, honor-filled,
Let a singing lyre be all my wealth.

A WORTH-WHILE PROFESSION

Ruth M. Clark, '50

JANE WILSON listened to the steady, monotonous chug-chug of the train carrying her away from State University. Dingy tenement districts whizzed past, with a blur of colored washes strung out on pulley lines and roof tops. Now the city was left behind and endless stretches of marshland and telephone poles rolled by, brightened only by an occasional billboard shouting the praises of Necco candies, or reminding of the current teacher shortage. The latter poster snapped Jane back to attention and reality.

How she hated the sound of that word!

"Teaching is a worth-while profession," her professors advised.

"It is a refined position for a young lady," her mother had urged.

"Think of the hours—and the vacations!" This from her classmates.

Teach! Teach! "And what are you going to do after you graduate, Jane, teach?"

"Going to college? You must be planning to teach!"

How could anything be more run-of-the-mill, more routine, more old-maidish, more stupid than that profession, thought Jane rebelliously.

"Good-morning, Miss Wilson."

"Yes, Miss Wilson."

"No, Miss Wilson."

"May I erase the blackboard, Miss Wilson?"

Walking up and down between the rows of shabby,

pencil-carved little desks. Trying to make dirty little Johnny Jones realize that six and three equals nine. Sitting up at night correcting their silly papers. Same thing, every day!

"Children, I must have silence!"

"Who dropped his ruler on the floor?"

"Lunches must not be eaten until the lunch hour!"

Jane got a glimpse of her own reflection in the dusty window of the train. Not beautiful, but I've seen worse, she thought cynically. I'll have to start wearing my hair in a pug, to fill my teacher's rôle properly—not to mention round, horn-rimmed glasses. Jane's light brown hair was worn in a stylish close-cropped cut. In happier moments her steady grey eyes and even features were brightened by an extraordinary smile revealing even, white teeth. She liked smooth suits and high-heeled shoes. No comfortable Oxfords and tailored gabardine dresses for me, she thought stormily. I want to live, do things. I want a nine to five job, where I can close the office door at five o'clock and begin to live my own life. I want to design clothes, or write copy, or edit manuscripts—anything but drum the fundamentals of reading and writing into thick little heads. They can have their shortage of primary school teachers. I haven't plowed my way through *Don Quixote* and *Paradise Lost* to spend my days teaching the two table! I don't care if the younger generation never gets educated!

* * *

"I won't! I won't sit here lookin' out the window for two more hours! Do I hafta, Aunt Kay?"

Jane started at the outburst farther down the car. The cause of the commotion, a lively blond boy of about five or six, was jumping up and down on the well-upholstered Pullman seats, banging a magazine against the window and

making a general nuisance of himself. Precisely what I mean, she thought. Brats! All of them. Imagine thirty or forty like that!

"Christopher! Come back here!" Aunt Kay set out in pursuit of the boy as he ran up the aisle of the car. Handsome child, Jane thought in spite of herself, watching the boy laugh back roguishly at the attractive young woman following him. Suddenly Christopher stopped short at Jane's seat.

"Hi!" he yelled.

"Hi, yourself!" Jane smiled back.

"You've got magazines, too," he observed, nodding at the seat beside Jane. "I bet you're a good reader. Will you read to me? I've got my own books even. This lady's gonna read to me, Aunt Kay!" he answered for Jane, who still could do no more than laugh back at the boy.

"Oh, would you?" Aunt Kay was desperate. "I try, but I just can't seem to hold his attention."

"I'll get my book!" Christopher was back in a flash and had himself comfortably settled on the seat beside Jane before she had a chance to agree or disagree.

"Why, I'd love to," she finally said somewhat half-heartedly, and took up the story of Dot and Dick and their new b-i-c-y-c-l-e.

"Is that what b-i-c-y-c-l-e is?" Christopher shouted. "Aunt Kay!" he yelled down the train, "I learned a new word! This lady's a good reader!"

Jane refused to recognize the little thrill of pleasure that ran through her. What if he is a cute little kid, he's one in a million, no doubt.

"I can read this part! 'Dot and Dick went to the zoo on their bicycles!'" Christopher was triumphant. "'They saw

many a-n-i-m-a-l-s.' What's that mean, lady? Gee! You're a good learner too. I love you to learn me things. What? Oh, well, I love you to teach me things. Is that right? I'm gonna go tell my Aunt Kay what a good learner—I mean what a good teacher you are. See ya' later!"

"Christopher . . . Christopher!"

* * *

"You better wake up, Miss. We're pullin' into Summerfield. An' I ain't Christopher, I'se Abe, as you well know."

"What? . . . Oh, the porter . . . Abe, did you see what happened to that little boy? Did they get off the train?"

"No little boy been on this car, Miss. You been asleep ever since we passed through the city. You were mumblin' somethin' about a 'worth-while perfession' or somethin'."

"Maybe I was maybe I was."

CINQUAINE

Lilacs

Stole my heart once

And, wrapped in purple mist,

I floated free, until their scent

Was lost.

S. A. F., '52

THE FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS

Joyce M. Cooksey, '52

NOTHING has had greater impact on twentieth century thought than the doctrines of Sigmund Freud. In the past fifty years they have revolutionized medicine and education; they have given rise to an art which is dominated by a cult of unintelligibility. But their principal effect has been upon the individual mind. Practically alone, Sigmund Freud has shaped, colored, and moulded the thinking processes of the men and women of the past half century.

To the observer of these intellectual phenomena, the question must inevitably arise: "How has this one man been able to exert such an influence on the thinking world?" The answers to this question are legion, but in the last analysis it will be found that the theories of Freud, at least as they are interpreted by the majority of people, satisfy a fundamental human need—a fundamental one, but an unhealthy and dangerous one—the willingness, even eagerness, to relinquish moral responsibility.

True, this characteristic is not peculiar to the present century, but then, there is really nothing new about Freud, except the accompanying pyrotechnics. Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeschylus explored the dark labyrinths of the human soul centuries before Freud. The needs of the soul have been the concern of poets and philosophers from time immemorial. And men have always been able to find something or someone to blame for their own failures and shortcomings. The pagan swore by his oracles and seers; the Jew consulted his prophets; the Mohammedan bowed to Kismet; the Christian sighed, "It is the will of God."

But since the sixteenth century renaissance of humanism, through the critical perceptionism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the super-personalism of the nineteenth, humanity has been tearing down its own icons. As it stood on the threshold of the twentieth century, it found that it had also deprived itself of its scapegoats. It could no longer find any extrinsic ones, but Sigmund Freud showed it the best and most convenient one yet—one which dwelt inside man himself, his own subconscious mind.

The topsy-turvy, iconoclastic world of the twentieth century seized upon this new means of relieving itself of all moral responsibility—the ultimate indication of immaturity, to be sure, but what century in the history of the world has produced such an immature breed?

What is taking place in the individual is also occurring socially, for collective disturbances are merely projections of individual conflicts, and exterior events are only manifestations of interior struggles.

So we now have a clinical approach to vice. The conscience has been replaced by the Id, and the confessional by the psychiatrist's couch. Alcoholism has been elevated to the dignity of a disease and immorality is not far behind it. No one is bad anymore—just sick.

Similarly, our artists are using their art as a medium for the expression of their subconscious impulses. As a result, we are affronted by the garish blue and yellow monstrosities of Picasso, by the bleeding telephones and melting hour-glasses of Salvador Dali, and by the jabberwocky of T.S. Eliot and e.e. cummings. Such artists seem to be unmindful of the fact that vague impressions and abstractions are of no value to either artist or audience unless they are subjected to and interpreted in the light of the conscious mind.

Unfortunately, just as the layman uses the Id as an excuse for moral culpability, these artists often use this incomprehensible formlessness as a cover-up for a lack of technical skill, trusting that their unintelligibility will be mistaken for depth.

Ironically, these attitudes have been created, or stimulated, more by what is not Freud than by what is; in other words, by a gross misinterpretation of his doctrines. Freud believed, as he exemplified in his own life, that, although the subconscious should be revealed and recognized, it should be subjected to the discipline of the conscious. He maintained that the subconscious impulses of men could and ought to be turned into useful social channels. But the individual with inadequate knowledge of the facts will believe whatever he wants to believe, and men, aided and abetted by the theories of Darwin and Spencer, seem to think that intellectual and social liberty lies in reducing themselves to mechanistic beasts.

I said before that Freud, practically alone, has shaped, colored and moulded the thinking of the past half-century. On the other side of the Freudian medallion is Karl Marx, who has accomplished on a political scale what Freud has done on an intellectual scale. Yet, as with Freud, it is not the Marxist doctrines themselves, but popular distortion of them that has wrought the phenomena attributed to Marx. In his *Communist Manifesto* Marx exhorted the working men of the world to unite, to arise, to assume control of the State. His followers have so misinterpreted his doctrines that it is no longer the individual who owns the State; it is the State which owns the individual. Originally, the State was an executive, a legislator, and a judge. It has become a mother and a nurse.

At the Renaissance, men strove to free themselves from intellectual bondage. What they thought to be religious liberty came next, then political, then social. Now, in seeking release from the authority of the moral law, that is, from their own authority over themselves, they are readily stripping themselves of their last vestige of dignity as human beings.

They will regain that dignity only when they acknowledge reason as the light of all the faculties and free will as the indomitable mistress of human destiny. They will be free only when they subject themselves to the authority of that reason and free will and to the moral law under which they are responsible for their actions.

In many cases, man must bow to the inevitable—to fate, to the will of God, or whatever he chooses to call it. Man's mind, too, can often be made sick by emotional disturbances which render him unaccountable for his acts. But more often, man, by the exercise of his free will (and the human will is the most unconquerable thing ever created) can bring both circumstances and his own impulses under control.

His only happiness lies in the control and the subordination of these impulses, not in giving them free reign. He must regain his rightful self-respect, moral courage, and balanced sense of values by a proper subordination of these impulses to the intellect. Only when the individual mind is at peace will there be peace in the world, for no one conquers circumstances who has not first conquered himself.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

AGAINST PURPLE SUNSETS

I'm tired of purple sunsets. At least, I'm tired of hearing of purple sunsets and of wheat-colored hair and twinkling stars and fields of scarlet poppies. And so I present a case, a case overlooked by the eyes, unknown to the ears. For where in the sweet-scented fields of the imagination is the place of the nose? Whether tip-tilted or freckled, rosy or Roman, where is the glory its slender proportions and their own unmatched universe should find?

Life itself is wound in memories, and memories leap in nostalgic response to a long forgotten smell. There is the warm, pink fragrance of a powdered baby, bundled close in your arms over his crib, so precious that whenever again his faintly perfumed baby skin is near, the closeness of this same moment will be recaptured; or the clean starched smell of a little girl's cotton dress the first day she starts out for school. A whole life-time of starting out may smile in the remembrance of sun-fresh cleanliness. A remembering communion of strangers will forever start and grin at the inescapable woody smell of the public school classroom. A generation will live in the atmosphere of the steamy spices of the neighboring hamburger joint, the overpowering tantalizing world of it, and never be aware until some other distant time when a bevy of middle-aged noses in their widely diversified roamings will catch the old gaiety, the laughing camaraderie, and swallow "a double frank with both", reviving the heart of a boy.

But there is a precious world of fragrance, too dear for the casual invasion: the deep, hidden, shyly remembered treasure of completely feminine remembrances. Is there a girl who can't still bury an imaginative nose into her first dancing school corsage or lift her head a little to the warm rush of perfumed air from a dozen different powder rooms? How many shudder at the rich, hot stickiness of hot fudge sauce pouring over white ice cream and plead again with an unrelenting mirror to say it's been worth the self-control? And there is a girlish tug at the heart for the tweedy smell of a big jacket around her shoulders (after she had shivered strategically loud enough at the baseball game) and the hot waves of brewing coffee on those after-the-show midnight talks. And, tell me, where is the bride who will feel for white satin what she remembers in crushed orange blossoms and incense?

So a girl is sentimental? What masculine lifetime will exclude the rough, sweating, exultant feeling of the victorious locker room after the game, the grime and sharp smell of grease when you're flat on your back operating on the inners of a Ford? And that wet, soft animal smell of your collie pup when he flops down beside you on the float, after your first sail-boat ride? There is a whole world of masculine sentimentality. Somewhere up from between your fingers there seeps the pungent scent of tobacco, and you remember the days when you were the only guy on the block whose Dad wouldn't let him smoke. And into those boyish memories there creeps the little, tripping fragrances of the girlish world: first, and best of all, the mixture of roast beef and gravy and white biscuits running with butter that made you both a beast of prey and a slave to your mother; and then there is forever the sweet, clean, sort of flower-like scent of softly curling hair against your cheek as you danced the first dance you ever wanted to remember.

But perhaps we who find beauty in Chanel No. 5, in an east wind near the ocean, and in a stove on Thanksgiving should concede that the slender organ running so usefully between our eyelashes and our upper cupid's bow can re-create, at the most inconvenient moments, occasions we would rather leave buried in a merciful past. There possibly is no terror so effectively conveyed as the combination of insidiously clean odors pervading a dentist's office, no loneliness so stabbing as the stinging piny smell of a Christmas tree far away from home. Sometimes there has been detected a kind of repugnance too in the distinctive smell of

ink after countless ideas have been created and cancelled through its discouraging medium.

And yet, I avow there is no loving the beautiful, or the simply dear, without breathing its essence. There is no more effective recall of a blazing campfire than the strong smell of splitting logs stinging in your nose, no more compelling invitation to spring than the early morning fragrance of freshly cut grass. Perhaps, even, there is something to be said for departing life: the flowers and fruit in the hospital bowl, the sweet oils of the priest, and the perfume of so many lived-in years. Oh, there is beauty in the sweep of color against a twilight sky, there is majesty in a Beethoven symphony, and treasure in the shimmering folds of spun gold; but there is a breathing-in to be done, an inward treasury to be stored, and the fragrances of a thousand hidden memories will escape the flights of time and return forever unexpectedly, surprisingly, and with a kind of pain which warms the heart.

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

AD INFINITUM

A Dahl squirrel flaunted his tattered tail and spoke brusquely over the whirl of scattering pigeons. With a full mouth he still remained articulate. The nerve of some birds! This nut had been meant for him. He promptly buried it well below the scratching range of petty thieves.

Watching, the little girl bent double, squeezing her hands between her knees, and laughed at him. The man feeding him grinned with her, and plunged his hand into his soggy bag. Scuffing her patent leather shoe, the child looked up shyly. It would be nice to coax the squirrel closer with food, but the red spots on the man's face made her feel funny. Maybe her grandmother would buy some peanuts.

The child's grandmother was looking back along the walk to the Public Gardens. Bother! That certainly was Mrs. Sloane approaching. Really, that woman was impossible! It would be an invitation to a card party this time.

"Mildred! Come, dear. I'll show you the Monument and the cannon."

* * *

Mrs. Sloane's feet burned, and she pushed the mink scarf away from her neck. The noon sun was warm and she gasped a little, but she was

convinced that this walk would do wonders for her figure. Surely that was Mrs. Scratch with her granddaughter up near the Monument. Yes, that gray hair pulled into a tight knot could belong only to her. Dear me, those tie shoes made Mrs. Scratch look so old. For all her money and family she often looked dowdy. I should speak to her about the tea Saturday. If the hill to the Monument weren't so steep . . . I'll call her tonight.

From the shaded paths and titled trees of the Common, Mrs. Sloane crossed Tremont Street to the sunny walk opposite. Entering a store, she flung her furs over her arm. At the perfume counter she removed a glove and tested a cream on her hand. Maybe this will help with the new lines near my eyes. I'll get some anyway. While I'm in, I should look at gloves. Where is the glove counter?

Glancing about, she saw the gloves, but quickly dropped her eyes to the creams again. The Landers girl! Behind the glove counter! She must work summers now.

"I'll take a jar of this, please."

She'd look at gloves in "Jay's".

* * *

Jean Landers watched Mrs. Sloane's retreat. What a shame she hadn't caught her eye. In a few minutes she would be relieved, and they might have lunched together. Mother would have liked that.

At lunch Jean eyed the chocolate and cream desserts. No, I mustn't go back to school with a thick waistline. Lunching with Mrs. Sloane would have been a good excuse to splurge. In the mirror behind the fountain she looked pale. I'll bet Lil Sloane is getting a nice tan at the beach right now. At least I'm not as pale as that girl down there. That Kelly green suit makes her look sick. Oh, good heavens, she's one of the girls I worked with last summer, a Betty someone.

"Check, please."

* * *

Too late, Betty tried to catch Jean's eye in the mirror. Heck! I'm sure it was Jane. I wonder where she's working this summer. The college girls rarely come back to us a second summer. I *would* miss her when I'm dressed up. She always wore such lovely clothes—a little dull, but of nice material.

Cocking her head, she looked approvingly at her reflection, smoothing

her pompadour with soft strokes. The new suit was a little dressy for work, but she hadn't been able to resist wearing it. It was a lovely day, and instead of returning to work and just reading, it would be nice to walk through the Common.

Crossing the Common, Betty looked up at the clock below the steeple of the old church. Forty-five minutes before she had to return to work! Wading through the pigeons, she started toward the walk leading to the pond. Heck! The stout, slovenly woman just ahead of her was Maria's mother. Three of Maria's small sisters were with her. Mrs. Rizzo and the kids always looked so sloppy! Betty turned from the path to the news stand at the subway entrance.

"*Love Story*, please."

* * *

Waddling along, Mrs. Rizzo spotted the empty bench next to that on which a gray-haired lady and a little girl sat. She hurtled toward it, and, grunting, spread herself and miscellaneous belongings across the seat, thus establishing her rights. Thank heaven there was no sign of Blanche's bleached hair and rainbow sandals. That one! For once she could snooze without being bothered by that one.

The Rizzo children were feeding the squirrels and pigeons with bits of lunch. The little girl at the next bench watched, and slowly left her grandmother to join the children.

"Ya wanta feed a squirrel?" asked the smallest of the sloppy ones.

"Oh, yes!"

The squirrels and pigeons of the Common are notoriously greedy and completely without pride. They begged and fought for the attention of the four children—elegant or shabby.

Mary E. Nichols, '51

INCONGRUITY

Miriam R. Hingston, '50

And must it be when the leaves are young,
When so many songs are yet unsung,
When young roots are reaching, digging deep
To find a place in the earth to keep,
That we must break each bond and tie . . .
'Tis a hard, hard time to say good-bye.

Could it not be when the fall draws near,
When the leaves are lifeless, brown and sere
And dropping silently, endlessly
From their singing, summer camaraderie?

But not when lilacs are living,
Not when the roses are blown,
Not in this riot of color and life
When spring is the queen alone.

When all our tears should be long since dry,
'Tis a hard, strange time to say good-bye.

When the beauty has paled from the springtime green,
When the glories of summer have all been seen,
'Tis not so hard to see old days die;
But when melodies pour from a cloudless sky,
When June is awake and a-romp on high,
'Tis a hard, hard time to say good-bye.

Book Reviews

The Cardinal, by Henry Morton Robinson. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1950. 579 pages.

Mr. Robinson must have known, when he chose to write of the rise of an Irish-American curate to the cardinalate, that his book would raise controversy. Any book on the Catholic Church designed for general reading raises controversy in this country, because Catholics are influential enough to be a source of concern—or irritation—in our Protestant and atheistic United States. Moreover, Mr. Robinson sets his story within the past thirty years, mingling real and fictional characters. Whether the facts strengthen the fiction or the fiction weakens the facts is strongly debatable.

Young Father Stephen Fermoye begins his parish work in Malden under Pastor "Dollar Bill" Monahan. At Father Steve's first Mass, the keynote is struck: all prepared to plunge into the spiritual and physical beauties of the Mass, the young priest is repeatedly interrupted by the antics of an awkward, somewhat unwashed young altar boy. At the time, the annoyance seems to disrupt the beautiful pageant of the Mass, but Father Fermoye later realized that it was his pride that caused the disturbance. A straining for humility is to characterize his life through work as a curate, pastor, secretary to the Cardinal, papal attaché, bishop, and finally, of course, wearer of the red hat. In spite of this theme, the book never gives a credible picture of spiritual progression. Even Monsignor Fermoye's general confession, laid in detail before the reader, seems geared to the 1950 taste for psychoanalysis rather than the sober reality of the sacred tribunal. There is a touch of sensationalism here that is distasteful to the serious Catholic. It is the author's problem that he must continually straddle the fence between romanticized fiction and reality. That the reality is so important makes the problem almost unsolvable, and Mr. Robinson has little success with it.

Because of the title, there is no suspense as to Father Fermoy's advancement in the Church. The author relies on characterization and adventures by the way for the substance of his book, and here lies at once the strength of the book and its great flaw. Mr. Robinson's descriptions are beautifully executed. There are admirable pictures of Mr. Fermoy, "Denny the Down-Streeter", streetcar conductor by day and lord of his house after hours; Mrs. Fermoy, the gentle Celia, bearing patiently the burden of housekeeping and peacekeeping for a large family; and all of Father Steve's brothers and sisters, bound by certain family likenesses and separated by strong, essential differences. The opening chapters, where the family is thoroughly brought into focus, are the best in the book.

Where Mr. Robinson tries to deal with the adventures that befall his hero, he loses control. Problems arise and are solved in staccato rhythm, which robs the book of much of its plausibility. Perhaps Catholic laymen are not thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the hierarchy, but the non-Catholic who forms his idea of the Church from *The Cardinal* is worse off. Mr. Robinson would doubtless argue that he was not writing a treatise on the Church any more than Dante was expounding its complete theology in *The Divine Comedy*. Aside from all other arguments, Dante wrote in the Christian 13th century, while Mr. Robinson is perfectly aware that he is writing in the non-Christian 20th. Again, he runs into difficulty in fictionalizing present day facts. He is bound to create misunderstanding and he should know it.

Certainly Mr. Robinson has literary talent. He possesses a delicate hand for character portrayal, and where situations manage to grow from the personalities, his writing is sound. If he stopped dallying with public taste and poor attempts at psychoanalysis, if he dropped sensationalism and went his natural way, there would be another Catholic author capable of producing literature.

Marion R. Misch, '52

Home Town, by Cleveland Amory. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1950. 310 pages.

Nothing could be more refreshing in today's world of cynicism than Cleveland Amory's humorous satire, *Home Town*. Most of the characters are typical moderns, rushing feverishly on their long road to success.

Perhaps we should exclude from this category Mitchell Hickok, who not only did not abide by the rules of the modern game of success, but did not even know them. Mitchell Hickok represents the outmoded, sincere town lad who struggles for success, quite unconscious of the artificial, hypocritical society into which he is cast.

When the easy going, Copper City bred, young Mitchell Hickok was thrust into the middle of the bustling world of the New York publisher, things were bound to happen. His aspiration was to publish his book; little did he expect to be pointed out as a relative of the famous Wild Bill Hickok, or to be the guest of honor on a New York television show; but then, these were only a few of the unforeseen occurrences in Mitchell's new life. To be sure, he had his own Copper City views as to how the business of publishing his book should be handled, but his views, unfortunately, were quite different from those of the people who wanted to help him. Especially were they opposed to the ideas of his promoter, the sophisticated young publicist, William Devereux, who couldn't understand why so many people wrote books, but who knew what they had to do to sell them in the event that they were written. Then there was Lester King, who knew anyone worth knowing and could introduce Mitchell to the most important people of the city.

Cleveland Amory has delightfully woven these characters into the story of Mitchell Hickok's success. The incidents he relates in his witty style make pleasant reading. His satire carries a light touch, but is, nevertheless, a penetrating study of the differences between the modern, sophisticated American and the down-to-earth, homespun type still found in remote country places. We laugh at the busy New Yorkers who know how to get what they want, but we love and sympathize with the droll young man who is unimpressed by their power.

Anne J. Torpey, '52

Thérèse: Saint of a Little Way, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner, Inc., 1950. 176 pages.

This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the canonization of Saint Thérèse, the Little Flower of Jesus. It was just a quarter of a century ago that the Church publicly and officially declared the saint-hood of this young Carmelite nun, who made of her short, sanctified life an example of perfect love and devotion. Frances Parkinson Keyes, in

her revised edition of the biography of Saint Thérèse, gives us an insight into the way of life which the Little Flower followed in her journey from earth to heaven.

Thérèse: Saint of a Little Way is more than a charming story. Once read, it creates an influence upon the reader which does not end with the final closing of the book, but which remains for a lifetime. This novel opens a new door for us, a new inspiration to higher living. Frances Parkinson Keyes has written the life of the Little Flower with loving care and devotion, as if the writing were a special mission which the author undertook to help others find the royal way to everlasting happiness.

The manuscript for the book was prepared at the Abbaye des Benedictines at Lisieux, at the very school which the little Thérèse attended. One feels that the descriptions of the Saint's birthplace and the home which was hers before she chose Carmel are from the pen of an eye witness. The author interviewed friends and acquaintances who had known the little Saint personally. The result of this careful and detailed study is a beautiful story, a story which does not set forth cold and bare facts but one which is told with a warm and tender sympathy.

The family life of the Martins is most appealing. We learn the secret hopes of the parents, their joys, their disappointments. We learn the devotion of the three elder children to the little queen of the household. We receive an intimate knowledge of Thérèse Martin's childhood, her adolescence, her womanhood. The book is rich in beautiful descriptions of the French country side, the majesty of the Papal residence at Rome, the serenity and peace of Carmel at Lisieux. The simplicity with which the story is unfolded parallels the simple yet spiritually rich life of Saint Thérèse. With each page, our admiration and love increase for the little girl who quietly, humbly, won her way to sainthood, proving that each one of us, with the grace of God, can find his own little way which leads to the glorious Kingdom.

Mary A. Fitzgerald, '51

The Wall, by John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1950. 632 pages.

John Hersey has taken the bare historical facts of the Levinson Archive and from them has fashioned a deeply significant novel. In the person of the historian, Noach Levinson, the full harrowing details of the slow, brutal extermination of the Warsaw ghetto are revealed in the personal tragedy of its people. The book is written in diary form, and the intimate use of the first person makes the reader feel that he, too, was an actual participant in the four year struggle from which only the strong emerged.

Although heavy with Jewish terminology and European customs, the story does not seem alien to American minds and traditions. Noach Levinson was a journalist, and few are the details that escaped him. In a sensitive, shrewd way he presents clear character sketches of such persons as Rachel Apt, the young Jewish girl who earned the respect and reverence of her race; Dolek Berson and Frai Mazur. We find here, too, many revealing facts about the weaknesses and baser emotions of shallow people in the time of crisis. Strip away the foreign language, setting, and customs and what is left is the picture of mankind the world over.

The greatest achievements of John Hersey are his honest picture of the Jewish race and his understanding and graphic description of the growth of friendship among men condemned to die together. He has brought home to us the secret of a people who have lived under persecution for 2000 years and yet have survived. The ordeal in the ghetto showed to the world the failings of its inhabitants, and the author has not glossed over them, but it showed also their strong belief in the natural dignity of man.

Mary E. McDonald, '52

The Boys from Sharon, by Louise Field Cooper. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1950. 242 pages.

Lucius and George were the boys from Sharon, unusual little boys from Sharon. Mrs. Fanning, always ready to aid in a social crisis, was to care for Cousin Mary Langdon's boys for one week while Mary and her husband enjoyed Bermuda. They would be no trouble at all! Of course they would not interfere with the smooth functioning of the

household. Mrs. Fanning, her brother Forrest, and her niece, Edith, would be delighted to have them.

This is the stage setting for Louise Cooper's story. The author is obviously interested in the subtleties of human relationships. Children are a particular challenge in any penetrating character analysis, a challenge that has been answered only partially here. The interpretations are adult interpretations of a child's point of view. Miss Cooper cannot quite enter the world of the very young. At times, in representing the thoughts of the children, she attributes to them a rather mature gift of calculating observation. On the other hand, there are occasions when the boys do not seem to behave in the completely candid manner of children of their age. Despite the fact that their visit with Mrs. Fanning was one of prolonged agony, they gave little evidence of their plight and exhibited almost no emotion in situations that should naturally warrant it.

In treating the principal adult characters, Miss Cooper is considerably more successful. There is an easily discerned interplay of personalities, which constitutes the chief factor of the plot. Mrs. Fanning is a capable, conscientious home manager, not a home maker. She is equally resentful of encroachment upon her duties by other members of the household and of the responsibility of being the sole executive of the home. Her brother, Forrest Howe, has become so circumscribed in activity and outlook that the mere suggestion of any but specifically scheduled duties unnerves him completely. Edith, caught between the dilemma of attempting any constructive work and offending her aunt, or of remaining in a state of social lethargy and thereby defying Mrs. Fanning, engages in a somewhat dubious romance with a glum young man, a museum instructor.

Unusual inventions are used to clarify the characters and situations. Lucius, the twelve year old, loves cathedrals, cardboard cathedrals, plywood cathedrals, even brick cathedrals. Little George is completely obsessed with a painted glass harp, which he very carefully hides in the safest corner of his room. Similarly, Jacob Miller, the museum instructor, is represented as prizing almost supremely a well preserved Venetian bride, a treasure in one of the museum's upper chambers. In the case of Mrs. Fanning, it is the meetings of the Recusant Society that monopolize her dreams; with Forrest Howe, the morning mail.

Miss Cooper is quite artistic in her method, quite restrained in her characterization; but the plot is entirely inadequate. It is simply a situation, a conflict of personalities and rather insignificant developments arising from it. The style arouses interest, but the content frustrates this interest. The conclusion is so indefinite as to allow individual interpretation and little personal satisfaction. There is a light satirical touch that does much to dignify the novel. *The Boys from Sharon* is a skillful piece of work, but an unimportant one.

Norma A. Halliday, '51

The Coming Defeat of Communism, by James Burnham. New York: John Day Company, 1949. 278 pages.

How may Communism be defeated? It seems odd that the answer to this question should be supplied by a one-time advocate of a new revolutionary Communist Party independent of Stalin. James Burnham, at present a member of the Department of Philosophy of New York University, broke away from Communism completely in 1940 after a long controversy with Leon Trotsky. Thus he is well qualified to submit to the world an intellectual analysis of the crisis of our time.

The crisis of Communism has many facets. It is a moral and religious crisis, a crisis in the arts, and a crisis in the economic structure. Mr. Burnham concerns himself with two phases only, the physical and the political. The prediction by Mr. Burnham that a possible catastrophe is a completely Communistic world is a conclusion that the reader might already know but is unwilling to accept. Communism has been steadily advancing while the people and government of the United States apparently have been standing still. Mr. Burnham substantiates his claims with a long list of facts and observations. The question, he states, is too serious to continue the pattern of appeasement and non-aggressiveness that we have been following. "Experience," he reminds us, "proves the Communists are always emboldened to further aggression by friendship, conciliation, or appeasement. Their doctrine interprets such phenomena as signs of 'bourgeois weakness' and degeneracy."

Mr. Burnham's solution to the problems is the intensification of the war that has already begun in our political subversive resistance. If the Iron Curtain is to be pulled aside to make room for a period of economic, social, and political advance, the haphazard road to peace must be

abandoned and a well-planned political subversive war must be waged against Communism. This, rather than an immediate all-out armed attack, "not only assures victory, but assures also that the victory will be worth winning." Many armchair philosophers and political scientists have offered their plans for world peace and for the arresting of Communism, but few have offered the cold, candid syllogisms of Mr. Burnham. His sincere, straightforward manner of asking, "How long have we to reach the objective?" is followed as sincerely by the answer, "not long, not many years."

The Coming Defeat of Communism is a book which will shock every American out of his lethargy and change the petulant query, "What will we do?" to the strong declaration, "It can be done!"

Margaret M. Sullivan, '51

The Cocktail Party, by T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1950. 190 pages.

Through the medium of poetic verse, at times beautiful, T. S. Eliot's self-styled comedy, *The Cocktail Party*, tells the story of Lavinia Chamberlayne who wished to be a "hostess for whom her husband's career would be a support" and Edward, her husband, the "dull, indomitable spirit of mediocrity" who abounded in passivity and indecision. Edward, Julia, Alex, Celia, and Peter gather at the Chamberlayne's London flat for a cocktail party at which Lavinia's absence proves baffling even to her husband, who offers that she hurriedly left for the country to care for an aunt who was seriously ill. After the guests depart, Celia returns to the apartment thinking that since Lavinia has left Edward, she and Edward might plan their future together; but Celia realizes that her dream is not enough. Edward discovers that although he does not love Lavinia he wants her back as his wife because his happiness will consist in knowing that his "misery does not feed on the ruin of loveliness" nor is the "tedium the residue of ecstasy".

With the deliberate tranquility lacking in dramatic intensity peculiar to T. S. Eliot, the first unexpected guest, later identified as Sir Henry Harcourt Reilly, a psychiatrist, counsels Edward and Lavinia to resume their marriage because they have in common the same isolation. Edward finds himself incapable of loving, while Lavinia finds that no man

can love her. Lavinia and Edward can now "fight each other instead of each taking his corner of the cage".

Celia visits Sir Henry at his office to tell him of her awareness of a desire for solitude together with a most "unusual sense of sin" for which she feels she must atone. Celia chooses to cherish her vision.

Two years later at another Chamberlayne gathering, the second unexpected guest, Alex, tells that Celia has perished at the hands of natives on the Island Kinkanja, where she served as a missionary nurse. Sir Henry explains that Celia's death was not a "waste but triumphant". Edward and Lavinia anxiously wish their party to begin; the door bell rings, heralding the first guest.

Mr. Eliot in this latest work sincerely attempts to limn the evils confronting modern society. In subtle language he advocates understanding, sacrifice, and atonement as the remedies for sin, but the tone of *The Cocktail Party* remains fragile rather than vital and positive. Celia's death artistically resolves the play, but there remains no deeply felt emotion either for the "nothingness" in the Chamberlaynes' life or in Celia's crucifixion by natives "very near an ant-hill". This might be because Eliot pens his *Cocktail Party* as an observer on the outside looking in rather than as one who writes with definite convictions.

The mood and indecision and emptiness in the lives of the protagonists echoes the *Wasteland*, particularly the "Game of Chess". To be sure, there is no fog mentioned in *The Cocktail Party* as in the *Wasteland*, but the fog of discontent resides in Lavinia, Edward, Celia, and Peter.

The Cocktail Party is probably termed a "comedy" because the Chamberlaynes resignedly continue their married life with the play "happily" ending as another cocktail hour looms into view; yet there is no active or joyful participation in their life, and the pretenses at humor are so slight that they are entirely ineffective.

Mary E. Howard, '50

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Assumpta Est Maria



*From Heaven, Mary still guides her children
on Earth*

IN HONOR OF THE RAISING OF THE MYSTERY
OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY TO A DOGMA OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH
NOVEMBER 1, 1950

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

Blue-templed stars, oh, broken moon
And arches crimsoned wide across the dawn
Blaze forth, ignite in white celestial fire
Along the floor of heaven. Burst
 While chorused angels fling
 Against the world the song they sing
 And nature stirs to greet a sweeter spring.
The multitudes bend low beneath the dome
And, pressing intellect's proud lips to kiss
His robe, accept infallibility.

Rise up, half-waking winter sun
And find the red-smeared earth ablaze
Again, the deadened age alive again
The weary stirring from their hardened sleep
The cowering turned as ashes from the flames;
 The flames of truth, set free,
 And truth enshrined, to be
 Forever ours in truth—infallibly.
Shine now as once you shone when David's House
Gave forth the sweetest light—and set on high
The single star in human spheres—Immaculate!

Rejoice bleak world and cast the shade
Of doubting past the rings of darkness,
Hear now her name, that tender name
That blessed a gloried angel's tongue
 And whispered down the age,
 The single flawless page
 Where man's dark history, growls in Evil's cage.
Lift up, sad world, that left her shelterless
To bear thine own redemption; kiss the robe
That cradled God—virginity.

And thou, oh angry sea, rise up
And hurl against thy shores a fuller praise.
Wash back the flooding tides of misery's waste
To sweep the cleaner sands of hope,
 Our hope, for once again she stands
 Between the wrath of God's dark hands
 And man's destruction spilled across his lands.
Praise God, bare world that drank the blood of God
And bore her tears who mothered agony
That man might grasp his heritage—Eternity.

Cry out, oh world, oh stars,
Oh, all created things that know
The touch of God, the love of God
And live the blinded lie of man:
 Lift up and breathe against the throng
 The words, the truth, withheld so long,
 Till all find one exulting song
In her, in her the fragile lyre
That played but one momentous symphony
And won a universe the heart of God.

Hail! Hail, sweet, solitary star
In all the dark abyss
Of man's long age
Hail, as the thousand-throated swell
Of praise sweeps up beyond the eternal wall,
As Peter's voice re-echoes now
In kneeling hearts,

Immaculate, immaculate
The heart that flowered next to God,
The hand that reared the Son of God
The life that throbbed and filled with God
And ended in the consummation
Final, gloried exultation
Caught up to the love of God.

Hail Mother of Christ! Celestial Maid
Upon His Rock the multitudes are leaning
Praising—Lift!
Oh, lift as once His love swept up thy soul
And cast our hearts from out the shadowed tomb
Of time's indifference—up, on angel wings borne
Beside thine own, before the throne of God.

THESE HUNDRED YEARS

1850 - 1950

Ellen Cavanagh, '51

LOVERS of beauty will always remember, the Lake District of England, a few woodland miles, stretched out in quiet loveliness under a pale northern sun. It was here that Coleridge first came hastening to meet Dorothy and William Wordsworth; then modern poetry was born. Even we know well each hill and glen of this Lake Country, its many pools "shut out from every star". It is over a hundred years since the three young Romantics first climbed these hills to watch the mist drifting over the sea. Yet in imagination we still move familiarly in and out of the little garden beyond Dove Cottage. We feel at home wandering over these meadows where "breaths of smoke, sent up in silence from among the trees" reveal the hidden cottages. But especially we love the mountains of Cumberland. For Wordsworth was the poet of the mountains as Shelley was the poet of the untamed wind. These mountains shadow almost every line of his verse. Wordsworth walked about them, not so much to admire, as to converse with them. Like brooding guardians they watched over his childhood. There was bronze-brilliant Skiddaw, under the shadow of which he played; and countless other peaks which though mute, leaned down to restrain this exuberant boy.

It is no great wonder that we, a century later after the death of Wordsworth, should feel so at home among his hills. The triple alliance formed by Coleridge and the two Wordsworths brought forth the Lyrical Ballads, modern literature's declaration of poetic independence. In that tra-

dition, modern poetry moves and lives. The famous Preface shattered the classical standard by Wordsworth's theory of ordinary speech. From then on many poets have dared to sing out in the language really used by men.

By such a momentous upheaval is it any wonder that Wordsworth should be hailed as one of the five great masters of English literature. Yet it has been well said that no poet has ever been so extravagantly praised or so extravagantly blamed as he. He is, apparently, all things to all men. During the past one hundred years he has been a challenge to critics.

Coleridge, poor, brilliant, wavering Coleridge enchanted by his friend's more resolute ability, praised him as the finest poet of the age. Men were caught up in the inescapable witchery of Coleridge's talk and so accepted Wordsworth's rating. Those who were outside Coleridge's influence had nothing but ridicule for this new type of poetry. Carlyle felt that Wordsworth's verse was "stinted, scanty, palish, and uncertain". To him, Wordsworth was nothing more than "an honest rustic" who was not capable of much.

Before long the beauty and sympathy of Wordsworth's new, freer expression gained many admirers. Young John Stuart Mill found in Wordsworth's verse even a substitute for religion. The great critics of the first half of the nineteenth century were devoted Wordsworthians. By Arnold's time, it was feared that Wordsworth's poetry would fall with the decay of his philosophy. Arnold restored him to his rightful place, only by throwing overboard the philosophy. This fact seems ironical to Professor Clark who notes "that the Wordsworth who survives today, is Arnold's Wordsworth, a lyrical or pastoral poet and not the philosophical poet of his own and Coleridge's conception".

After all, we read Wordsworth not to imbibe his philosophy but to catch the iridescent beauty of nature.

Pater has sensed in Wordsworth, the mystical rapture of his beloved Greeks in the dewy morning of the world. Wordsworth has, like the ancients, breathed a spirit of life into each brook, and flower, and stone. Although he found simple passion in the dalesman, passion does not blaze forth from his poetry unless he is writing of these impersonal things. Actually, says Pater, in spite of his earnest preoccupation with man, human beings were to Wordsworth "natural objects almost in the same sense as the aged thorn or tree".

In our own time a splendid body of appreciative criticism has gathered around Wordsworth. In fact, our present scholars have studied his verse more minutely than did their critical ancestors. Sources have been discovered and patiently examined to throw more light on the man and his work. It has been held that Wordsworth ceased to be a great poet in his later years. Miss Butler has defied the opinion of Harper, Dr. Garrod, Fausset among others, to prove to her own satisfaction that the aged Wordsworth was a vastly better poet than his younger self.

Surely Wordsworth has been all things to all men; for the past century, critics have been coming away from his poems with every emotion, from rapture to disgust. There is Raleigh who searches for likenesses to Wordsworth in other poets. "The critic must set his mind to a long task of discovery to find a parallel with Wordsworth. Hesiod deals with the common things of life and so does Crabbe, but they lack Wordsworth's idealism and his ability to transfigure. William Langland has his moral fervour but not his beauty. I can think of but one verse (in all literature) that has the

Wordsworthian ring; it is spoken by the Duke in *Measure for Measure*".

On the other hand there is Housman's adverse comparison: "The forced extravagance of Shakespeare at his worst, the heavy pomposity of Milton at his worst, the self-conscious prettiness of Tennyson at his worst do not provoke such general derision as the uninspired wordiness of Wordsworth when he had not the spirit in him". Housman realizes that when he did have the spirit in him "he is able to move us more than do other poets. Wordsworth stands on Westminster Bridge at dawn and tells us the obvious and the ordinary in a new way, with a beauty and solemnity of phrase which make it take hold of us forever afterwards".

"This City now doth, like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,"

But we would find ourselves pondering for days if we were to read all that the scholars say. To understand Wordsworth we need only take up his poetry and hear his heart speak to the heart of the universe. He will tell us, he who was "Nature's Poet" that it is a "wondrous universe" that we move in. He will reveal how on a day "with silver clouds and sunshine on the grass" he first determined to listen to the voice of Nature. He will open his heart to us and write down so that all may read, the story of his life. We follow the awe-stricken child, who was conscious of low breathings and ghostly steps, who heard a strange note in the loud, dry wind and was reprimanded by the shadow of the huge peaks. We watch as the lithe boy goes "leaping through flowery groves of yellow ragwort" or sets out on the moonlit pond . . .

"I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan"

We think of "vast distances and lonely regions" when reading Wordsworth, "of regions where man is not, of the stars in their inevitable courses, unconscious of human affairs". His pastoral world has a "Biblical depth and solemnity". His people are sturdy, patient types who Job-like do not falter under adversity. He sensed the dignity of the sheep herder or the beggar, and so was able to draw for us such immortal figures, as Michael, Ruth, or old Matthew. Finally through his quiet, unruffled study of nature he came to feel the breath of sympathy between nature and mankind and to hear oftentimes,

"The still, sad music of humanity".

Wordsworth's place is secure in poetry's Valhalla with the robust Chaucer, peerless Spenser, mighty Shakespeare, organ-voiced Milton. Does their ghostly conversation regret what some modern poets have done to poetry?

DECEMBER DAWN

Jean Whalen, '51

Gray dawn, that lifts the dusky veil of night
And peeks with hesitant caution on the earth,
Now bravely hastens sleepy morn's first light
To pierce the pitch and gain Phoebus' rebirth.
Above the vague horizon, dimly drawn,
Where sea and sky unite in blended mirth,
Dawn's rosy fingers, busy here, then gone,
Prepare a drowsy world for new day's toil
And greet the sea, whose shore lies white and wan.
December's icy blasts have loosed their wrath;
A snow-capped world reveals the frosty path.

Behold the eastern sky, the herald host
Of sunrise, glorious gem of nature's wealth.
And in the splendor of this kingly boast
Pale vanquished stars must steal away in stealth,
Their radiance dimmed till evening shades descend.
While earth, tinged with dawn's delicate blush of health
Rests snugly, Phoebus' outstretched arms now send
Warm lustrous rays to grace the new-fallen snow
And, playfully, firm icicles to rend.
December dawn, magnificent, modest guest
Sheds heavenly light as her demure bequest.

IVORY TOWER

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

KATIE slammed the door behind her as hard as she dared. The sun hit her hard as she stepped from Jake's into the full heat of August on the city streets. She had to keep moving. At least till she was out of the sight of the amazed foursome she had left staring open-mouthed over their cooling spaghetti. The long plate glass windows reflected her thin angry body as she thudded past in her scuffed blue sneakers, head and chin thrust up into the merciless sunlight. If only it hadn't been Sandy.

The breath of wind from the river came up to touch her hair. Katie turned off the sidewalk and scrambled down over the green wooden stairs to the grassy path by the water. If only it had been anyone else! The tears were coming fast but she was much too angry to cry. Mad, that's all. Through! You could take just so much! She should have pulled out of this long ago. Way back when Sandy had first brought the other three along. But it had been so wonderful then.

It had been right here, right on that very bench, or maybe it was that one, anyway here beside the river that she had met Sandy. Only it had been winter then. The trees had blown almost all the way over to the water, dipping their bare branches into its coolness. And they had walked and walked, carrying their books, holding down their whipping coats, talking as neither of them had ever talked before. Oh, she was no Sandy, she knew that the minute he started telling her the things he wanted to do. Even before she'd

ever read the magic he could turn out of his broken down typewriter. But she had learned from him. She'd found release in telling him the half confused ideas that were milling around in her head, had found them more easy to turn into stories when he had heard them and smiled his eager approval.

"Hey, tom-boy. That's all right. You've got something there. How about a different twist at the end though. Something like . . . " And then her theme would leap in her mind and take on a real life.

But the stories weren't all that had come to life. Katie had found everything breaking into new songs; the whistle of the newsboy, the last class bell, the yapping of the poodles taking their airings by the river, and the gurgle of a small boy playing with the ducks at the water's edge. Life had begun to mean a constant succession of scrambles down the wooden stairs with a manuscript all typed up for approval. A series of running up breathless to see Sandy's long rangy figure stretched out on the hard bank, his fingers busy with some youngster's wet sailboat.

That's how they had met Bobby. She had come up puzzled and discouraged, stuck in the middle of an idea that wouldn't work. Sandy had been sitting on the iron bench beside the yachting pond talking with the same seriousness that he gave to her. Only his audience was a dirty face and a pair of grubby hands and the tragedy of six year old tears. She had stood there a minute, half laughing, before Sandy had looked up with a solemn wink and said,

"Katie I'd like you to meet a new friend of ours. This is Bobby. He's had a bit of trouble this afternoon but I think we can clear it up for him, don't you?"

Whatever it was she was sure Sandy could clear it up, and

besides there was something about Bobby that won her whole heart from the very first minute.

"Think no more about it Bobby," she had said, "consider it fixed." And from that moment on the three of them had shared the ducks and the yachting pond and the spell of the river.

Bobby's father was an under-professor at a local small-time college. They had seen him once, a thin intense man, too young for the lines on his face and for the deep tiredness behind his smile. He wanted a vacation for Bobby, a summer at the beach, but there was summer school and his "work". Bobby didn't know what the "work" was only that it was too important to give up for his vacation, and he accepted that with the resignation of six years old. But he couldn't accept it about the dog. That had something to do with the "work" too, he didn't know what, he only knew that he couldn't have a dog, not even a complacent poodle like the ones waddling up and down the river walk. And so Sandy and Katie and he had adopted a different dog every time they met. Sandy would give it a long bookish name, and Katie would save some of her lunch to feed to him. She didn't mind the time away from the old talks. Ideas still hummed in both their heads and the exhilaration of Bobby's laughter made the slowly advancing springtime seem greener and newer and lovelier every day.

And then it had happened. Katie had never known much about the rest of Sandy's world. She had never cared. Oh, she knew that he was doing graduate work in a lazy sort of way, and that he had a crowd of friends that made wonderful subjects for wild yarns, sort of Bohemian people she had thought; but the real Sandy was the one she had found

and shared with Bobby. That was why she had been strangely afraid when Sandy had first said,

"Hey, its time I showed you off to the gang, you know. Why not come over to Jake's next time we get together. You'd get a big kick out of the kind of talk that comes up. and I'll bet you could tell them plenty too."

So had gone because she didn't want Sandy to know that she was unsure of her ideas except with him. And she had liked "the gang". Jake's was a small bright Italian place filled with the wonderful mingling odors of hot spaghetti, ravioli, and steaming coffee. Sandy had introduced her with his easy talk, making her part of them and like them in a few casual words.

"This is Betty, Katie. Don't mind the hair-do or lack of it. She's as much girl as you are when she's not knee-deep in ink. And this is Rod. Don't let the evil eye scare you. He learned it from Houdini and we don't tell him we're not impressed. (Sensitive you know.) And the character behind the glasses is Cameron. First name unknown but never his opinions. Maybe you can mow them under."

They had all laughed, obviously liking him and accepting her and she had thrilled to be part of their talk, although so much of it was beyond her little scope of reading and familiarity.

They had gone to Jake's more and more. And after a while Katie had learned the language and the idols of the "gang." She had learned to plunge into their arguments and to disagree when she felt her reasons were sound. She wanted Sandy to be proud of her, here in his own atmosphere, but underneath she had felt that she just didn't belong. There was something in her that just didn't ring true . . . or maybe, was it, something in them. For one thing none of them had

Sandy's talent. None of them gave her the incentive or the fire to write. None of them seemed to produce anything themselves but the fever of argument and discussion over strong gallons of Jake's coffee.

For the first time she hadn't told Sandy about it. Once when they had taken one of their now infrequent walks along the river Sandy had asked her. He had been quiet for a long time and she had felt miserable knowing that even here it wasn't the same anymore. He had tossed a careless stone at one of Bobby's ducks and said even more casually,

"You really like all the guff at Jake's, don't you Katie? I thought that intellectual business would get you eventually. It does I suppose."

And she hadn't known exactly why he was disappointed in her. She had felt the importance and the influence of that world, that hard and ever-increasingly annoying group, on his work and his whole outlook and so she had passed it off with a quick

"Of course Sandy" and thrown a pebble at the ducks with him.

But today was the end of it. She should never have gone to Jake's today, feeling the way she had. She should have met Sandy alone on the river bank and come running up, breathlessly to have him make it be the way it had been before. Because today she had seen Bobby. She had seen him coming carefully down the long brick steps to one of the river-front apartment buildings clutching firmly to what must have been his mother's hand. She had looked only a few years older than Katie and yet there was a richness in her face that Katie knew was missing in her own. Just the way Bobby's mother had laughed and hugged him to her

before they started down the sidewalk had made an ache grow in Katie's heart that she knew the "gang" would never understand. And so she should never have met them.

She didn't know how it had started. One of the usual arguments about the modern viewpoint versus the out-dated one, and all of a sudden Cameron was tilting back against the stucco wall saying,

"The trouble with you Kate, is that you're too darned normal. You're the real white picket fence and comic-page-on-Sunday-on-the Back-porch type. You know, kids at the zoo and all that. This is just out of your field."

And everything had burst inside Katie. She *wanted* to be normal. She *wanted* to be part of a life she could *live*, not just talk about. She wanted a lot of things that a hundred thousand other perfectly normal young girls wanted. And if she couldn't write and read and discuss and have all the NORMAL things too she'd do without the intellectuals world. She hadn't stopped there. There was too much Irish and too much that had been held back too long. She had finished it with a bang. And the picture of Betty's embarrassed smile and Rod's slight sneer were immense satisfaction, even now, back beside the river. But she wouldn't forget the blankness in Sandy's eyes, the eyes that had reflected all the browns and greys of the river and all the life of her own enthusiasm. She wouldn't forget that she had to begin all over again as the price of being normal.

The trees were barely stirring today. They stood heavy with their thick leaves, and the water below them slid slowly by, surfaced with the same unbroken green. The sun blazed hot on the yachting pond, but Katie barely looked up from the gravel path to see it shimmering on the miniature white sails. A dozen little boys were hovering over the edge of the

pond, their bare backs dark with a summer of sunning behind them. A few poodles lazed by and a man and a boy came strolling carefully around the cement banking toward her. They were there before she could turn, before she could speak or do anything but stare wide-eyed and amazed. Sandy's eyes were the dark brown of the deepest part of the river today, and Bobby was as solemn as he had been that first bare winter afternoon.

"Bobby," Sandy said "I'd like you to meet a new friend of ours. She's had some trouble this afternoon, mostly because she was too dumb to let us know about it long ago. But I guess we can clear it up for her, don't you think?"

Bobby only nodded. It was Sandy who looked at Katie with a kind of pride and laughter and welcome all mixed together on his face and said, "consider it fixed."

AUTUMN NIGHT

Marie T. Hayes, '51

Mystical mountains in the sky
Stand and watch the stars swirl by.
Magic moonbeams cascade down,
Wisps of wind whisper no sound.
Crispy cold catches the breath,
Frail flowers flirt with death.
Time plays checkmate with the hour,
And waits the rebirth of new power.

LOVE'S PRAYER

Ann K. Murray, '51

To know the swelling power of world acclaim,
And wield it with a skillful, mighty hand;
To hold the sweet assurance, born of fame,
Or reign a queen, with slaves at my command;
To soar through skies and watch one glittering star
Wink shyly at the clouds, or hold the whole
On-rushing sea from one, pale, sandy bar:
Majestic treasures these, yet not my goal,
One plea lies deep where all my dreamings are:
That God may bless our bold, yet trembling dare,
And make our love one endless, perfect prayer.

WINDOWS

Marie B. Sally, '52

The nicely balanced people
Go up and down with ease
When pushed or pulled by other strength;
Acknowledged need of these!

Peculiar genius windows
May slip in sudden zeal.
The world seen through the shattered hole
Is startlingly real.

NEMESIS

Jeanne Burgeois, '52

HE WAS the sort of man that people like to dominate; small and slight, with a stooping, diffident walk, and the eyes of a field mouse surprised by the farmer's cat. He had been, until a few months before, the victim and only son of a domineering widow who had ruled him with a hand of iron until a heart attack had placed her in a land where she could no longer tell him to "stand up straight, and open your mouth when you talk." His first taste of freedom was like nectar in his mouth; he felt that he had been reborn at twenty-five.

After selling the family homestead he rented a small apartment and spent his evenings reading somber books and listening to classical records. This had never been permitted while his mother was alive. During those days, gin rummy had been the entertainment of the evening; long, endlessly stretching hours of gin rummy, played with subtlety and cautiousness on his part, for it was expedient that his mother must always win. Or, if it happened that he set forth on a date of an evening, she would be waiting for him in the comfortable living room, with two small glasses of cognac ready and waiting. Then would follow a series of questions and answers.

"Where did you go?"

"To the theatre, mother."

"Do you like her?"

"Yes, she's very nice."

"Has she money?"

"I don't know, but she's very well educated."

"Education, bosh! Money wasted. You're a smart boy and you never went past high school. Silly nonsense!"

The only chance he had to read was late at night, when the house was quiet and the world asleep. His records were played in the moments of his mother's rare absences from home, for she loathed classical music. It was no wonder, then, that he enjoyed his new found freedom. But after a few weeks he began to tire of the quiet, peaceful nights, and a curious restlessness possessed him. He wanted pleasure, excitement, the companionship of gay, sophisticated young women. So he began a mild whirl of enjoyment. He dated a number of girls, but most of them showed a tendency to dominate him, and he had resolved never to fall into the clutches of a domineering woman again.

He met Gertrude Lancaster at a party and was drawn to her because she was so different from the other girls he knew. Where they had parried his remarks with the sharp rapiers of their wit, she hung on his every word with rapt attention, and it gave him a strong feeling of masculinity. Although he had decided not to marry for a long time, he felt the need of female companionship, and began squiring Gert around.

She was a big, buxom girl with curly, blonde hair and limpid blue eyes. One of his friends compared her to a friendly heifer, and though Fred was very angry, he could not help thinking that the comparison was most *à propos*.

One thing bothered him. She was scarcely what one would call the intellectual type. He tried to discuss Plato's theory of the state with her but, though she listened attentively, he saw plainly the look of dull incomprehension in her eyes. One night he took her to see "Faust." While he sat enthralled in the spectacle of beauty and song, she twitched nervously in her chair, folded her program into minute squares, and

stared at the people around her. Once in a while she made a comment.

"Fred, that girl, what's her name, Marguerite, do you suppose that's her own hair or a wig? What does Mephistophiles mean anyway? Is he Satan? Look at that girl in front of us. Doesn't she look young for that old man! Maybe she's his daughter, but he seems very attentive. Perhaps he has money."

Finally, Gert invited him to her home. It was a large, rather ramshackled house, set back quite a distance from the road. As he approached the front door, a dozen little butterflies flitted about in his stomach. He rang the bell, and noted with surprise that his hand was shaking. Gert answered the door and smiled at him with her usual toothy grin.

"Come in Fred, the family's been dying to meet you."

"Don't mind if I do, Gert."

They walked into a large, homey living room. The furniture was faded and worn, but a cheery fire lent a certain charm to the room.

To his nervous eyes the room seemed filled with people, all staring at him curiously. In a leather arm chair near the fire sat a huge, gray-haired man smoking a pipe. A small, thin woman whose face matched the faded furniture sat near him. A plump girl was at the piano industriously banging out what sounded vaguely like the "Waltz of the Flowers." Another girl was busily working at needlepoint, her face screwed up into wrinkled concentration. A boy about sixteen was busy at the gramophone, in a vain effort to drown out the "Waltz of the Flowers" with the "Twelfth Street Rag."

Into this scene of family domesticity stepped Frederick Quimby. Everything stopped. The man in the arm chair

stopped smoking his pipe, the woman stopped her brooding, the wrinkled faced girl dropped her needlepoint, the "Waltz of the Flowers" ceased in the midst of fortissimo, and the gramophone wheezed into silence.

Gert seized Fred's arm possessively.

"Freddie, I want to introduce my father, mother, Ralph, Bess, and Effie. Folks, this is Fred Quimby."

"We're pleased to meet you young man," said Gert's father, obviously speaking for the entire family. "We've heard a lot about you."

Gert looked at her brother and sisters amiably.

"Well, now that you've met Freddie, you kids can all shoo out of here. We want to talk with Mama and Papa." The children got up hastily and, mumbling their good-byes to Freddie, left the room. Gert's father cleared his throat.

"Well now, young man, let's hear all about you. What do you do?"

"I'm a clerk at Patterson, Garrett, and Stone."

"What's your salary?"

"Forty dollars a week."

"And do you think you can support my daughter on that?" Fred, who as yet, had not even considered the possibility of supporting his daughter answered, amazed,

"Well, uh, uh . . ."

"I don't see how it can be done myself. Gert is used to the good things in life. We've always tried to give her everything she wanted and have succeeded pretty well." Fred, looking at the shabby room, wondered how that could have been accomplished.

"Now, my boy, I think the best thing to do would be to wait a couple of years until you're further ahead in the game and then marry our little girl."

Fred was stupified. Marry Gert! He had only been taking her out two months. He looked rather anxiously at Gert, waiting for her to correct her father, but to his amazement she answered with vehemence,

"No, Papa! We're not waiting at all! I can't see why Freddie and I can't be married in the spring."

Fred stared at her astounded. He felt as though a little rabbit had turned into a tiger before his very eyes.

"No, now, chicken, Papa knows best!"

"Oh, no you don't Papa. It's our life and we're going to manage it the way we want. Aren't we Freddie?"

Now was his chance! He had only to open his mouth and say decisively!

"Gert, I never once spoke to you about marriage. It's the farthest from my mind right now," and he would be out of this entangling mesh. But he didn't. He looked at her with the eyes of a trapped hare, and said meekly,

"Yes, Gert."

It was the same thing all over again. His mother had talked him out of college and into the hated office job, his friends had joked him out of a girl he was once in love with, now he was talked into marriage. Was he never to be free? Was he never to be his own master?

When the wedding was over and they were settled in their own little apartment, he began to realize that under her soft exterior Gert had a will of iron. Their first quarrel was about the furniture. He wanted sober, conservative pieces, à la Chippendale school. Gert wanted modernistic furniture; a low slung sofa, curved coffee table, chinese lamps. He protested vehemently.

"Gert, that modernistic stuff isn't going to last! It'll be out of date in a couple of years and we won't have the

money to buy new stuff. Let's buy conservative furniture, something rich looking that'll never be out-dated."

"It's my home. I'm in it all day I have to look at the furniture and we're getting what I like!"

She had her way. He maintained an injured silence for two days, and refused to help her select the furniture.

When he saw the apartment for the first time he couldn't repress a shudder of horror. The walls were painted pale gray; there was a purple sofa, and chairs of pale orchid. The rug was a deeper shade of gray. A huge, hideous lamp was in one corner on an end table. The base was a tiger's head; its face twisted into a malevolent leer. The shade was obviously supposed to represent stretched tiger skin.

Gert smiled at him triumphantly.

"Now, don't you just love it? Isn't it just beautiful? And I got it all on sale for practically nothing."

He could imagine. That stuff would have to be dirt cheap in order to sell.

"Yes, it's lovely," he answered dully.

He spent his evenings in the most comfortable chair listening to his Wagner collection and reading. But even this small pleasure was not to last. Gert insisted on playing the radio full blast, so it was impossible for him to concentrate on Dostoevski with the strains of "Canadian Capers" blasting in his ears. One night he came home from work to find three of his most prized records missing.

"Where are they?" he thundered, in what was, for him, a loud voice.

"What?" answered Gert innocently.

"My Wagner records. They were here last night."

"Oh them. Well, Agnes brought her little boy over today and while we were talking he broke them. I don't know

how it happened. He said he was going to play them, the poor little dear. Agnes felt quite bad about it but I told her they were only junk."

"Junk! My prize records. You know how I loved them! If I get my hands on that little beast I'll . . ." She merely smiled at him in that maddening way of hers and went on knitting. Behind her the tiger lamp smiled too. Its hideous grin seemed to have an almost personal significance.

He invited his friends over often at first, but as time went on they began to invent all sorts of excuses for not coming. He couldn't blame them. That horrible apartment, Gert's raucous voice and booming laughter; sensitive people couldn't bear it.

Her friends came with ever increasing frequency. They would sit at the kitchen table, drinking beer and playing poker until the early hours of the morning. He would give his excuses and retire to his room, but even there he had no rest. Their loud laughter penetrated the thin walls and disturbed his sleep.

She refused to attend any more concerts.

"I can't stand that high brow music and that singing in gibberish. If you want to go to those things you'll have to go by yourself."

And so he did. Absorbed in the beauty of the music, he forgot the misery of his life and was lifted into a sort of ecstasy.

It was soon after the death of their baby that he began to wish her dead. They had been married five years when little Joe was born and he brought a ray of sunshine through the drizzling fog of their lives. Fred loved the baby with an almost fanatical adoration. He would play his records near the crib, and, as the baby dropped into dreamless slum-

ber with a smile on his lips Fred would think, a real music lover, even now.

Joe's death was the tragedy of his life. One night he was there, kicking and cooing in his crib, and the next morning he was dead, smothered by the blankets which had somehow covered his head. It was no one's fault, actually, but Fred blamed Gert. If she had been more careful, it wouldn't have happened. She should have seen that the blankets were fastened securely. As time passed, his wound gradually healed into a scar, but at times it hurt Fred with an unendurable pain. The sight of other children would make it throb again with renewed vigor, and he would bite his lip fiercely to hold back the tears.

It should have been she that died and not little Joe, he would think. She seemed to take a fiendish delight in thwarting his every desire. During the "Symphony Hour of Song" when he was entranced with the music, she would turn the dial to "Chilling Horror Tales." She insisted on serving him dishes she knew he hated, and more and more often her friends would invade the house, driving him almost mad with their loud voices and raucous laughter.

Sometimes he thought he was going insane. He wished on the first star, the cracks in the street, the wishbone of a turkey, always the same thing. . . .

"Make Gert die. Make her die."

It was the only wish of his life that ever came true. One rainy night he came home from the office to find her sitting close to the radiator, trembling.

"What's the matter?" he asked with some concern, because this was so unlike Gert.

Through chattering lips she answered:

"I was coming home from the market when that awful downpour started. I got soaked to the skin!"

"I'm going to call the doctor right away!"

"Oh, don't be silly! It's only a little chill. I'll be all right in the morning."

But she wasn't. She couldn't even get out of bed; fever had turned her usually rosy face to a livid scarlet. He called the doctor, but it was useless. Pneumonia had set in and she died in a week.

He was dazed throughout the wake and the funeral. His mind was numb and he attended to all the details in a trance. She was buried on a rainy morning, and as he stood beside the grave he thought I'm free. I'm free. But the thought seemed to have no significance.

When it was all over, and the consoling friends had departed, he sat alone in the empty apartment. He waited for the sky rocket of freedom to burst in his breast but it did not. The tiger lamp leered at him, its grin more knowing than ever. In a sudden fit of anger he knocked it to the floor. It crashed into a thousand splinters on the pale gray rug but one eye, undamaged, looked at him balefully. He collapsed into a paroxysm of weeping. He had never felt more alone and miserable in all his life.

REMEMBERED AUTUMN

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

Wide golden road where autumn ran
And splashed against the curving hills;
Long golden road that dipped and curled
Among the scarlet trees and bridle
Paths, sun-flooded, earthy, live . . .
The exultation, speeding up
Past blue, blue squares of sky,
And water brown and wrinkled where
Round shadowed hills lay quivering, deep
Below their own dark kneeling heights . . .
The exultation and the song;
The sweeping music finding place
And surging into wind-song, hill-song,
Road-song, and all a golden whole . . .
Bright afternoons, bright careless dreams
That swept to hilly crests and sank
To sandy seeps of beauty's own
Fulfillment. Long, upward, golden road
Between your gentle hills, who finds
Your earth-wide treasure now that I
Am gone, or do you hear that old
Sweet laughter, breathe that sun-washed song
Again alone . . . and love it still?

LISTENING

Mary Nichols, '51

IT MUST have been early morning when she woke. She lay without moving, the damp sheet sticking as heavily as a pile of winter blankets. It was an effort to move her head to peer at the broken fluorescent hands of the alarm. The clock had stopped. Vaguely, she wondered about the time, but did not get up to find her watch. From the spasmodic sounds of the city, she guessed that it was about three in the morning. The back of her neck was wet, and, finally, she stirred enough to remove the pillow from beneath her head. For a while the flat coolness under her head would be comfortable. She heard a lone car swish by on the avenue that ran below her back room high above her street. A lighted image of the side window moved around the walls and disappeared over head, as the car passed the side street below. The paper drapes at the windows hung perfectly still; not even the shade's tassel swayed.

If only it weren't so hot, she thought, I could get some sleep. Her mother had complained when she was visiting that the noise of the city had kept her awake. She had not been able to understand her daughter's preference for the city. Mother would never understand. The city was quiet now; but not with the lonely stillness she had known in the country. These noises were sounds of life: the faint swish of a car, and the occasional rolling rattle of the elevated. In the distance came the familiar cry of a siren—an ambulance, she told herself. Her mother had thought the city in constant danger of being swept by fire. It did take a while

before one could distinguish the sirens of police cars, ambulances, and fire engines.

She lay and listened to the night. How she loved and was comforted by the unseen movements that sent their sounds up to her windows. They were assuring sounds that surrounded and enveloped one in the knowledge that nearby were many people. Often, she listened and tried to guess what made the noises. A wailing cry came up and moved in the unscreened windows. Her mother had thought that wail to be the cry of some neglected baby. It did not take much imagination to recognize a cat. She could picture the cat slinking into the black box of an alley below the back window. A rattling can told her the scrawny marauder was rummaging in the stacked barrels that cluttered the cubby-hole between the high buildings.

Footsteps approached loudly in the quiet, and receded down the wide paved walks. From the steady, purposeful tread, she knew the late walker was not the meandering, watchful policeman. It was surprising how often people walked by in the early hours of the morning. That was the comfort, being so close to other humans.

The nights in the country had been empty of human sounds, and she had hated it. At home, she had often lain awake and listened to the night; but there it was not the game she now played. There was no staccato tramp of friendly footsteps, or the noise of the city's night business. In winter one heard the varying cry of the wind that ranged from a low moan to shrill scream. Huddled under the bed-clothes she had tried to shut out thoughts of the ghostly night outside, where the moon on the snow and naked trees made unfamiliar shapes. Summer had brought the monotonous chirp of the cricket, and low, throaty voice of the frog

calling from near the dark waters of the pond. Then, she had not been able to control her fancy; always the picture would come to her mind. She could see the black waters of the pond where the frog sat on the slimy coating of a rock. Creatures that had hidden from the sun crawled over floating grass and leaves. A spiral swirl blackly, silently, disturbed the water. Things came from beneath rocks and moved between the tall grass. The trees stretched, grasping at the shadows that moved below them; and from the bottom of their leaves, green worms wiggled and dropped on an invisible thread.

Even in the muggy heat of the city she felt a chill at the remembered horrors of those nights. She tried to dislodge the memories by movement. Lifting the sheet, she shook it full of air, and let it float down until it rested coolly over her. From the street she heard again the sound of steps and listened to the heavy tread of a man, and the sharp clack of a woman's heels. The couple came, talking in angry voices, to the corner. For a long time they stood there and argued, and the girl in the room three stories above and beyond, listened to the indistinguishable rise and fall of the voices. Behind her closed eyelids, vague colors moved in confused and geometric patterns as drowsiness dulled her thoughts. Into her half-sleep drifted the sounds of the footsteps moving down the street beneath her window. The man and woman were speaking sharply as they reached the little alley. The cat screamed as though kicked, and then the roar of an approaching elevated car reached its height and drowned out the voices.

The roar awakened the girl fully. As it diminished she heard the single footsteps of the man hurry away into the night. She stirred and waited for the click of the woman's

heels; but minutes passed and the woman did not move away from the alley. In sudden silence the city, too, seemed to wait. Into the girl's head came a picture of the black, blind alley with its clutter of rubbish. She saw the details of the alley as clearly as the horrid night of the pond. She lay and listened, her sweating body cold. The paper drapes and the tassel were still. Her wide eyes stared at the back window that looked down upon the alley. Its black refuse was so much, so much closer than the pond had ever been.

EMOTIONS

Marie B. Sally, '52

Emotions are like tigers,
And when they crave your blood,
Send hunters from the settlement
Or pray a jungle flood.
But send no nets with natives,
Instead with each a gun.
Tigers in captivity
Are known to kill their young.

MR. TOBEY

Ione Malloy, '53

IT WAS a sultry September day. The class lolled lazily in their seats, dulled by the drowsy croaking of the pigeons outside and the dank, sweet odors of decaying leaves that drifted gently through the open windows into the laboratory. Only Mr. Tobey behind his coal-black experimental desk was alive. His eyes were sparkling with expectation; his cheeks glowed with excitement; his hair fell in soft, white strands over his forehead as his hands dipped cuff-high into a trough of water, deftly assembling electrolytic apparatus for the decomposition of water. Then as I watched, the water in the trough disappeared, and two colorless, odorless gases were formed. I felt stunned, breathless, as if I were going over the giant dip on a roller-coaster.

It was always like that in Mr. Tobey's classes. He loved his chemistry, and he wanted us to love it, too. He could never be content with letting us repeat in parrot fashion the properties of sulfur, hydrochloric acid, or sodium hydroxide. He wanted us to think straightforwardly, with the pure honesty of the white fluorescent lights over his desk.

"Why does water from the faucet appear whiter in the winter than in the summer?" he might ask. Then he would wait while we thought breathlessly, excitedly, each of us hoping to be the first one to answer the question correctly and win his praise of "First rate! That's just the point!"

Sometimes, if no one could answer the question, he would give a few clues, then a few more, as he became more and more disturbed by our ineptitude. His mouth became

pinched, his hair fell in ruffled strands over his forehead as he turned again and again to the blackboard to repeat the clues, anxious that we should answer the question, and sure that we had misunderstood him. What makes the wind? Why is the sky blue? How does the atomic theory account for the difference between metals and non-metals? I could almost feel my mind growing, maturing, like a rose-bud blossoming into flower, as my childish, hobgoblin superstitions about the universe were superseded by knowledge of a world more fascinating than the wildest tale of *The Arabian Nights*.

Day by day our trust and love for Mr. Tobey deepened. He became our friend, as well as our teacher, for he understood us. He instinctively knew when the bare scientific facts lacked appeal, and would make his own deft analogy. Density was not the difference between a ton of soft coal and a ton of hard coal, but between a pound of marshmallows and a pound of fudge. Equations were always dancers changing partners.

He had a ready wit; we were never safe from it. Only once we became careless about our experimental apparatus, hurriedly rinsing it and shoving it into the cabinets. "Clean up the mess, girls, don't just rearrange it," Mr. Tobey chided. Or, as once happened, he called upon a girl to recite. Soon it became very evident that the girl had not prepared her lesson. "The trouble with you," Mr. Tobey smiled, "is that you put your tongue into high gear before your brain is turning over."

The passing months brought an end to these treasured classes. Too soon the inevitable last class came. Mr. Tobey stood before us, talking enthusiastically about the atom, nuclear fission, the atomic bomb. I had gone into school

early that morning to see Mr. Tobey. I found him so absorbed in his atomic charts, that he did not hear me when I spoke to him. Mr. Tobey was a man of research now. Later, as he watched the class distractedly signing and exchanging yearbooks, his eyes clouded with disappointment. They were to be the teachers. They were to help others to understand the atom. And they were not even listening.

Now, great, humble Mr. Tobey was saying goodbye. At parting, he gave us a Divine pattern of Creative Omnipotence. Unwittingly, he was offering us an objective presentation of his own happy life of achievement and service. The praise which the meek Moses raised to God echoed in my mind:

The renown of the Lord shall be my theme:
To our God belongs majesty;
The God who shelters us;
How perfect is all He does;
How right are all His dealings;
Do honor, you nations, to the Lord.

Mr. Tobey's task was done for us and with us. The girl beside me nudged me and passed me Mr. Tobey's own yearbook, telling me to sign it and pass it on. I wrote: "To kind Mr. Tobey from one who advocates your favorite dictum; 'The show must go on.' " We filed past Mr. Tobey, shook hands with him, and left.

NAZARETH

Joyce Cooksey, '52

O holy skies of Nazareth, where dwelt the hidden God,
And holy streets of Nazareth that once Our Lady trod,
And holy trees of Nazareth that bent to Joseph's saws,
Do you remember, even yet, the glory that was yours?

The skies sang over Nazareth, one clear sweet song they
knew:

"We shelter the Lord of heaven and earth beneath our
archèd blue."

The streets rejoiced in Nazareth, the pavements rang to tell:
"Our gentle Lady passeth o'er, a-going to the well."

The trees bowed down in Nazareth when Joseph passed
them by:

"Good Carpenter, take our wood for Him Who on a tree
must die."

O holy skies of Nazareth, neath which Jesus used to dwell,
And holy streets of Nazareth that lead to Mary's well,
And holy trees of Nazareth along St. Joseph's ways,
Do you remember, even yet, the glory of those days?

BIRTHDAY CHAMELEON

Mary A. Fitzgerald, '51

KALEIDOSCOPIC views glazed with shimmering waves of emotion frame my idea of sneaking-up-upon-one birthdays. Of a surety, birthdays must come; but why do they trail a wake of dread, fear, anger, joy, jollity, gayety, smirks, smiles, and wanton wiles! As children we hug birthdays to our hearts, buoyantly and rashly wish their monthly occurrence. This glamorized view of the calendar tick-off fills our gaze well through our teens. O *tempora*, O *mores*, suddenly, unwarningly we realize what birthdays really signify—we are growing *old*! This harsh truth stands unveiled before us. The Alice-in-Wonderland air floats off into the past, and a streamlined figure. Maturity, rises menacingly before us. Behind its mask, Birthdays have been laughing at us all these years. Yes, for twenty years we have been duped, tricked, bamboozled by a now known airy sprite. How could we have looked forward to them during all those years. We shudder at the memory of our frolicking, happy-go-lucky sporting through their hazy, mazy ways. Let us drop a tear of pity for all poor, innocent children who will follow this Pied Piper straight up to the mountain of the 'twenty's, and pass through on to the threshold of maturity.

Now that we have damaging evidence of the canny deceitfulness of birthdays, we take a turn-about-face in our attitude towards them. Once we advertised their coming for weeks in advance; now we try to hide their approach under a covering *bush, bush*. We flee from them, we

side-step them, we try to overlook them. With the finality of the never-hurrying but ever onward beat of Time we are forced, *willy nilly* to recognize them. During these early twenties we try by every art and artifice to insinuate birthdays out of our scheme of living. We strangle them, enslave them, bury them. In spite of all our avoiding endeavors, birthdays live again, free themselves, and straighten up in their old form. We even sacrifice the wished-for gifts so that we may continue to hoodwink ourselves. The one fear which grasps up with a leech-like tenacity is that we shall one day hear someone say: "How old are you, my dear?"

Since we have scored this enemy, birthdays, let us propose for ourselves some anti-campaign measures. If the date of our birthday is known to others (parents, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, friends) we must proceed cautiously. Let us set ourselves a standard age upon arriving at which, we will rest un-birthdayed. Now we need a Machiavellian finesse to maneuver, by the process of deft adding and subtracting, to remain at this certain age for some few summers and winters. Just turn a blind eye on facts, and live on in a fancied age. In other words, we must take care of the years and let the birthdays take care of themselves. If we succeed in a static birthday, our gains overleap our losses. After all, who wants birthday gifts! The picture from Aunt Lucretia would give us the nightmare, and quite spoil the color scheme of our room. The bath salts, perfumery, and toilet accessories would but clutter up an already cluttered collection of same. How would a reversal of gifts do? Let all this trumpery and frumpery be presented to our parents who most diligently keep a factual even a Bible record of all births. Their elephant-like memory on this score is phenomenal.

Heigh-ho! Despite all this essay brilliance, Time marches on with Birthdays in its regiment. Little children continue to be beguiled. The twenty-ers continue to be shocked into sudden awareness of maturity. So, my dear birthday-ers, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear everyone, happy birthday to you!"

MY AUNT BY COURTESY

Barbara Heard, '53

BUTTER knives have a peculiar significance at our house. Unless we are entertaining important guests, of course, dining is a very informal matter. When we see the table resplendent in snowy linen, sparkling crystal, and the dainty flowered china, we can be reasonably sure that we are entertaining either King George VI or Aunt Bess. Butter knives inevitably appear with the arrival of Aunt Bess.

Aunt Bess is an intimate family friend whom we call Aunt. One might call her an aunt by courtesy. She came to this country from Sheffield, England. Even yet her speech betrays her ancestry, for her diction is as crisp and precise as our crunching of iceberg lettuce in a summer salad. Her short frame and slight build give no indication of her amazing vitality. Her ebony eyes have such a glow that I still wonder if she has a bulb concealed behind each one to pro-

duce the twinkle. She wears her hair, creamy-white now, meticulously arranged and piled as high on her head as the whipped cream on a hot fudge sundae. It is gently swept back from her face in a soft wave. She has a startlingly infectious habit of trilling down the scale when she laughs.

Aunt Bess shows her personality best in her dress. Although she is always attired in the height of fashion, yet she contrives a conservative ensemble. Her hats rival those of Hedda Hopper in size and in shape. I can recall a particular blue hat that took my fancy long ago. Its most spectacular feature was the feathery arrangement which curled along her cheek and ended under her chin. The small, pearl earrings and the old-fashioned, silver pin at her throat are as fragile and as dainty as Aunt Bess herself. Her white gloves are always spotless; her flat, black shoes could very well serve as a mirror.

When Aunt Bess comes to visit, the whole family stands at attention. If the pictures on the walls are a fraction of an inch out of line, she does not hesitate to arrange them. She has often rearranged our furniture to suit her tastes. Rolls and biscuits must be as feathery as her own renowned cooking, or we receive detailed instructions in the culinary art. The silver must be one inch from the edge of the table, no more nor less.

When Aunt Bess approaches the "pearly gates," we would not be surprised at all if she raised one eyebrow and, with all due respect, asked St. Peter kindly to polish his halo.

You see Aunt Bess is a perfectionist. That is why we produce our butter knives. This perfectionist trait might be the cause of annoyance in anyone else, but in Aunt Bess it is a charming asset to her personality. Her very idiosyncracies endear her to us.

ROADS

Helen Hennessey, '54

The roads I galloped in Italy
Were full of hidden splendor;
Dusty legions and royalty
Haunted the roads and captured me,
Demanding my surrender.

In Holland, tulips along the street
Stood garrisoned in light.
What could I do but grant defeat
To tulip armies at my feet
With weapons of delight?

The roads I wandered in France were small,
Arched with compassionate trees;
I could follow the notes of a sparrow's call,
And yield to a drowsy waterfall,
Or the humming of the bees.

But better than any worldly lane
I love one little and lonely,
Narrow and straight and sad with rain;
Hilly and lost and paved with pain . . .

That leads to you, and you only.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

Marie McDonald, '51

SHE heard the first strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin and started down the aisle. At first she kept her eyes upon the carpet stretched out before her. But they were pulled upwards as if by a magnet to the altar where the young man was standing. She noticed his black hair, which although a few minutes earlier had been forced into subjugation, was already curling on his forehead. She saw his blue eyes that were focused on hers. I wonder what he is thinking, the girl mused. Her mind went back over the years. She was ten years old again. He had come to spend the summer at the house next to hers. He was fourteen and ten seemed very young to him. He laughed the day she told him that someday he would marry her. And she laughed with him, for today seemed so very far away. And the night of the Senior Prom she was in her first formal gown. She felt so grown up. She reminded him that he was going to marry her. He didn't laugh this time but smiled and said, "Grow-up, Kid." She did. Four years later when he was graduated from College she was waiting for him after the exercises. Was he ready to marry her yet? she asked. He didn't answer at all this time but looked at her and said, "You are so lovely, so very lovely".

Then he went away and she did not see him for a long time. The years went by. She grew lovelier each day.

Now she had reached the altar. The young man and the beautiful young woman faced each other. They each knew what the other was thinking. They were hearing a succes-

sion of girlish voices saying, "Someday you will marry me". Today it had come true.

The young woman turned away from him and faced another man who came to stand by her side and take her hand in his. A ghost of a smile crept across the face of the young man with the unruly black hair. He bowed his head and signing himself with the Cross began the marriage ceremony.

FASCINATED TERROR

Anita Couture, '51

AS I walked up the narrow path which led to my Aunt Kay's old colonial home I felt more cheerful than usual. My new pink suit, and the fact that this was Easter Sunday gave me a joyous feeling that only bright sunny holidays can bring. I entered the large sitting room and smiled approvingly at the housekeeper when she informed me that my aunt would join me in a few minutes.

I was about to sit on the comfortable mohair sofa, when my attention was arrested by a face—the face of a fisherman. Gray rain had run from his black hair, down the length of

his square, bony face. His comical, black beard hung upon his chest, hiding a broad chin. A prominent stout nose, out of proportion to his other features, turned in at the end and seemed to seek warmth nestled deep in his bushy mustache. From beneath his thick tangled eyebrows peered gray eyes that seemed to see through everything in the vast room, including me. His thin bluish lips were compressed in a firm definite line that spoke disapproval of his environment far more thoroughly than could words. Those steely eyes spoke too. They held sadness, loneliness, fear.

My eyes were fixed on this unusual man. Suddenly, as I watched, the salt waves seemed to rise and fall rhythmically way out in the black expanse of water. They were growing in bulk, coming nearer and nearer, until they splashed on the shore. The white-flecked water rushed in, swooped around, then, reluctantly, dropped back again, still sucking fiercely at the sand. I stood there unable to move, unable to take my eyes from this fierce fisherman whom I had never seen in the flesh. Rooted to the spot, I scarcely dared to breathe.

A thunderous roar broke near me. Salt spray stung my eyes. The waves mocked me. Now the sun had set. From a far-away distant moon a light palely luminous wrinkled the surface of the turbulent black sea.

The spell was broken. Again, I looked at the fisherman. His furrowed forehead drew his expression into a troubled frown.

"What are you doing here?" I whispered, repressing a shudder. He was coming closer to me. I moved slowly backward, careful not to make the slightest noise. Finally, I turned slowly away from him; yet I felt those piercing eyes upon my every move. I could still see the troubled face;

still picture the stern lips; still feel the figure coming closer, closer.

"What do you want of me? What are you seeking with those glaring, anxious eyes?" I tried to scream. No sound would come from my tightened throat. I felt weak and shaken as I fumbled with backward gesture to touch the protecting sofa. There I sat transfixed with fear and prayed that someone would come soon.

My heart was beating a regular tattoo now. My pocket-book fell on the polished linoleum with a thud. But instead of picking the pocketbook from the floor, I let my eyes travel back, in fascinated terror, to the fisherman. For a moment, as I gazed, I thought he was smiling. Maybe I was wrong about the sternness of his lips. Perhaps under that great beard, his lips were set in jeering; he might have been laughing at me all the time.

A pang of sorrow swept my heart. For the first time, I noticed the deep scar beneath his receding hairline. His faded, drab shirt clung to his shoulders. Its raindrenched fabric seemed to tighten its hold upon him. It was badly torn beneath his armpit.

I gazed at his eyes again, searching for an expression of gentleness. Not there; his frosty eyes held only hardness. Boldly they seemed to repeat my question, "What are you doing here?" I closed my eyes, but could not close out the outlines of his mocking, searching face.

What tricks light can play with an artist's work. This portrait lived through the magic touch of its artist, tangible proof of his dynamic power. Yet, I hated the artist even for his artistry, because of the terrifying spell which that fisherman's face had woven around me.

The door opened softly. My aunt smiled a welcome.

EDITORIAL

THIS is the season for bonfires: the coming-back season: the time of year for football games and hill-sides wrapped in the color and warm smell of fall; the time of Saturday afternoons that stretch golden and long and crisp, but never long enough. We're back. Vacation is dying now with the last receding wave of summer. Alarm clocks are ringing again, there are books to be bought, notes to be borrowed, and the thin dark line of term paper deadlines are already being etched into the horizon.

Responsibility is a big word. We've learned to don it, along with the caps and gowns, as a senior word. There are places to fill, jobs to be done, banners to be carried and passed on to the rank and file below. But there is a bigger responsibility than leadership. College is a little world bounded by four untried years, four blank sheets of paper laid out for us to scribble our gleanings and dreamings upon. For the seniors, the lines are black and thick over almost all the pages now. And for each of us there is a record of what we have given to college life balanced, with all that we have received.

What are we taking with us into our last year? A love of Emmanuel? Here we have missed the impersonal rush and hum of thousands on a big university campus. We have laughed and shared, worried and escaped, led and followed, among the ever-widening and yet always close circles of our own student body. We've taken each step in the tradition of the classes before us, moved up the rungs of the ladder side by side. Rich, yes, we are rich for the friends we've made

here, for the close contact we've had with one another in work and in play.

But are we richer in the persons we have become? College is just a dream to thousands of boys and girls all over the world, thousands who would have made of it everything that the collegiate ideal stands for. We have their dream; the chance to have learned *how* to learn, the chance to have found somewhere among our complaints and weary eyes and big weekends a little opening into worlds that we could never have seen without college. We have been introduced to beauty: perhaps in science and a sudden love of the logic and wonder of it all; perhaps in literature and the magic of what has been given to our generation by minds that could turn ideas of beauty into the beauty of words; perhaps in language, or music, or philosophy. We have had the chance to discover ourselves and to turn inside out the inner workings of our appreciations and lay them against the learning of every age. We have had a hundred doors opened to us. In the maze of quizzes and grades and semesters how many of the thresholds have we really crossed?

The freshmen have it all still before them. The sophomores and juniors are on their way up the hill with all the mistakes and trudging and fun of it still ahead. But we seniors are almost to the top, almost at the end of the fresh white sheets put into our hands four years ago. There is one last page to fill. One last chance to look around among our fellow travelers for the worth-while companions we have over-looked in our preoccupation with our own wonderful crowds; one more clean sweep of invitations into the upper strata of thinking and discovering, and learning to treasure; one more basketful of riches ready to be heaped into our arms if we look and are ready to receive them.

What we have gained here, how we have learned to live here, these are the beacon lights for the still unseen days ahead. If the beacons we have lighted are only candle flames lost in a thousand let-go opportunities, there is still the chance of our last big year. We are back, back at Emmanuel, back from the wonderful laziness of summer sunshine. Our collegiate leaves are golden, our football game is in the very last quarter. The fall fragrances of our last days here are all around us. And as we look back over the pin points, or the glow, of the trail we've lighted behind us we are glad we are back. And we know, for us, it must be the season for bonfires.

M. L. F.

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of un-considered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

TO A LITTLE GIRL ON CAP AND GOWN DAY

Wood-brown as all the scattered leaves
Around your feet; small wondering girl
Where flies the bright balloon
Of all your dreaming?
High there above the tattered autumn roof
That shades you, spilling on your careless head
A patterned gold?

There stand the still relentless hills
The paths with all their turnings
Your fields of stars lie paler now
And yet the candle burning
Still behind your eyes
Leaps high today.

Sun-bright as all the smiling years
That touched you; come, little girl,
Where lie your dreams?

Tinkling in the shattered glass of childhood?
Fading with a tinsel Christmas tree?
Now, as the proud parade goes passing by you
What do you dream for the girl you've grown to be?

Mary Louise FitzGerald, '51

* * *

Research Made Easy:

Little Autolycus Sat on a strumbolicus (1)
Waiting for his supper. He peered into the sack
That he took from his back For wares for his
hostess, Dame Tupper. Perhaps the Dame needs A
packet of seeds, Said Autolycus with a leer (2)
This condition is killing I have not a shilling
So he spoke. Oh, Dame Tupper, my dear. I noticed
your orchard Was quite badly scorched (3) Along
with your gardens by drought Yes I really must
plant sir Well I have the answer Beyond the
shadow of a doubt (4, 5)
There is much poetry In the fruit of a tree
As I shall now prove to you For fruit's been to man
Since the world first began Not only a food but a
clue For example the cherry So round and so merry
Brings to my mind old St. Nick (6) And two desert
dates (7) As world history states Caused the asp
Cleopatra to prick (8)

More:

Remember Hercules (9) Is a cocoanut please
Uncrackable, hard to defeat And a stalk of rhubarb
In Italian garb (10) Galileo who made planets meet (11)
Now vegetables too Have a message for you
If your mind is adept at contortion I am sorry to state
That King Henry, Eight Was a cabbage in perfect proportion.

The red of the pepper Menelaus's temper (12)
That wreaked out its vengeance on Troy
A blond stalk of corn Recalls Leif Ericson
When the Norsemen called out, "Ship Ahoy!" (13)
Now a shah in the East Clothed in robes for a feast
Is an eggplant rotund and sleek (14)
And tiny Tom Thumb In my mind has become
A peanut famous though weak Oh hand me a
hoe (15) To my yard I must go Cried Dame
Tupper the seeds you have sold And when my crops
have grown
I shall not be alone

For their purpose will be then twofold

Mary Bethoney, '52
Marie Sally, '52

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1. *Strombolicus*: in Bavarian, grandmother's rocking chair.
 2. *Leer*: Pedlars were notorious for their avarice. See *English Pedlary* 1649 edition of *Encyclopedia Britannica*.
 3. *Scorchèd*: This pronunciation is being revived currently.
 4. *Shadow*: *Ibid*.
 5. *Shadow of a doubt*: For further information, tune in to Mr. Sharp, Tracer of Lost Persons, station WBC-on-Heights.
 6. *Old St. Nick*—not to be confused with *New St. Nick*.
 7. *Dates*: Antony and Caesar.

8. For further information, we advise "*Antony and Cleopatra*," now playing at the Colonial Theatre (Supercollossal. Focus)
9. *Hercules*: he was declared heavyweight champion of the world 3000 B. C. by Jupiter.
10. *Rhubarb*: red and green the colors of the Italian Flag.
11. *Galileo* was tall and thin. Refer to dissertation on Tallness and Thinness of Galileo by Galileo, Jr.
12. *Menelaus*: See Homer (not to be confused with the friend of Henry Aldrich).
13. *Ship Ahoy*: old Swedish saying.
14. Read "*Arabian Nights*", pp. 30-663 inclusive.
15. Not to be confused with the order to a horse.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Little World of Don Camillo, by Giovanni Guareschi.
New York: Pelligrini and Cudahy, 1950.

Very strange indeed is the foreign atmosphere of *The Little World of Don Camillo* to the American reader. The fiery Italian temperaments that dominate the action inspire at once bewilderment and fascination, disapproval and tender sympathy. Don Camillo's explosive temper and lack of self-discipline combine with an ardent devotion to Christ to make this homely rural priest a violent source of conflict to the blustery Peppone, Communist mayor of the town. A furious succession of catastrophes involving the two adversaries provides ample material for the author's pen. The book, however, lacks any real plot; it was first published as a series of individual incidents in Italy.

While we are fascinated by their seemingly infinite means of antagonizing each other, we are slightly shocked to find Don Camillo brandishing huge candlesticks or a crucifix about the heads of Peppone and his comrades. Again we are bewildered when the bellowing, gun-toting mayor delicately repaints a tiny miniature of the Infant Christ at Christmas. We are amused at Don Camillo's stubborn argument in refusing to baptize Peppone's son, for how could he jeopardize the reputation of heaven by risking the entrance of someone with such a name as Lenin? Tender sympathy surges through us as Christ gently chastizes the humble priest who begs forgiveness for his imprudent actions.

In considering some of Don Camillo's acts as a priest, the American Catholic reader may justly feel some degree of embarrassment. The priest's intimate friend and confidant is Christ on the altar. He converses freely with Our Lord, constantly defending his own hasty impulses, often exaggerating, gently arguing and protesting, and usually wagering with Christ. Submission to His will always results from Don Camillo's rather childish behavior, but meanwhile Christ is treated as a typically human being, with very little allusion to His divinity. Such a characterization, lacking the balanced, charitable, self-disciplined disposition that we associate with the priesthood, is strange and somewhat incredible. Yet, an American must weigh well the circumstances of Don Camillo's limited education, turbulent environment, and excitable temperament, before attempting to criticize the author's portrayal. The Catholics of Southern Europe tend to regard God as a real Father more than we do. He seems very close to them in a personal relationship much more intimate than is ours. Christ is their Brother, their Friend, the One to Whom all troubles are told. This friendly

manner of prayer, then, may savor of disrespect to our more reserved sense of worship. To a people who have always worshipped in this way, the practice is natural and acceptable. With these considerations in mind, perhaps our severest criticism of Don Camillo should be his immaturity, which leads to such impulsive and adventurous improprieties as sneaking about shooting rabbits on private property, and bribing a referee in a grudge match between the Commie "Dynamos" and the Catholic "Knights".

But we find even greater difficulty in reconciling ourselves to an approval of the author's treatment of Christ. Of course His infinite love, wisdom, and mercy are evident beneath the surface, but at the same time we can detect traces of prejudice, and approval of many of Don Camillo's weaknesses and faults. When the priest deftly relieves Peppone of one of the two cigars in his pocket, Christ seemingly justifies the act by explaining that since Peppone is a communist, he believes in sharing things anyway. Again, Christ agrees to forget that Don Camillo disguised himself and took part in a professional boxing match which ended in a disgraceful brawl.

Now all these incidents are most amusing, but they provoke chuckles at the expense of Christ's dignity and infinite perfection. If the correct attitude towards the story is maintained, these episodes may be read safely and with a great deal of entertainment. For the general reading public, however, I believe that too much stress is placed on the humanity of Christ and too little on His divinity, with the endangering result that the reader's amusement may unconsciously slip into irreverence.

Jean Whalen, '51

The Little Princesses, by Marion Crawford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1950.

Our childhood dream world of fairyland godmothers, dragon dispatching knights, and beautiful princesses is one we are reluctant to leave behind us; especially the princesses. The lives of these heroines of fairy tales, always "wondrously fair", have long been a source of delightful speculation; a very important part of make-believe. But now, Marion Crawford has given back to us our beloved characters, the princesses, and this time the princesses are honest-to-goodness people.

The Little Princesses provides an engaging peek into the lives of two modern princesses, who live up to all our standards of what a princess should be. This is a quite simple and very engaging tale of two little princesses and how they grew.

It seems scarcely credible that their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, are living, in an age such as this their royal existence; an existence, it would seem, more fun to read about than to live. The character portrayals of the princesses are quite a bit more emphasized than those in fairy tales. Modern princesses, it seems, are very human creatures, lovely little girls who have their cross days even as ordinary children have. The gracious, dignified, and thoughtful Lillibet is quite evidently the author's favorite. Although the more appealing, Margaret, despite her sometimes quite unroyal pranks, is given her fair share of the story. The book gives us candid glimpses of the King and Queen, the Dowager Queen and the handsome Prince who won the loveliest princess.

These revelations are disclosed by Marion Crawford, who

for most of the princess' lives served as their governess, teacher, and confidante. "Crawfie", who perhaps knows the princesses better than anyone, even the busy royal parents, gives us all the intimate details of school lessons, mischief, pony-rides, picnics; as well as an inside story of many events that have shaken the Royal Household in the past twenty years; the marriage of the Duke of Windsor, the War, the marriage of Elizabeth to Philip Mountbatten.

Miss Crawford makes no pretense to literary grandeur in her book, nor has she achieved any. But she has succeeded in telling a charming story, appealing to anyone who has ever loved a princess. Her material is all new and fresh and full. Such an unusual and informal representation into life directed by royal discretion makes reading enjoyment a novelty and an education. But the more that is revealed of the lives of Elizabeth and Margaret, the less desirable becomes their world. A love of princesses may still remain but the childhood envy has melted with a bit of pity for the "poor little rich girls" all alone on their pedestal. As Miss Crawford has written, "It is good fun to be a princess in a palace. But not always".

Mary Denise Ailinger, '51

The Left Hand of God, by William E. Barrett. To be published by Doubleday.

How would you feel if one day you found yourself in a Chinese village, surrounded by newly made converts to the Catholic Faith? Converts who looked up to you as the ideal Catholic Priest, a priest who had performed a miracle before their eyes, and by so doing had saved their homes, their women, and their lives. Pretend for a moment that

you are this priest, a priest who is no priest at all, but a soldier of fortune, an adventurer who had donned the garb of a priest to escape from the dangerous services of the young Chinese warlord, Mieh Yang.

Such was the plight of young Jim Carmody, a Catholic, an Altar Boy in his youth. But the war and the useless murdering, the blood and plunder that he witnessed in China during the early 1940's had destroyed his Faith. His conscience lay dormant the while he put on a dead priest's robes and presented himself to the Catholic Mission as their new Pastor.

But when is Faith really dead? Jim Carmody experienced its burning presence as he raised his hands holding a wafer of bread and breathed the words of Consecration, "Hoc Est Enim Corpus Meum"; and knew that he was committing the greatest sacrilege of all time.

That is the nucleus of *The Left Hand of God*, as presented by William E. Barrett. A Graham Green idea, but with a definitely Barrett conclusion. Graham Green would probably have left the dissonance up in the air and you would have had to infer your own. Barrett wrote this book, he says, to show to the world that he believes in God and he does not forget his objective; for he does just that for he portrays the wisdom and mercy of God as it is administered through the hands of the Catholic Church. Jim Carmody writes to his Bishop and lays his soul bare. A new priest is sent to the Mission and the pseudo priest silently departs, leaving his converts to the Church behind him better Catholics than when he arrived. Barrett tells his story in the true tradition of realism, showing the good as good and the bad as bad. He does not dress up the barren, desolate, rain-cloaked hill-sides of the Chinese terrain; nor does he

present a dying Chinese Christian, waiting for a priest, before he will give up his soul, in anything but the simplest terms. There is here no pervading odor of mimosa, or honeysuckle so common in Chinese stories. This is a strong story about humans who must fight the Devil with their bare hands.

You will not close this book with a "happy smile on your face", nor a "warm glow in your heart"; but you should close it with a feeling of quiet peace in your soul.

Marie McDonald, '51

Thérèse: Saint of a Little Way, by Frances Parkinson Keyes.
New York: Julian Messner, Inc.

In this century of turmoil and confusion when we must live from day to day always confronted with the possibility of a third world war and perhaps destruction of our present mode of life, is it any wonder that we look to God's Saints to discover how to live so as to please Him. In the life of Saint Thérèse "The Little Flower of Jesus" we find the secret of sanctity, and in that sanctity achieved through ordinary activities done extraordinarily well we perceive the secret of her universal appeal.

Frances Parkinson Keyes' inspiring biography has given us another opportunity to better understand this saint. Those readers who are already familiar with the life of Thérèse will enjoy this author's reverent treatment of her. Others who are meeting St. Thérèse for the first time will find this book a deeply satisfying introduction. Mrs. Keyes wrote it in order that the mission of Thérèse might reach more people "for the benefit of multitudes and for the glory of God."

To achieve such an aim Mrs. Keyes took great care gathering the materials. She personally visited both Alençon and Lisieux. In an interesting prologue she describes the pleasant Normandy of prewar days as contrasted with the destitute bombed areas of postwar France. She talked with people who remember Thérèse and her family; with her teachers and former schoolmates at the Abbaye des Benedictines. The details supplied by this research give us an insight into the character of the Saint which brings her more clearly into focus as a person. We see her as the center of a loving family group, a lovely child dressed always in the best fashion of the day, but with a soul completely surrendered to the will of God. She is the great Saint who arrived at her greatness because of her littleness. Mrs. Keyes carefully avoids sentimentality. We know that the words which express Thérèse's love for God are not mere words. Their sincerity cannot be doubted if we understand the practical Norman courage of this child who overcame great obstacles to follow her vocation.

Frances Parkinson Keyes has fulfilled her purpose in writing this biography for all who read it will benefit from it. "The Little Way of St. Thérèse" is within the grasp of all who truly desire sanctity and have the courage to pursue it. And what is that little way? Let her tell you.

"It is the way of spiritual childhood, of complete confidence and self abandonment. I wish to reveal that there is only one thing necessary on earth: to offer Jesus the gift of small sacrifices and the oblation of loving acts. That is all that I have been able to do; and only think how I have been rewarded."

Maureen Sullivan, '51

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